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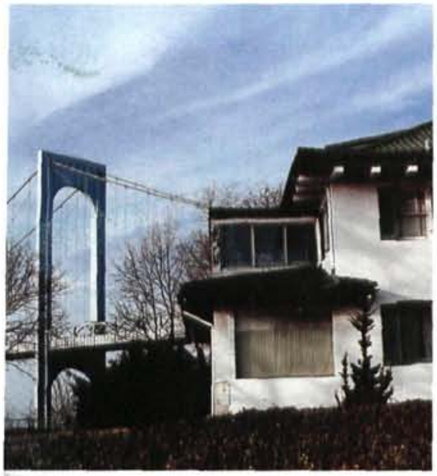

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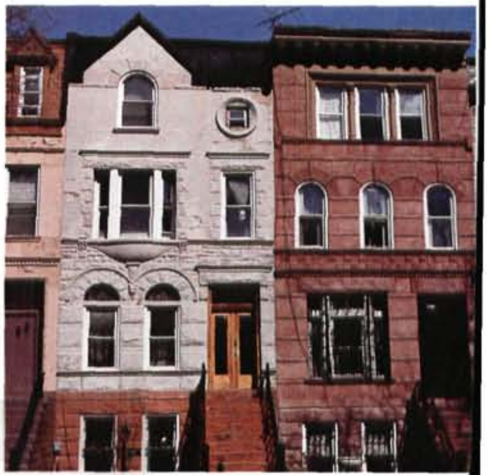

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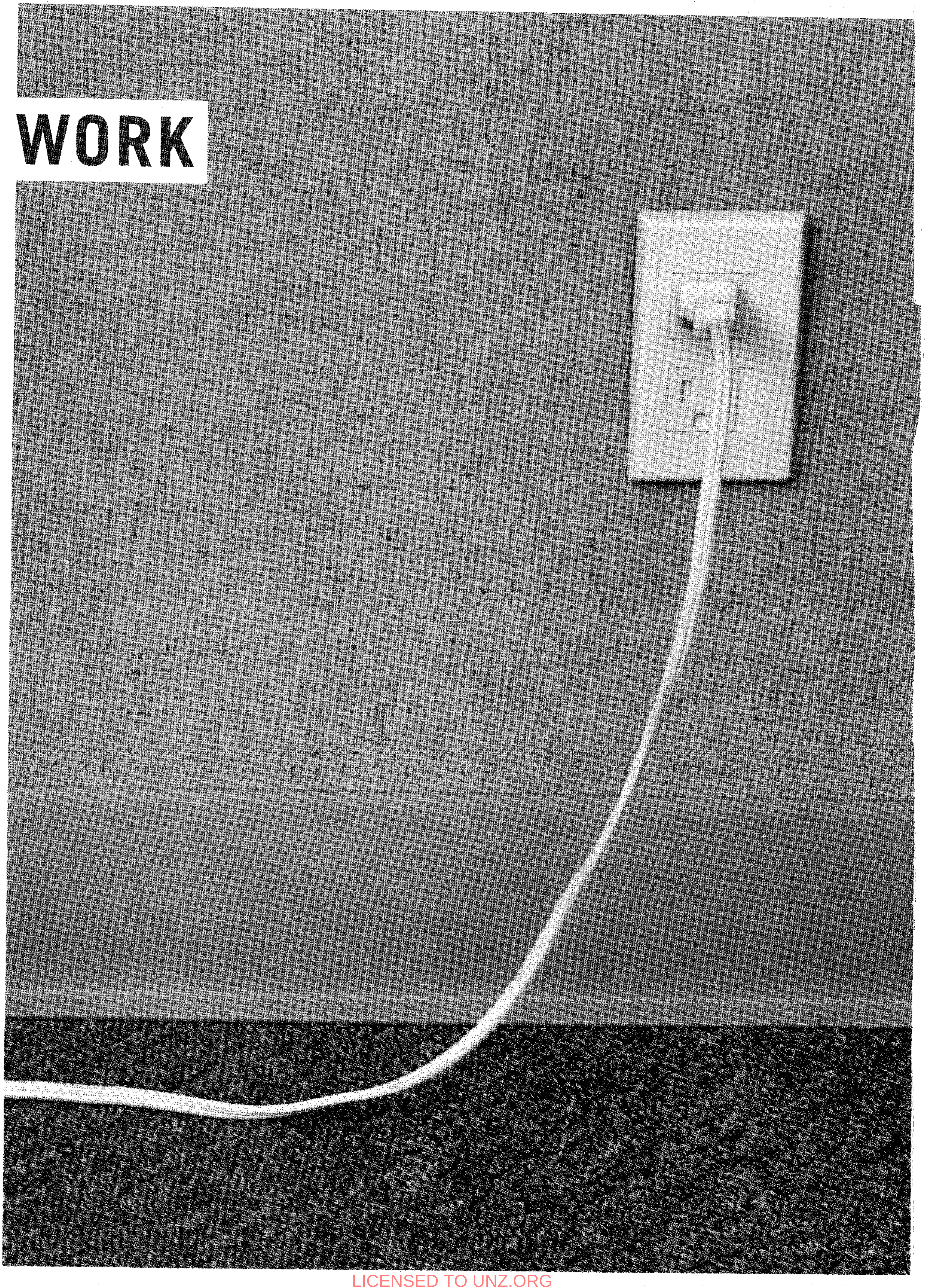

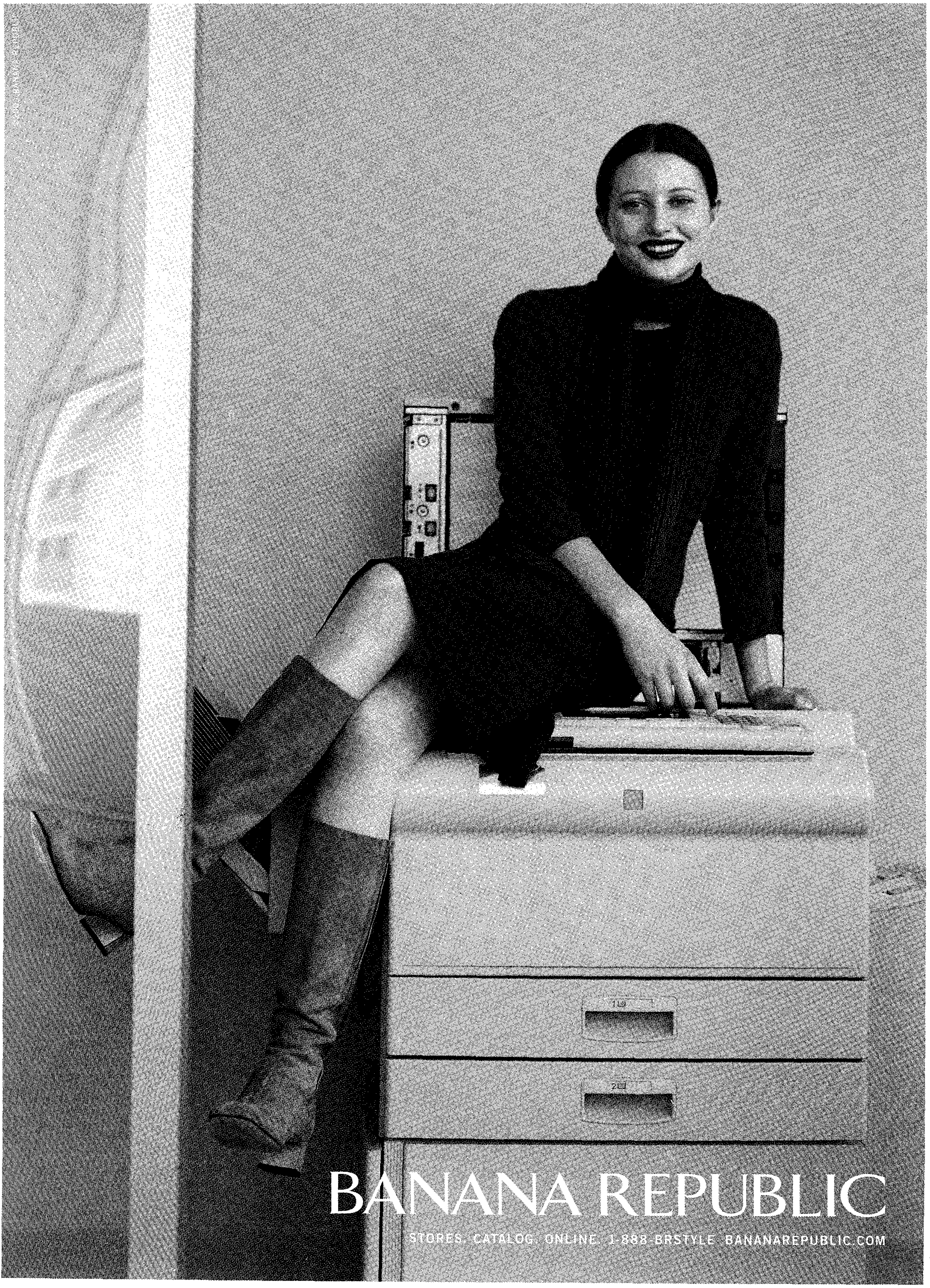
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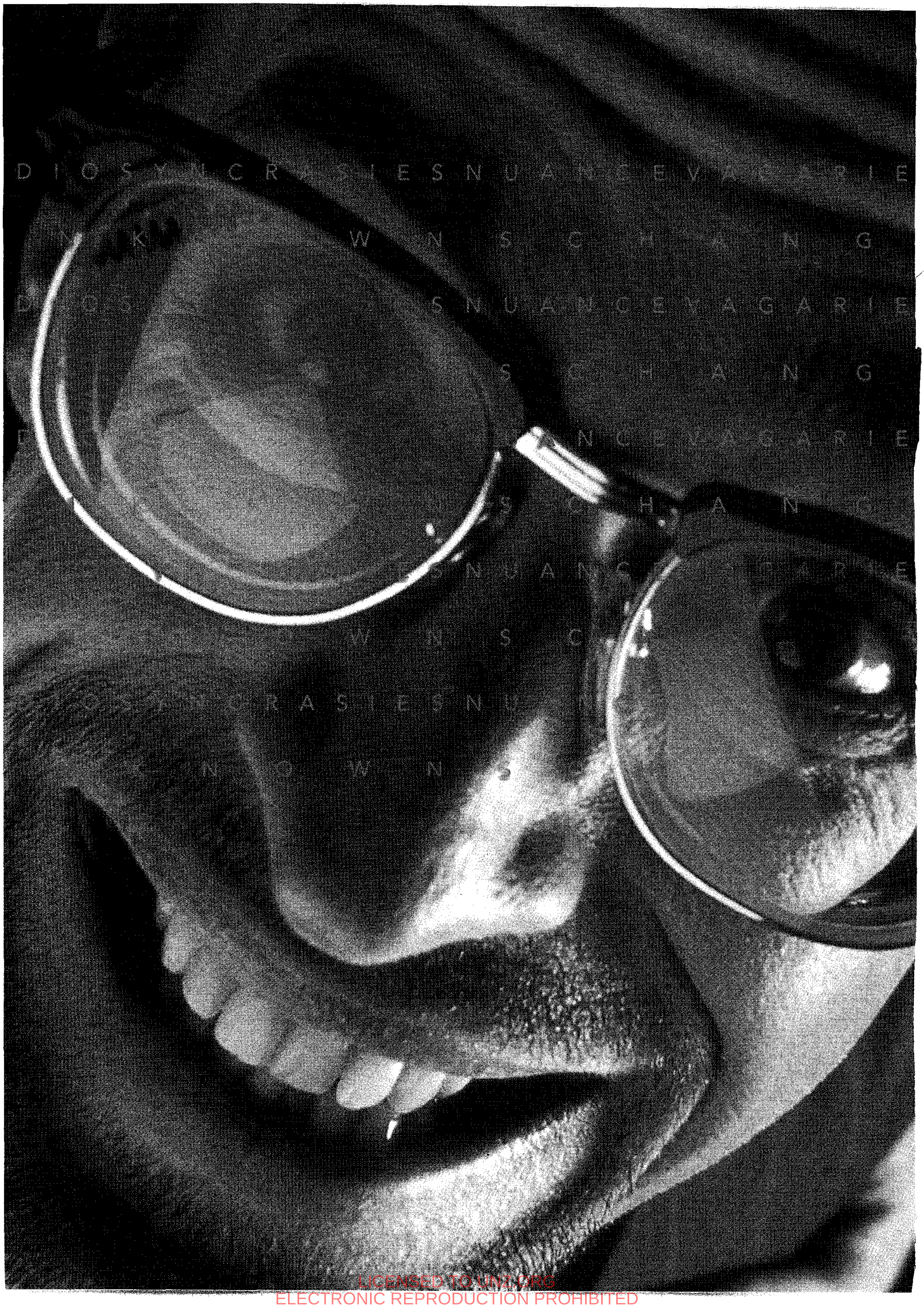
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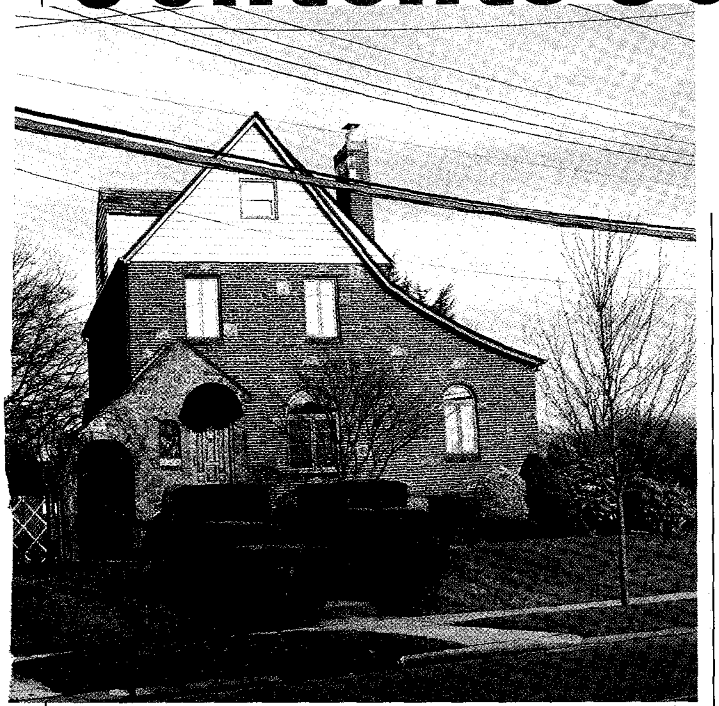

> *"I never think about where to go; I just go there."*
>
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So you missed affordable SoHo by twenty years, Park Slope by six, and the Lower East Side by two. Get over it. On the market right now, in areas within easy reach of Manhattan, are stately town houses and charming Victorians that can be had for as little as $220,000—no, that is not a misprint.

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Where do Madonna, Joan Didion, Calvin Klein, and Brad Pitt go for pasta and TLC? To Da Silvano on Sixth Avenue, where they can be doted on by mercurial owner Silvano Marchetto, who has managed to build a superheated restaurant almost without hype, and no, that's not a misprint, either.

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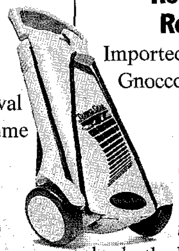

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September 4, 2000—VOL. 33, NO. 34. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

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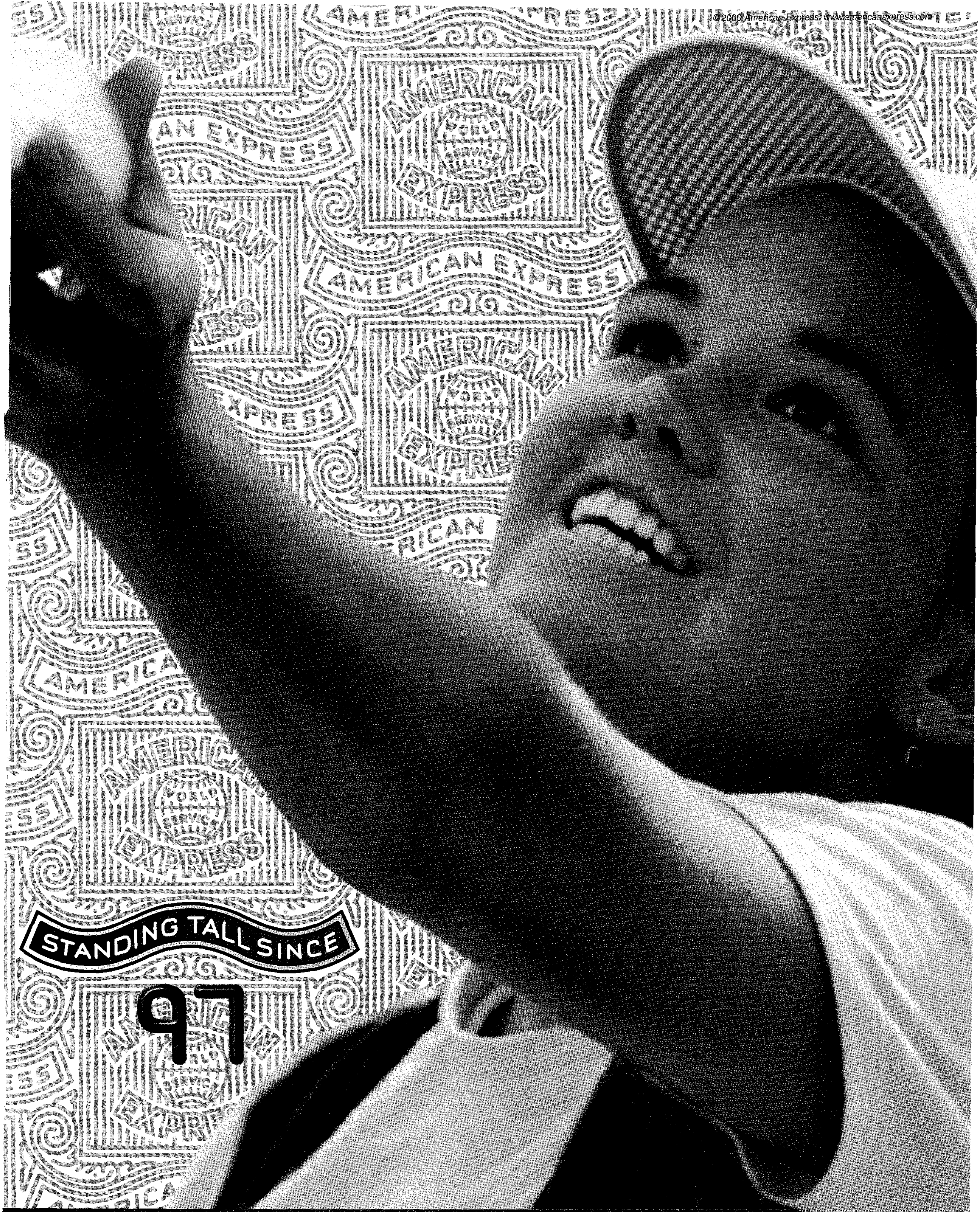
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The Pusher Man

The misery Frank Lucas wreaked on Harlem shouldn't be forgiven; the prince of the city tells his side of the story; Alain Ducasse and the tasteless rich.

I READ YOUR STORY ON FRANK LUCAS with interest ["The Return of Superfly," by Mark Jacobson, August 14]. Here is what I remember: I remember coming out of the Army in 1960 to find that heroin was all the rage. I remember that in a few years, out of the 23 Edenwald "Enchanters," only 3 of us were alive. I remember a vibrant, colorful Harlem turned almost overnight into a land of nodding junkies. Even today, I cannot watch the *Godfather* movies. Those guys might have loved opera and their immediate families, but they were mass murderers. They certainly, with the help of people like Lucas, murdered most of my friends. And murdered Harlem.

Fred Beauford
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

I WAS HORRIFIED BY MARK JACOBSON'S ARticle "The Return of Superfly," describing the life of a formerly successful heroin dealer. A person like that should not be given prominent coverage in any paper except a criminal dossier. Do you think this is someone for children or teenagers, especially black teenagers, to emulate? Someone whose pathetic life should be made into a movie?

S. Levin
TEANECK, N.J.

FRANK LUCAS TALKS ABOUT THE KLAN killing his cousin, but by selling drugs to people in Harlem, he is no better. Lucas will never be a Donald Trump, because Trump has education behind him. Lucas is nothing but a violent, stupid dope dealer who needs to be in jail for the rest of his life.

Tona Merchant
CHICAGO, ILL.

OVER THE YEARS, A NUMBER OF SELF-serving ex-cops, ex-prosecutors, defense attorneys, and miscellaneous criminals have attempted to revise history by vilifying me. Sometimes I think it's part of the price I pay, a bit more penance for my role in the criminal-justice-system corruption scandals of the early seventies. In telling the story of his drug career, Frank Lucas describes an incident that he says took place in Harlem. He mentions me by name and by nickname, and claims that I stole his drugs and money. I have never met Frank, and he has never met me. I never worked in Harlem. During the time he describes, I was living on Governors Island with nine New York City police bodyguards who, for six years and 24 hours a day, never let me out of their sight.

Bob Leuci
SAUNDERSTOWN, R.I.

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A Slight at the Opera

WE WERE DELIGHTED TO SEE VINCENT LA Selva featured in your magazine ["Cue In Concert: King of Hearts," by Tara Pepper, August 14]. However, it is unfair to give your readers the impression that the reviews for the New York Grand Opera's performances in Central Park have been "mixed." While reviewers continue to harp on the weather problems (about which we can do absolutely nothing) and the limitations of the sound system (as good as any in use for outdoor music anywhere), the reviews for the actual performances have consistently ranged from favorable to ecstatic; your own Peter G. Davis observed that Maestro La Selva "conducts Italian opera with the kind of passionate thrust and grand line that has become a lost art."

June R. Vollman
MANHATTAN

Food for Thought

I'D MUCH RATHER READ A COVER STORY on New Yorkers who volunteer their time to soup kitchens than one on a "French folk hero" who caters to the upper-déclassé with pretentiously overpriced meals ["Gold-Plate Special," by Gael Greene, August 14]. There is absolutely no justification for such wanton excess when homeless people are searching Dumpsters for their next meal—perhaps a mere stone's throw away—or when children are suffering from malnutrition for lack of enough food.

Thomas C. Rizzo Jr.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

FOR ME, THE ANTICIPATION WAS NOT SO much about the actual Alain Ducasse opening as it was about the eloquent style in which Gael Greene would write of the food. Thank you, Gael. You never disappoint. I'll use my $860 for a plane ticket to Paris and spend what's left at Carton patisserie and on a foie gras baguette at the charcuterie around the corner!

Julie Davis
REDDING, CONN.

WHAT A GREAT DEPICTION OF AN OVERLY pretentious and ridiculously priced eating establishment. Thankfully, a critic is not afraid to say what all of us foodies think: Price doesn't matter if the food is worth it. However, the food at this new eatery (that is really all it is) obviously is not worth it.

Charles Minton
UNION, N.J.

MS. GREENE'S LAVISH MEAL AT ALAIN DUcasse/New York reminds me of a story she did a generation ago. Back then it was at Lutèce, and the tab was $150. As I recall, she concluded that if they can pay Joe Namath fifty thousand every time he throws a pass and Frank Sinatra a hundred grand for every tune he warbles onstage, why not? Caveat emptor.

Don Sloan
MANHATTAN

WHILE MS. GREENE PROPERLY DESCRIBES an $82 Concha y Toro Cabernet Sauvignon she had at Alain Ducasse as delicious, it is in fact a modest wine that retails for $22. All Mr. Ducasse has to do to command a 400 percent profit on his wholesale cost is to order his Concha y Toro from a local wine distributor and unpack the case. There is no justification for this, and Ducasse should be ashamed of himself.

Philip Seldon
Publisher and Editor
Vintage *Magazine*
MANHATTAN

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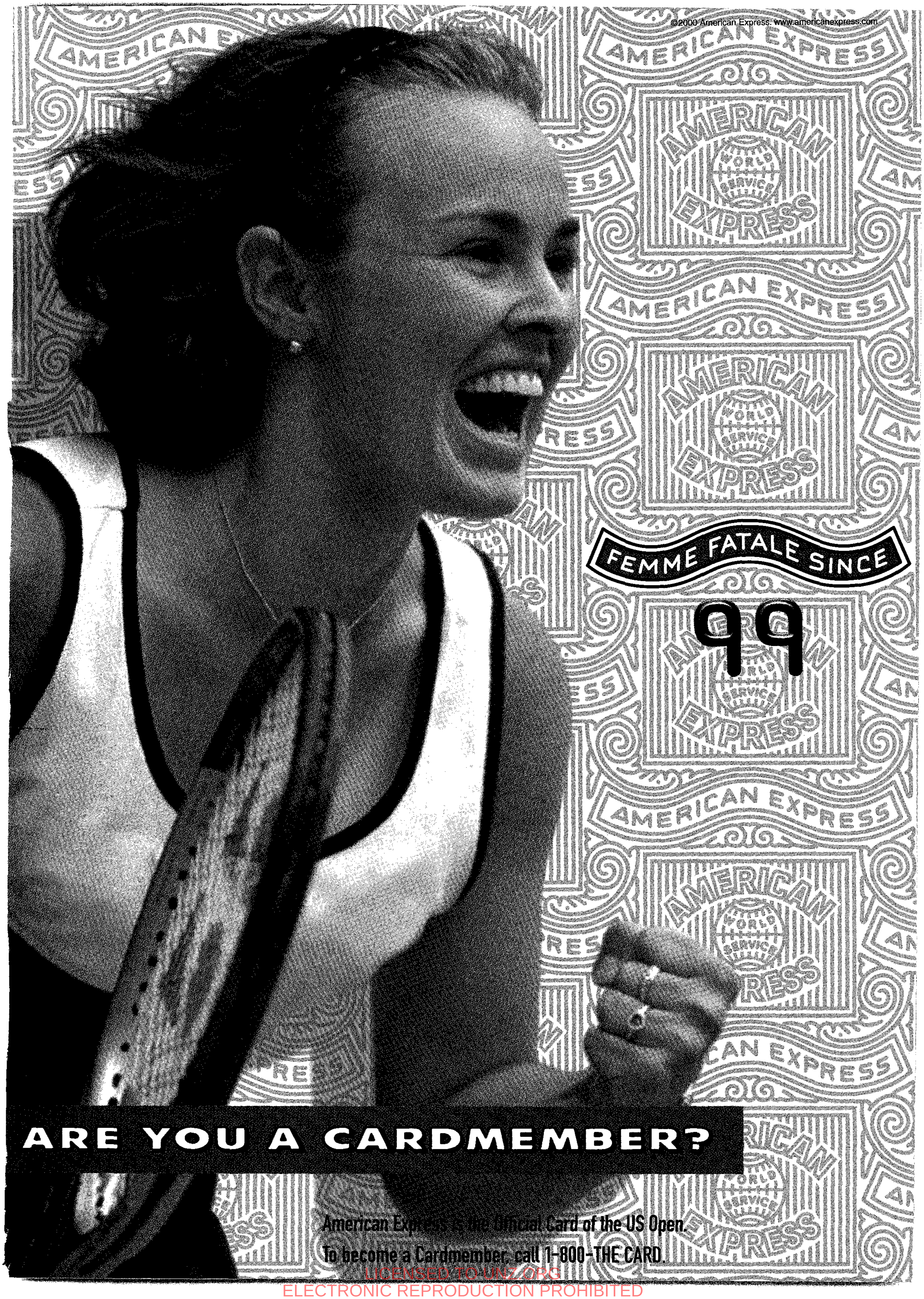
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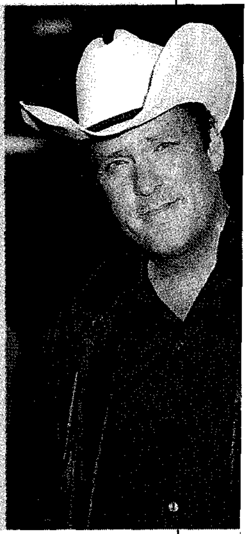
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER

DANCE-HALL DAZE: COPA EYES STUDIO 54

The party could soon be over at the Copacabana: the Latin dance club is losing its lease at 617 West 57th Street. The real-estate giant Durst Organization is planning to tear down every structure on the block to put up a telco hotel and two commercial towers; company honcho **Douglas Durst** tells us he hopes to start the project within the next year. But Copa owner **John Juliano** isn't giving up his cash cow so easily. Reps for the club are frantically searching for a new locale and have set their eyes on none other than Studio 54, hoping to rent the historic nightclub after the Roundabout Theatre Company's production of *Cabaret* closes up shop. A source close to Studio 54 confirmed that scouts from the Copa have "come in and looked at the place," but added that the Roundabout has the option to keep the space even after *Cabaret* closes. Is Juliano worried? "Yeah," he says. "It couldn't have happened at a worse time."

MICHAEL MADSEN'S *LAKE* OF DISCONTENT



Michael Madsen plays seedy characters so convincingly, it comes as no surprise that he's been accused of being one in real life. Last year, the gruff-voiced actor accepted $25,000 to consider starring in writer-producer **Peter Tsadilas**'s first film, *Lake Success*, and agreed to return the sum if, after reading the screenplay, he declined the role. Now a fed-up Tsadilas says he intends to file a suit against the thespian in order to get him to refund the money. But did Madsen actually turn down the part? Madsen's lawyer, **Harmon Kaslow**, refuses to give back the cash, saying Madsen hasn't nixed the project but is awaiting a new version of the script. Kaslow adds that Madsen sent a letter of intent and it's now up to Tsadilas to negotiate the financing. Tsadilas's attorney, **Mark Stumer**, retaliates: "How can my client expect to attract backers by saying that Madsen is *kind of* interested in the picture?" And as to the script, Stumer claims, "We sent Madsen numerous copies of the rewrite and have yet to hear a response. All he's done is delay the progress of this film. If he won't refund the money out of court, I'll sue him and get it that way."

PUFFY MAKES THE SCENE—AGAIN

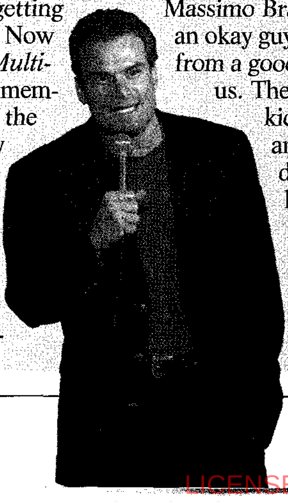
Our nominee for most supportive mogul of the week? **Puff Daddy**, of course. With the entire Bad Boy Entertainment clan out at the Hamptons' Synergy Spa for a five-day retreat, a source tells us, R&B vocalist **Carl Thomas** was feeling a little left out on the night of his breakout concert at Madison Square Garden last Saturday. So Bad Boy boss Puffy made an impromptu break from the retreat and hopped a helicopter back to Manhattan to play cheerleader at Thomas's show. It was a busy day for the hip-hop entrepreneur, who had led his troops through a mandatory morning session of drill-sergeant-style aerobics (where he barked commands and wore fatigues) and then, after jetting back that night, put on a freestyle show of his own. You mean he can *rap*, too?

MAN RAY TO EMIGRATE

The space that once housed hot-for-a-moment 147—the Chelsea eatery set in an old firehouse on West 15th Street—has recently been leased to the hip folks behind Man Ray, the Parisian restaurant backed by **Johnny Depp**, **Sean Penn**, **John Malkovich**, and Simply Red front man **Mick Hucknall**. According to **Thierry Klemeniuk**, an owner of the Paris spot, the restaurant (not to be confused with the late Eighth Avenue restaurant of the same name) will open in November and serve French and Japanese cuisine in "an Algerian Art Deco décor." Hucknall has already signed on to help finance the venture, but whether the boldface investors on the other side of the Atlantic will join remains to be seen. "I can't tell you for another two weeks," says Klemeniuk.

Additional reporting by David Amsden.

WHO WANTS TO BEAT ON A MILLIONAIRE?



Oddball bachelor **Rick Rockwell** has finally discovered his true calling—getting kicked around by a woman. Now that *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?* is but an irksome memory, Rockwell is stepping into the kickboxing ring with a very lucky contest winner. Aspiring actress **Marni Rosenthal**, 23, will face off against Rockwell at Crunch on Lafayette Street this September 23 after winning the honor over 160,000 other hopefuls in an online contest sponsored by the fitness center and DiMassimo Brand Advertising. "He seems like an okay guy, but he would obviously benefit from a good ass-whupping," Rosenthal tells us. The starlet has been in an intensive kickboxing class for the past year and a half and says that years of dance training have given her "a lot of strength in my legs." For his trouble, Rockwell will receive $20,000 to donate to the charity of his choice. Rosenthal won't get any money, but her reward is clearly priceless.

Photographs: top, Tricia Meadows/Globe Photos; bottom, AP/Wide World Photos.

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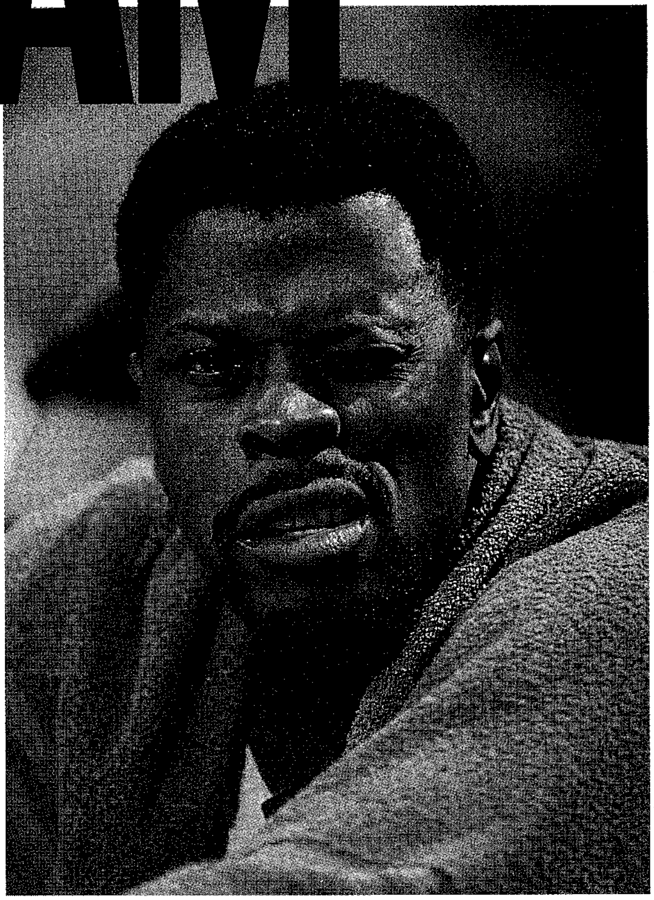


Sick of Ew

How did a star like Patrick Ewing wind up becoming the man New Yorkers hate to love?

BACK IN APRIL 1999, THE Knicks, in danger of missing the playoffs, were stoking the latest power struggle in the executive offices. On talk radio and in the sports pages, the favorite to take the fall was coach Jeff Van Gundy. Patrick Ewing called Madison Square Garden president Dave Checketts with his opinion. "I'm not going to play for another coach," Ewing said out of loyalty to a man who'd watched his back for ten years. As the headlines blazed, Ewing called Knicks general manager Ernie Grunfeld, whom he also considered a friend, for a chat—blithely unaware that he'd just handed Checketts the cover he needed to turn around and ax Grunfeld. "Patrick," says a Knicks insider, "got played again."

Ewing has learned a lot in fifteen NBA seasons, but he's never acquired an ounce of political or media savvy, and that's what earned him headlines like GOOD RIDDANCE when last week's trade talks surfaced. If you're employed by the most politically treacherous, media-saturated organization in pro basketball, it's a fatal weakness.

From the start of his career, Ewing didn't trust the Knicks' P.R. people who counseled him to open up a little, but he never hired his own media strategist. "Isn't that the kind of thing [Ewing's agent] David Falk is making big bucks to handle?" asks St. John's coach Mike Jarvis, who was Ewing's high-school coach. (Falk is "useless" on image management, concurs a former Knicks boss.) Several years ago, when Ewing was viciously booed at the Garden, he spoke angrily in the locker room afterward. "P.R. 101 in New York," says a basketball executive, "is that you don't rip the fans. And if you do, the next day you apologize, which turns it into a one-day story. Not Patrick. For him, taking anything back is a sign of weakness, and that's a line he'll never cross." The same stubbornness and pride have also fueled his return from crippling injuries, and his grueling rehab from Achilles-tendon surgery could have been used to bank some public sympathy and press goodwill—if he'd allowed a reporter to watch. "Not a chance," a Knick P.R. rep said at the time. "He's just too wary."

"It's crucial to cultivate reporters in New York," says a sports-marketing expert, "and Patrick has never done that. Look at Doc Rivers: voted coach of the year without even making the playoffs, because of all the talking he did to reporters when he was with the Knicks." Amazingly, Ewing has a chance to win the spin. He's been painted as greedy, wanting one last fat contract. But now it's the Knicks who look like amateurs for letting the trade unravel in public. All Ewing has to do is say the right things, maybe to Mike Lupica, about caring only for a ring in New York. Chances are he'll brick this shot too.

CHRIS SMITH

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Cleared by SEC on stock profits: Good. Still holding back on tax returns: Not so good. Rumors last week were Ricky may release after press time, but our money's on Friday, Labor Day weekend, 7 P.M.! ○

What's this? An actual proposal? From the *Lazio* campaign!? Tax-cut/economic plan unveiled in Buffalo—just when we were figuring he'd go till November "proposing" only that he wasn't her! ●

Issue of week is hate-crime legislation. Uh . . . maybe we're dense, but don'tcha think people backing this are already voting for her? Go ask hubby about that vital center. ○

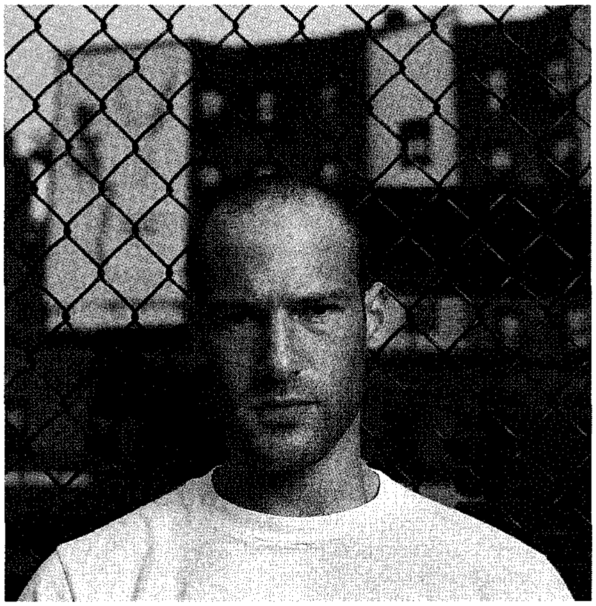
Upstate play for chick vote with visit to Rochester woman who marched with Susan B. Anthony. Nice symbolism, but Hill's Woman Problem isn't about Susie B.; it's about Billy C. ○

Photographs: top, Harry Scull/Allsport; bottom, Richard B. Levine (2). Illustrations by Ingo Fast.

FILM

Underground Filmmaker

A former male model gives up taxis and sushi to take a look at life beneath the surface.



ONE OF THE FIRST COSTS CUT by Marc Singer when shooting his debut film was rent. The London-born Singer, 26, left his meatpacking-district digs in 1994, giving up a modeling career that peaked with the Macy's catalogue, to live among the homeless in an Upper West Side Amtrak tunnel. His neighbors became the cast of his documentary *Dark Days*, which Singer swears he had no thought of making when he went underground. It opens at Film Forum this week after winning three awards at Sundance.

"I felt more accepted in the tunnel than any other place—especially fashion," Singer says over eggs and toast at a downtown café. He stayed underground with Ralph, a former crack addict; Tommy, a teenage runaway; and Henry, the sage, in surprisingly cozy shacks built with scrap wood, rigged with electrical sockets, and furnished with cookers and couches found on the street. When Ralph suggested making a film, Singer remembers, "we thought we'd sell it, and the money would get them out."

What went on behind the camera was almost as interesting as what was going on before it: Henry made the camera dolly, Ralph was the soundman, and Tommy was a glorified PA. Lowry Dreke of the rental house Cinevision taught Singer to load and shoot, and let him slide on payments. "Marc would disappear for months," says Jackie Zimmermann, Cinevision's manager, "but we were more concerned about him than the equipment. He was so passionate—we wanted to help." Singer's neighbors pitched in, selling extra cans and bottles for film. Kodak's Bob Mastronardi donated some of the film needed to finish—about ten hours', or $6,000, worth. Singer sold his rights to a group of investors (from construction workers to fashion flacks) and then, as producer, sold the film to Palm Pictures, retaining percentages for his crew.

When Amtrak evicted the tunnel dwellers in 1996, Singer helped relocate 50 people into government-subsidized housing. Editing 50 hours of footage to an 84-minute film took him another three years of sleeping on his friends' new couches: "They'd say, 'You went from taxis and sushi to walking and looking for food in the garbage.' They found it comical." Singer, still homeless in a sense—he's house-sitting in Brooklyn—says, "*I* don't."

LIZ WELCH

NIGHTLIFE

When Club Kids Attack!

Social worlds collide at the Tavern as D.J. Paul Oakenfold gets Southampton into trance.

DRESSED IN A BLACK SWEATER AND SLACKS, SIOBHAN Roche stands on the deck of the Tavern in Southampton, shooting an icy glare at the girl sausaged into a backless leopard-print dress who's grasping the railing for balance as her silver-dollar-size pupils roll back in her head. "These people are really scary," says Roche. "Way too bridge-and-tunnel for my taste." Her eyes dart to two men with tank tops and spiderweb tattoos, pumping their fists to the music. "What's the big deal about the D.J.? Should I know him? All I know is that my ass has been grabbed 150 times tonight."

To those who spend their weekends at Twilo instead of the Tavern, Paul Oakenfold is one of the world's most famous D.J.'s, accustomed to packing European stadiums and jetting from London to Tel Aviv for weekend gigs. But on a recent Saturday night, he played for an unwieldy mix of 1,200 hardcore trance-music fans and oblivious East Enders in a club that usually hosts 500.

The self-proclaimed "Oakey-heads," many of whom had trekked from as far away as Maine and paid $35 in advance or $100 at the door, stared intently at the D.J. booth, waving their arms to the pounding beats. The Hamptonites enjoyed bottle service at $2,000-minimum tables in the outdoor VIP area, away from the loud music and the sweaty club kids asking to sit on one of the precious cushions. Some regulars were forced out on the deck, where the club had set up several additional VIP tables to accommodate the unusually large crowd. Still others braved the dance floor to watch kids whip glow sticks into twisting trails.

"I've seen things tonight that I never thought I'd see in my lifetime," said Maria Los at her table on the deck, her crossed leg bobbing under her delicately beaded skirt. "There were two fights, and some girl threw up right in front of us and just kept walking!" A few feet away, Sylvia Colacios, covered in glitter and dressed in a halter top, chomped furiously on her gum while her friend in goggles and dreadlocks danced in place next to her. "This crowd is fucking terrible!" she shouted. "These people just don't get the vibe. And he's a sellout for playing here!"

After finishing his set, Oakenfold himself plopped down at a table on the deck. "I just wanted to see the Hamptons—I knew playing here would be different," he said. "I like a challenge. I want to change people's perception, and I think I've succeeded tonight." He giggled and waved at a boy in baggy pants pacing slowly in front of the table. "The Hamptons will never be the same."

JANNA SILVERGLADE

Photographs: top, Pak Fung Wong; bottom, Serge J-F Levy.

THEATER

Camera Obscura

More than 2,500 electronic eyes are pointed at pedestrians in Manhattan—and one street-theater group is ready for its close-up.

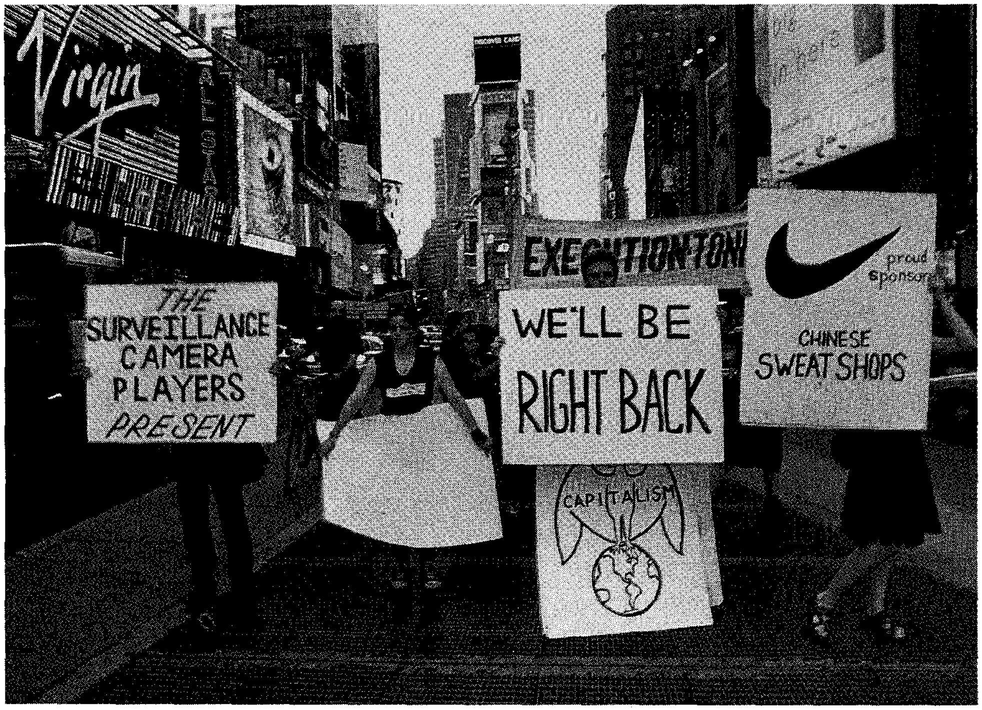
THERE ARE 129 SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS IN and around Times Square, and Bill Brown, director of the guerrilla theater group Surveillance Camera Players, knows every one of them. He takes perverse pride in pointing out that the inconspicuous white-and-gray globe hanging above 46th and Broadway, just south of the George M. Cohan statue, houses a casino-style eye-in-the-sky originally installed by the NYPD to watch, says Brown, for Y2K terrorism. "It can pan 360 degrees," he explains. "It's good enough to see how much change you've got in your hand."

On a recent evening, SCP took the stage—really, the traffic island—to perform a brief show called "Headline News." (They were the second act on a left-wing double bill that opened with a Living Theater performance protesting an execution in Texas.) Lining up in front of the Cohan-cam, Brown and three other jeans-clad amateur actors held up a series of placards, including one with a huge CBS logo captioned WE WATCH YOU WATCH. Other SCP members distributed hand-drawn maps marked with camera locations and explained to the crowd that they, too, were being monitored. "What surveillance camera?" asked a shocked office worker. "I'm being watched?"

Though he's an accomplished paranoid who reels off a list of Defense Department–related agencies that sniff out his Web server, Brown is also a polemicist who considers the number of cameras aimed at public space in Manhattan—at least 2,500, according to the New York Civil Liberties Union—an invasion of privacy. In 1996, when he was the New York coordinator of the Unabomber for President write-in campaign, he seized on the idea that any good camera deserves a good show and recruited some anarchist buddies to help. Their silent adaptation of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi* for cameras on a Union Square subway platform became the model for the group's subsequent work.

Though the SCP's material tends to be heavy-handed (its repertoire includes *1984* and Wilhelm Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism*), its performances can pack a subversive punch. Sometimes, as will happen in live theater, they get lucky. Last November, during a performance of *1984* at the West 14th Street IRT station, just when the villainous O'Brien was interrogating Winston Smith in Room 101, transit police overran the set, asking for a permit and forcing the crew to stop taping the event. Viewed from a certain distance, it makes for legitimately chilling theater-of-coincidence.

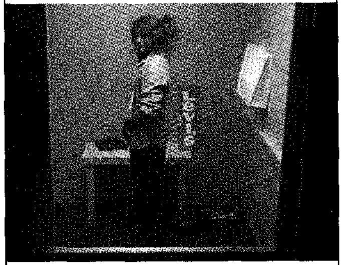
"This is the way surveillance works now," charges Brown, lighting up a Camel after the SCP's Times Square show. "We consume the violation of our own civil liberties as entertainment." Big Brother is watching—and taking programming notes. Steve Bodow



BRAND X

Jean Therapy

BRAND: Levi's **AGENCY:** TBWA/Chiat/Day (SF) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** Chuck McBride



If only *Big Brother* were this charming. In a new spot, Levi's offers up an amusing series of surveillance shots of people trying on Levi's in a dressing room. The P.O.V. is from behind the mirror, as if some creepy mall-store manager has set up a hidden camcorder to capture customers in all their half-naked glory. The clips we see, though, are not at all titillating. They're endearing: A tall guy does a tentative dip while checking out how his butt looks in his jeans. A middle-aged woman does a thigh-caressing hip swivel. A teenager flexes his arms homeboy-style and then moves his head in cocky *I'm so smooth* formation. Each gets just a few seconds onscreen, but the shots are unified by an overlaid disco soundtrack, as if to suggest that dressing-room contortions are a form of interpretive dance. Of course, Levi's *needs* to find some poetry in the mundane: The company lost tens of millions in its last fiscal year, thanks to declining sales. The new campaign gives the weary brand a quick infusion of energy and wit, and the tag line—LEVI'S: MAKE THEM YOUR OWN—reminds you how utterly comfortable and confident you can feel when you're wearing your favorite clothes. Not to mention the little shock of recognition that'll be felt by anybody who's ever momentarily shimmied or sashayed in a mirror when nobody was looking.

Simon Dumenco

Photograph: bottom, Michael Sofronski.

GOTHAM REALESTATE

REALTY BITES

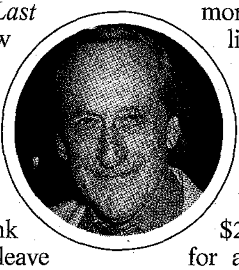
Business Crunch

Can't find a place? Blame the Man.

PERHAPS THOSE NEO-HIPPIE PROTESTERS the L.A. police shot with rubber bullets at the Democratic convention had a point: Corporate America is keeping you down. Or at least keeping you from renting a place, as companies take blocks of apartments for transferred and visiting employees. Recently, two investment banks leased an entire office-building conversion at 56 Pine Street a mere 24 hours after the units became available. Once, bulk leasing was limited to a few buildings in midtown and Battery Park City. Now "it's all over town," says Ruth McCoy of Feathered Nest Realty, in part because the hotels are full of tourists. "We've been the onsite leasing coordinator for thirteen projects in the last couple of years, and we've seen at least 15 percent of inventory utilized for short-term furnished corporate housing," says Andrew Heiberger, president of Citihabitats. Brokers don't mind because "they're paying a premium on top of market rents—10 to 15 percent more—and signing longer-term leases," he says. Plus, "they don't care about views. Almost every building has 10 to 20 percent what we call dog inventory. The furnished companies don't mind—they'll pay full price." The problem is that "with the vacancy rate down near one percent, when a building opens and gives up 30 percent to long-term leasing for a corporation, it doesn't soften the market," says Douglas Wagner, president of Benjamin James Realty. "They're taking housing stock that's originally intended for the general public and making it unreachable." There are a few holdouts, new buildings like One Union Square and the Madison Belvedere, that don't want all the moving in and out, say brokers. The apartments will rent anyway, even the dogs. CARL SWANSON

My Teardown With Andre?

Andre Gregory's last summer in the Hamptons.



ANDRE GREGORY, THE ACTOR AND THEATER director known for playing himself in *My Dinner With Andre* and *Vanya on 42nd Street*, also starred in *Last Summer in the Hamptons* a few years back. Now he's living it, by selling the nineteenth-century farmhouse he and his late wife renovated themselves on Sagg Main Street in Sagaponack. The place sits on three acres of land and overlooks 30 acres "that I don't think will be touched," he says. So why leave the view? "There are probably a million reasons," he says. "But it has to be summed up with the idea that Sagaponack and this area used to be the country, and now it's become, I feel, a suburb of New York." For example, at the local deli, "a bottle of apple juice costs more than an okay bottle of wine at a liquor store." Gregory's been going to the Hamptons since he was 15. (His parents' house, which they sold for $30,000, resold last year for $4 million.) Real-estate sources say Gregory's house, which needs a lot of work, was on the market for $2.1 million; they also say it will close for almost that much. Gregory, who's moving to Cape Cod with his wife, Cindy, says he hopes it won't be torn down: "It's a very pretty house." CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Gramercy Park

32 Gramercy Park South

Two-bedroom, two-bath, 1,100-square-foot co-op. Asking: $750,000. Selling: $735,000. Maintenance: $1,554. Time on market: one week.

"YOU SAY 'KEY TO THE PARK,' " notes Corcoran vice-president Chris Leavitt, who sold this apartment, "and it sells in, like, two seconds." The mystique of Gramercy Park usually clings only to the neighboring hoary granite fortresses, but this 1956 doorman building has a roof deck and a garage as well as that magic key. The purchaser, an apparel-company CEO, is buying the place after looking, says Leavitt, for "many months." The seller, who renovated the kitchen, is moving to Westport, Connecticut.

A cut above the rest: 126 East 73rd Street.

Upper East Side

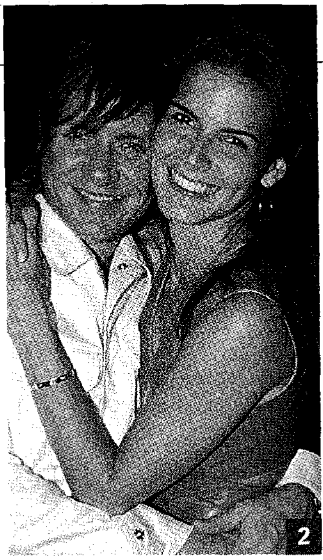
126 East 73rd Street

8,149-square-foot townhouse. Asking: $12.9 million. Selling: $11.5 million. Time on market: six weeks.

EVEN IN AN OSTENSIBLY COOLING market, top places are still mighty hot. This renovated five-story limestone townhouse was on the market for just six weeks, and, says selling broker A. Laurance Kaiser IV of Key Ventures, "it would have gone even faster, but the owners were out of town." It's a record price for an 18.9-footer. It has all the usual amenities (killer kitchen, new bathrooms), plus some that aren't so usual (elevator, 100 linear feet of bedroom closets). The buyers, represented by Sloane Square Realty, are a young couple moving from Connecticut; the sellers are private investors. And, adds Kaiser, "it's in the best condition of any house on the market." In other words, location, location, location—and condition.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Noah Sheldon.

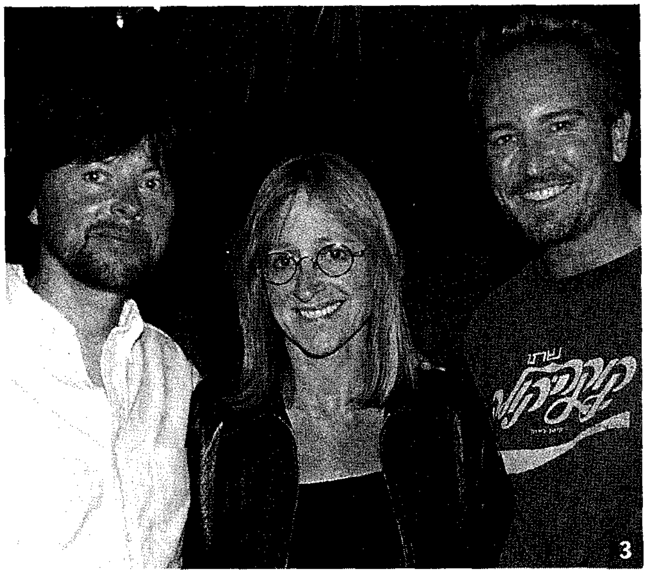


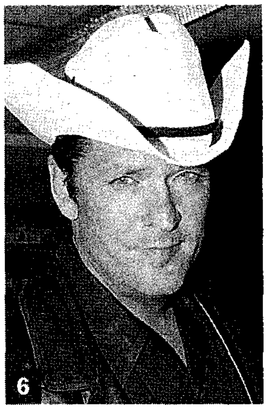
THE SCENE

*Jazz*matazz

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

AFTER FEASTING ON A SUMMERFUL OF EAST END FRIVOLITY, Hamptonites headed to Sag Harbor August 19 for a loftier cause: a screening of *Jazz,* Ken Burns's latest documentary, hosted by *New York* Magazine and General Motors to benefit the Harlem Abyssinian Baptist Church. After the Reverend Calvin Butts introduced the director as "a great spirit," the crowd settled in for a glimpse at the nineteen-hour opus. "I've asked the ushers to lock the doors," Burns joked ominously. "We should be out of here by 1 P.M. tomorrow." When the lights came on after a blessedly brief hourlong sample, the audience delivered an extended standing ovation before pouring down Main Street to Sugar Reef, where the full-length version played on TVs above the bar. "I'm going to watch it all, hour by hour," gushed Kate Capshaw. Chevy Chase, gesturing at the gold saxophone pin on his blazer, one-upped her: *"I've* been a jazz fan all my life!" Butts, due for Sunday services, took an early leave, though such ecclesiastical matters were far from the minds of revelers who were double-fisting frozen margaritas. Burns, however, pinned by a line of groupies at the entrance, didn't get the chance. "I went to college with him," bragged a brunette angling for a close-up. "This is the nicest benefit I've ever been to." SARAH BERNARD





1. Cavan Mahony, Christy Turlington, and Ayla Hussain at a cocktail reception at the Sky apartment for *Shape* and Nuala. 2. Simon Le Bon and Angie Harmon at Harmon's surprise birthday party at Halo. 3. Ken Burns, *New York* editor-in-chief Caroline Miller, and Randolph Duke at the *Jazz* screening. 4. James Rosenquist, Christophe de Menil, and Malcolm Morrelly at Lisa de Kooning's home after the opening of *Willem de Kooning: In Process* at Guild Hall. 5. Anne Randolph Hearst and Darcy LaPier at Marina and Francesco Galesi's home for the Hearst Castle Preservation Foundation benefit. 6. Michael Madsen at the premier of *High Noon* at Loews 19th Street East. 7. Amy Spindler, Diane Von Furstenberg, and Billy Norwich at the Barneys New York block party celebrating the debut of Viktor & Rolf's ready-to-wear collection. 8. Chris O'Donnell, Ines Rivero, Scott Wolf, and Izabella Miko at the Winged Foot Golf Club for a celebrity golf challenge benefiting the Autism Coalition. 9. Bob Wichser and Mike Ditka at the Museum of Television and Radio for a cocktail reception for Joseph Abboud, who designed the *NFL on CBS* broadcasters' wardrobes.

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

With the conventions finally behind them, our ever-prescient pundits handicap the presidential race.

Maer Roshan: *So both conventions are now over, and the race begins in earnest. Which party put on the better show?*

Ed Koch: I think the Democratic convention was better, frankly—not because I'm a Democrat, but there was more excitement, less control, you weren't really sure . . .

M.R.: *What weren't you sure of, exactly?*

Ed: Well, I wasn't sure who was going to sing. [*Laughter.*]

Al D'Amato: I think *both* of the conventions should be cut down to 48 hours. Nothing gets decided there anymore! To have them go on for four days—I thought I'd die of boredom! It's a waste of money and time. In terms of holding the attention of the American people, no one cares.

M.R.: *Well, someone must have been paying attention. By the time they were over, Gore went from fifteen points behind to five points ahead.*

Al: Look, after a week of constant *bam-bam* politicking, of *course* he's gonna get a bounce. But the fact is, this race doesn't even begin until Labor Day. Unless someone commits a major gaffe, this thing is going to be a two-point race to the end.

Ed: I think there's no question that the Democrats got across their message. Now the Republicans are attacking Gore for engaging in class warfare. But what's wrong with class warfare? Bush realizes that the Democrats have a huge edge on the issues. He denounced Gore for saying he's against Big Oil and pharmaceutical companies and HMOs. I think *most* Americans believe these companies need to be reined in. Pharmaceutical and insurance companies aren't evil, but their *excesses* are. Republicans won't dare take them on. Democrats will.

Al: Wrong. Al Gore is a captive of the philosophy that government can do better than the individual, but I don't believe that's true. Let me tell you what's excessive, Ed—our taxes! Thirty-nine-point-six percent is *excessive!* And then you have city and state taxes, so if you live in New York, you may pay close to 50 percent of your income in taxes. I think to categorize a tax reduction of 39.6 percent to 33 percent as some kind of victory for the rich is wrong. That *is* class warfare. The fact is, under Bush's plan, 6 million low-income people won't have to pay any taxes at all! Middle-income families are going to save appreciably. What's wrong with that?

Ed: I'll *tell* you what's wrong with it. We now have a huge surplus, and the Republicans want to give a $1.6 trillion tax cut with 42.6 percent going to 1 percent of the wealthiest people in this country. That's not right. The Gore people say, "Instead of a massive tax cut for millionaires, we're going to have a $500 billion cut, and give most of it back to the middle class. Then we're going to take part of the surplus and expand programs for the needy and elderly." It's a question of priorities.

Al: Exactly, and the Democrats' priority is more money for the government and less money for the people. Bottom line, Ed, we're *both* capitalists now. *I* want the tax cut! [*Laughs.*]

M.R.: *Throughout this campaign, Gore has stressed policy over personality. Do you think that's a winning strategy?*

Ed: I've said from the very beginning that Gore is a bore, but the *issues* are not boring, and people recognize that. This is going to be the most issues-oriented campaign of the modern era. Gore knows he can't compete on a personality basis. But he can *cream* Bush on the issues.

Al: Bush is a likable guy, and let's be honest, who wants to listen to Al Gore for the next four years? But in the end, this election will come down to the debates. Gore will undoubtedly be prepared. But if Bush demonstrates a command of the issues and holds his own, he'll definitely win.

M.R.: *Last week, the independent counsel announced he was pursuing yet another grand-jury indictment against Clinton. How do you think this will affect the election?*

Al: When news of the grand jury leaked out, every Democrat rushed to blame the Republicans. A week later, when a Democratic judge admitted *he* was the source of the leak, not one admitted, "By the way, we were wrong."

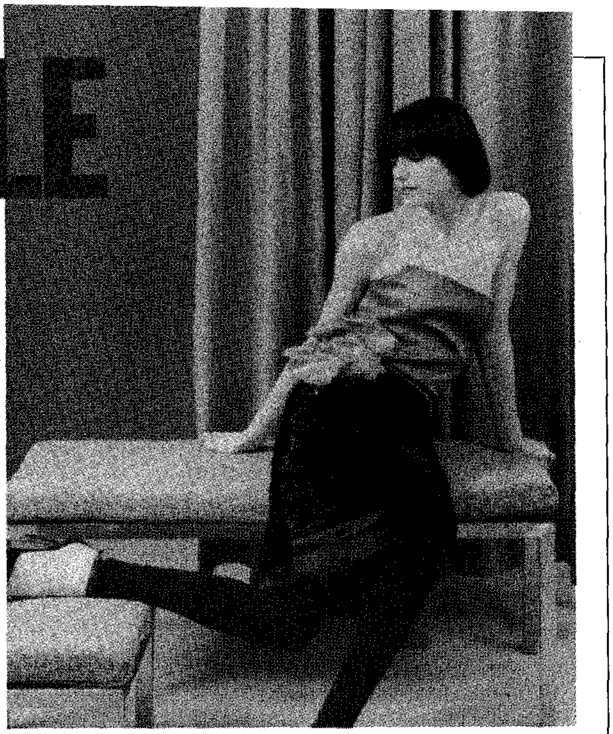
Ed: They *should* apologize.

Al: But they won't. The truth is, this does *not* help Republicans. People are sick and tired of all these scandals, and if I were George Bush and elected president, I would immediately pardon Clinton. This is not national security. We aren't talking about treasonous acts. The country doesn't need this anymore. ■

Illustration by S. B. Whitehead.

Al D'Amato is a columnist at *George.*
Ed Koch is a columnist at *Newsday.*

GOTHAMSTYLE



Fancy Footwork

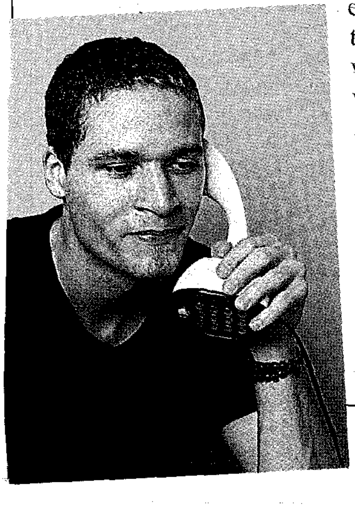
Not every pair of fashionable gams will be encased in Fogal fishnets or Chanel double-C stockings this fall—but that doesn't mean they'll be seen in last year's skirt-over-pants look, either. Leggings are in vogue again, but this time, the Lycra-laden pants are being paired with shirtdresses, pencil skirts, and to-the-knee jackets—not Bill Cosby sweaters. Barbara Bui (pictured), Callaghan, Azzedine Alaïa, and Samsonite have all revived the suburban-mom staple. *There's just one footnote to this throwback trend: Don't think it means* you can pull those stirrups out of storage. Kristina Richards

Camp Followers

Bowling alleys and doctors' offices provided designers with inspiration for two of fall's favorite bags, so perhaps it's no surprise the spark for this season's third "It" purse would come from the campground. The duffel bag—more at home on the pages of Lands' End than in *Harper's Bazaar*—has been scaled down and dressed up by Louis Vuitton ($470), Mussio & DeGroot (pictured, $350), and Moschino ($435). Just the thing to update last year's sleeping-bag coat. K.R.

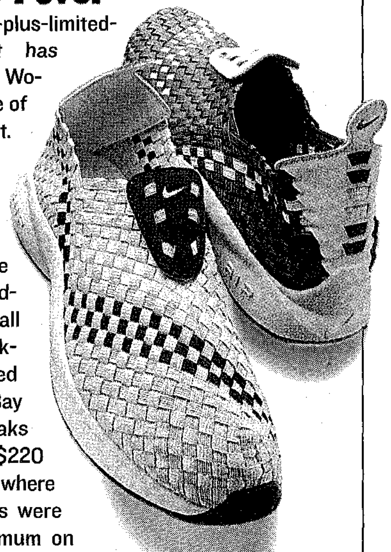
Ring of Authenticity

Design geeks everywhere know the Ericofon, the funky Swedish phone introduced in 1954, for its unique *Clockwork Orange* profile and Auric Goldfinger aesthetic. But originals are hard to come by—and impractical. (Nearly all have dials.) If you seek both form and function, however, Banana Republic has a compromise: Modern push-button electronics in vintage Ericofon shells, a fresh stash of which has been unearthed. (BR's version is admittedly pricey at $195; on the collector market, dial Ericofons go for about $75 and touch-tone versions are about $150.) Sadly, the new ones come in only white; if you want colors—the original came in orange, aqua, and chrome, among many others—you'll have to start trolling on eBay. Christopher Bonanos



Saturday Nike Fever

Nike's formula of swoosh-plus-limited-edition-equals-cult-object has scored once again: The Air Woven is the latest must-have of the streetwise sneaker set. Two weeks after its U.S. debut, the coveted kick has already sold out. alife (178 Orchard Street; 646-654-0628), the only place in New York to get the handwoven slip-ons, moved all eighteen pairs over a weekend; one patron is rumored to have sold his pair on eBay for $1,300. Sneaker freaks can try tracking down the $220 shoes in the U.K. or Japan, where the remaining 1,082 pairs were sent. And while Nike is mum on whether the Air Woven will be released in a larger edition, alife has optimistically set up a wait list. Joel Ferree



Photographs: clockwise from top, Cédric Buchet; Michael Kraus; Lenora Gim (2).

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Flipping the Script

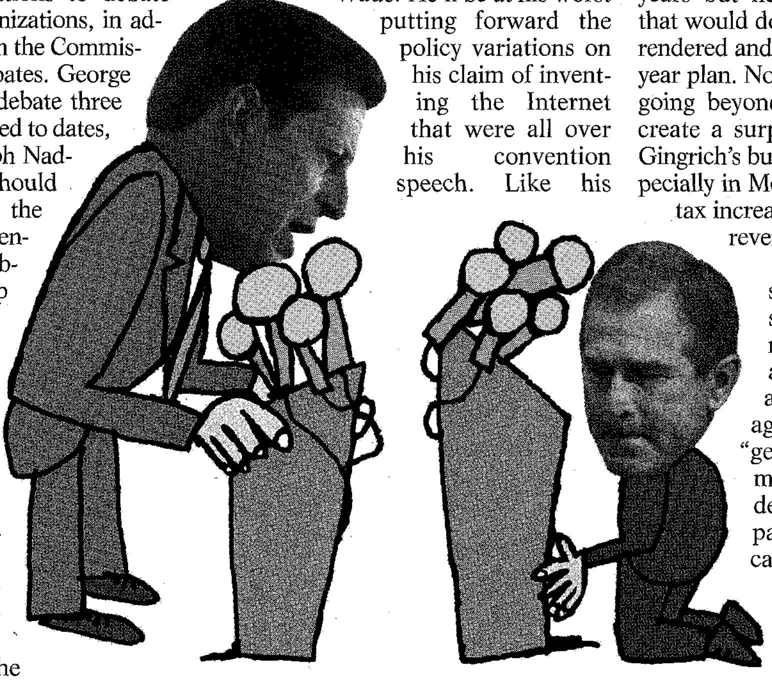
Everyone thinks Bush will emerge from the debates covered in Gore—but the vice-president's overstatements could give him the opening he needs. How Dubya can rewrite the ending.

THE NEXT BIG PART OF EVERY presidential campaign is the debates, preceded, as usual, by debate about the debates. The underdog always comes out of his convention demanding immediate debates; the front-runner agrees but can't quite commit to dates and a format. The media side with the underdog. And the public ends up with two or three debates scheduled in late September and October.

So far, everyone is on script: Al Gore has accepted 40 invitations to debate from various news organizations, in addition to the big one from the Commission on Presidential Debates. George W. Bush has agreed to debate three times but hasn't committed to dates, format, or whether Ralph Nader and Pat Buchanan should be included. Last week, the *Times* recycled its quadrennial editorial on the subject, this time titled "Stop Arguing and Start Debating." This is the part of the campaign the Bush team has been dreading all along.

There's only one thing both campaigns and the media agree on: Gore is a much better debater than Bush. So it's strategically obvious that Bush has to agree to as few debates as possible as late in the campaign as possible—and be prepared to take a lot of heat for delaying things in the meantime. He dodged so well during the Republican primaries that by the time he shared a stage with John McCain, expectations for Bush were so low that he couldn't help exceeding them.

This time, the Bush campaign doesn't need to lower expectations, simply because they can't get much lower. The campaign that has to play the expectations game is Gore's, which has so far been too busy taunting Bush about being afraid to participate. As soon as the schedule is locked in, Gore's advisers will start pumping up Bush so Gore won't come off like a failure if he doesn't make Bush look like an idiot from start to finish.



WE'VE ALREADY HEARD MUCH OF WHAT we're going to hear during the debates in the convention speeches. Gore will be at his best hammering home his support for the two simplest issues on which a clear majority of voters agree with him: gun control and support for *Roe* v. *Wade*. He'll be at his worst putting forward the policy variations on his claim of inventing the Internet that were all over his convention speech. Like his boss, Gore likes to take credit for the welfare-reform bill that was written entirely by a Republican Congress and signed only reluctantly by Bill Clinton after he had vetoed it twice. Even as clumsy a debater as Bush should be able to point out what the media have forgotten—that Clinton sent a welfare-reform bill to Congress that never came to a vote. It called for increasing welfare spending by $9.3 billion. The competing Republican bill cut welfare spending by $55 billion. Once he got a line changed here and there, Clinton signed the Republican bill after Dick Morris told him his re-election depended on it.

When Gore starts in about how he helped turn the budget deficit into a budget surplus, Bush should be able to get the Gingrich Republicans the credit they deserve for that one, too. When he became Speaker in 1995, Newt Gingrich proposed balancing the federal budget in seven years, a time period he picked out of thin air. The Clinton administration first said that was impossible, then suggested it could possibly be done in ten years but never introduced legislation that would do so. Clinton eventually surrendered and agreed to Gingrich's seven-year plan. No one ever proposed actually going beyond balancing the budget to create a surplus—it happened because Gingrich's budget cuts were so severe (especially in Medicare) and Clinton's 1993 tax increase generated so much more revenue than anyone projected.

If Gore repeats what he said during his convention speech about campaign-finance reform, Bush can pull a Reagan—shake his head and say, "There you go again." Gore said he would "get all the special-interest money—all of it—out of our democracy by enacting campaign-finance reform." The campaign-finance-reform bill that Gore wants to enact is the one by Senators John McCain and Russell Feingold. Neither McCain nor Feingold would ever make such a sweeping claim—their bill simply reroutes the flow of special-interest cash by banning unlimited contributions of soft money to the parties. Smaller amounts of special-interest funding could still flow directly to candidates, and unions and industry groups could still spend unlimited amounts to finance television ads. And, of course, McCain-Feingold would apply only to federal elections, leaving state and local election campaigns untouched by a law Gore claims will fix everything.

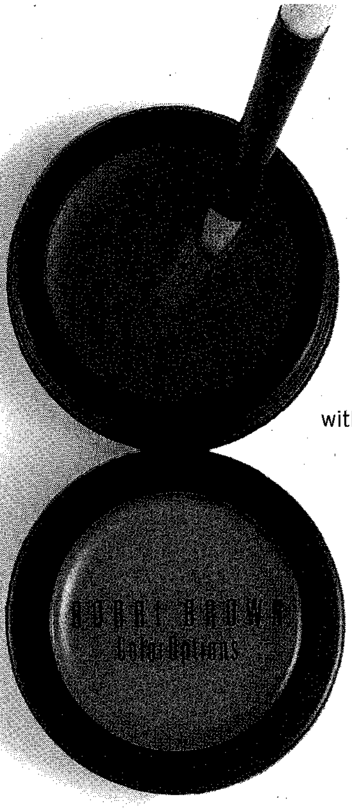
Photographs: left, Chris Hondros/Liaison Agency; right, David McNew/Liaison Agency. Illustration by Scott Menchin.

Bush also has a good shot at winning the Social Security round if Gore makes the mistake of repeating his convention-speech line about "putting both Social Security and Medicare in an ironclad lockbox where the politicians can't touch them." Politicians can touch any program they want, whenever they want—unless President Gore figures out a way to disband Congress. Bush's idea—allowing workers to put part of their Social Security money into private accounts—is actually the only way to create a government-funded account politicians can't touch. This one, at least, the public seems to have figured out already, which is why Bush's still-very-sketchy Social Security proposal is as popular as it is.

ESPECIALLY COMPARED TO GORE, BUSH IS given to understatement. When he recited his achievements as governor of Texas at the Republican convention, he credited Democrats in the state legislature with helping him. He didn't say he'd save Social Security—rather, that "now is the time for Republicans and Democrats to end the politics of fear and save Social Security together." It was an acknowledgment that a president has a hard time doing anything important without bipartisan congressional support. Bush will never be able to outwonk Gore in the debates. But if he plays the role of the competent but modest fella to Gore's braying braggart, he has a chance—a very slight chance—of not only surviving the debates but actually coming out on top.

> *"Bush will never be able to outwonk Gore in the debates. But if he plays the role of the competent but modest fella to Gore's braying braggart, he has a chance of* **not only surviving the debates but coming out on top.**"

Of course, surviving might be all he has to do: The candidate leading in the polls on Labor Day has won in almost every campaign. In other words, the election may be settled before the debate about the debates even settles down. ▬



FALL 2000 BERGDORF GOODMAN

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

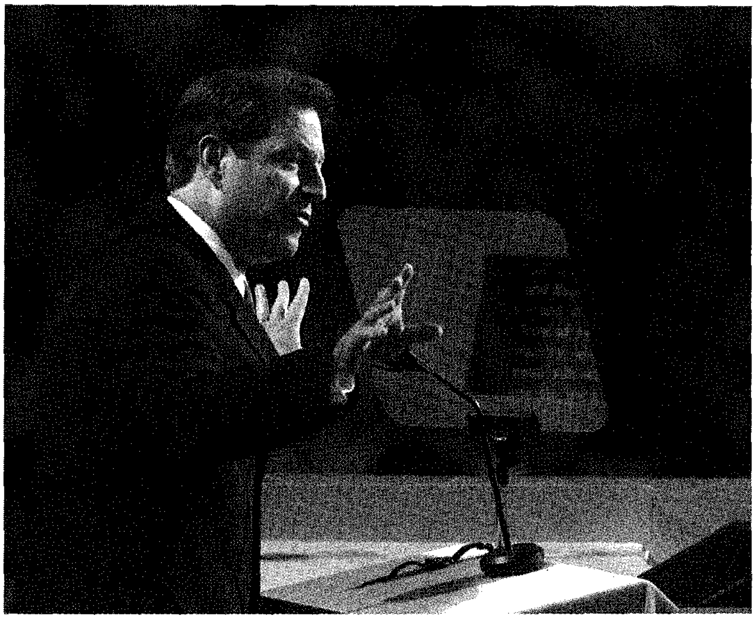
Speech Reach

What do politicians do? They talk . . . to constituents, to contributors, to lobbyists, to each other. So why are they such bad public speakers? The proof is in the podium.

THE MOST PRIMITIVE FORM OF political manipulation, the speech, has made it big again. "Didn't she give a good talk?" Clinton asked, patronizingly, about Hillary's mostly unsuccessful effort. "Didn't Joe Lieberman give a great speech last night?" Chris Dodd added, against the backdrop of just about everybody saying these speeches were do-or-die.

This is quite a revival. For a generation, television, the cool medium, has been turning the speech, in its best incarnation a highly emotional form, into a media anachronism. The speech was the chaff of the sound bite. It couldn't compare to a 30-second "Morning in America" spot, or a Willie Horton, or a good photo op. The strategic use of media was supposed to have become, insidiously or not, the way to deliver a complex, multi-targeted, finely shaded political message. Whereas speech-making was just, plainly, bad television. A repudiation of television, almost. So hopelessly linear. Noninteractive. Beginning-middle-and-endish. Recitation rather than performance. No visualizations. And requiring, in this fractured age, on the part of an information-sated and -weary audience, a dogged attention span.

Now the speech, in this era of facilitators and motivators and presenters and preachers and talking heads, returns as the pure test of a candidate's character and vision—just at the moment when there is hardly a politician who can give a proper speech. There are no orators. There is no school of oratory. This is a seriously lost political art. There is really not even an accepted form for a good and rousing speech (the current form for a speech is the bullet-point corporate model). And, possibly most important, there is no audience for a speech. ("Hey dude, let's go hear a guy give a speech.")


Tell a friend, Telegraph, TelePrompTer: Gore gives the speech of his life.

Possibly we no longer even have the subject matter for a good speech. Speech-making begs for large themes. The fate of nations, for instance. Some excuse for a hint of outrage and demagoguery. It is not easy—and even harder without PowerPoint—to make a compelling speech out of the administrative themes of the age: health care, education, campaign-finance reform.

Of course, political discourse itself has become, in the inner circles of both parties, almost entirely subverbal wonk talk and, in public, a list of painful and ritualized clichés. "Twenty-first-century jobs need twenty-first-century schools . . . Progress, not partisanship . . . Honor is not just a word but an obligation . . . The hard right over the easy wrong . . . I remember a child . . ." These are some random jottings from the Democrats' convention, phrases that are interchangeable in any of the speeches delivered in Los Angeles (they would have worked as well in Philadelphia). Speechwriters are politicians before they are writers (i.e., speech-writing is to writing what military music is to music).

Oh, and then there is the TelePrompTer. Almost nobody but a television professional, or a sitting president, can use a TelePrompTer. It cuts your sentences in some typographical tyranny, and though theoretically it follows you, you're almost always running after it—grabbed by the throat. The TelePrompTer also makes the speech-maker believe he can avoid a fundamental of speech-making, which is memorization. The best speech at the Democratic convention was Jesse Jackson's (and, really, he's been phoning in his speeches for years). He and Kweisi Mfume were the only speakers not to use the TelePrompTer. Not just, I suspect in Jackson's case, because he hates the thing (and he's been giving the same speech so long that he has memorized it anyway), but because he didn't want to show the speech ahead of time and have it nitpicked. ("We passed it by the VP and he just wondered if you could tone down the paragraph where you say . . .")

White men, it would seem, just can't give good speeches (Mario Cuomo's ability to give a speech made him seem unusual, foreign even). Their speeches are—and the expectation is they will all be—trite, insincere, forced, remote, dull. Within that framework, the speech will achieve, with luck and professional attention, a level of acceptability if it is also coherent, earnest, tempered, and brief. It is the perfection of banality. And by national agreement,

Photograph: AP Wide World.

no one listens. Is there a politician anyone looks forward to hearing?

WELL, YES. BILL CLINTON. It is Clinton, as trite, insincere, forced, remote, and dull in his speechmaking as anyone else, who has most of all helped return the speech to its place at the center of political media.

At the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta, in 1988, Clinton, the young governor, delivered among the worst speeches ever given. It was so bad that it highlighted the power of speechmaking. His speech, going on endlessly in a prime-time spot, provoking gestures of desperation in the audience and incredulity on the part of commentators, earned him national notoriety. Clinton became famous because the speech was so clumsy—but not a little charming and human in its clumsiness. Something to hang his head and apologize for. But attention, however achieved, is attention.

And then there is Clinton's series of personal-drama speeches. In those instances, it was not so much the speech itself but his own nakedness that was, with a little critical interpretation, inspiring. *I stand before you . . . Judge me . . . Do with me what you will . . .* The speeches—after he loses both houses of Congress; his State of the Union after he is accused of, and denies, Monica; his next State of the Union, after he becomes the second president to be impeached; and now his farewell convention speech (would he really go?)—took on an exaggerated importance not because of his eloquence but because of his shamelessness. The sheer guts of appearing in public. The fact of being able to say anything at all—of even making the effort to talk himself out of trouble. These speeches save him. This is good stuff.

It is Clinton who, while doing little for the form itself, restores the existential element to speech-making. Speech-making becomes not just a campaign convention, not just a corporate presentation, but a person alone, with no defenses but his own words. Will he survive?

THAT WAS THE GORE SETUP. WAS SURVIVAL even possible for Gore, who, we all know, could not give a speech to save his life? The Gore people gladly collaborated in this pre-finale promotion—Gore, against all odds, writing the speech himself. (As it turned out, he cut and pasted it, selecting his favorite 12,000 words or so from the bilge of the past year and passing it on to aides and fixers for cutting and reformatting—word processing has not been good for the art of speechmaking.)

It was *the* drama. What kind of speech would Gore deliver—as though there were another kind of speech than the cobbled-together (the political speech committee writes in blocks, divvying out the assignments: You take health care; you take vouchers; you take bio; you assemble), long-list-of-virtues-and-initiatives kind?

Gore, in fact, does not give an appreciably lower order of speech than Clinton. They are both verbal wimps. But Gore, in the particular predicament of a vice-president, has lacked the existential moment (he has lacked the Clinton unwritten stuff too: the lip, the pout, the eyes). For eight years, Gore was just talking—filling the space. He wasn't ever near the precipice.

Until now. The media wisdom on this point was clear.

His fate would go in one of two directions: ignominy and dismissal for having given an unsatisfactory address, or a hardy pat on the back and the necessary momentum ("This gives him momentum," various commentators offered, which is pretty much what it takes to get momentum) to gain the ground that Gore did in fact take in last week's polls.

> *"Gore does not give an appreciably lower order of speech than Clinton.* **They are both verbal wimps.** *But Gore has lacked the existential moment (he has lacked the Clinton unwritten stuff too: the lip, the pout, the eyes)."*

Indeed, the Gore speech, whether for its pace or for its themes—or the Tipper Kiss—is now in contention for the thing-that-turned-it-all-around.

He passed the test.

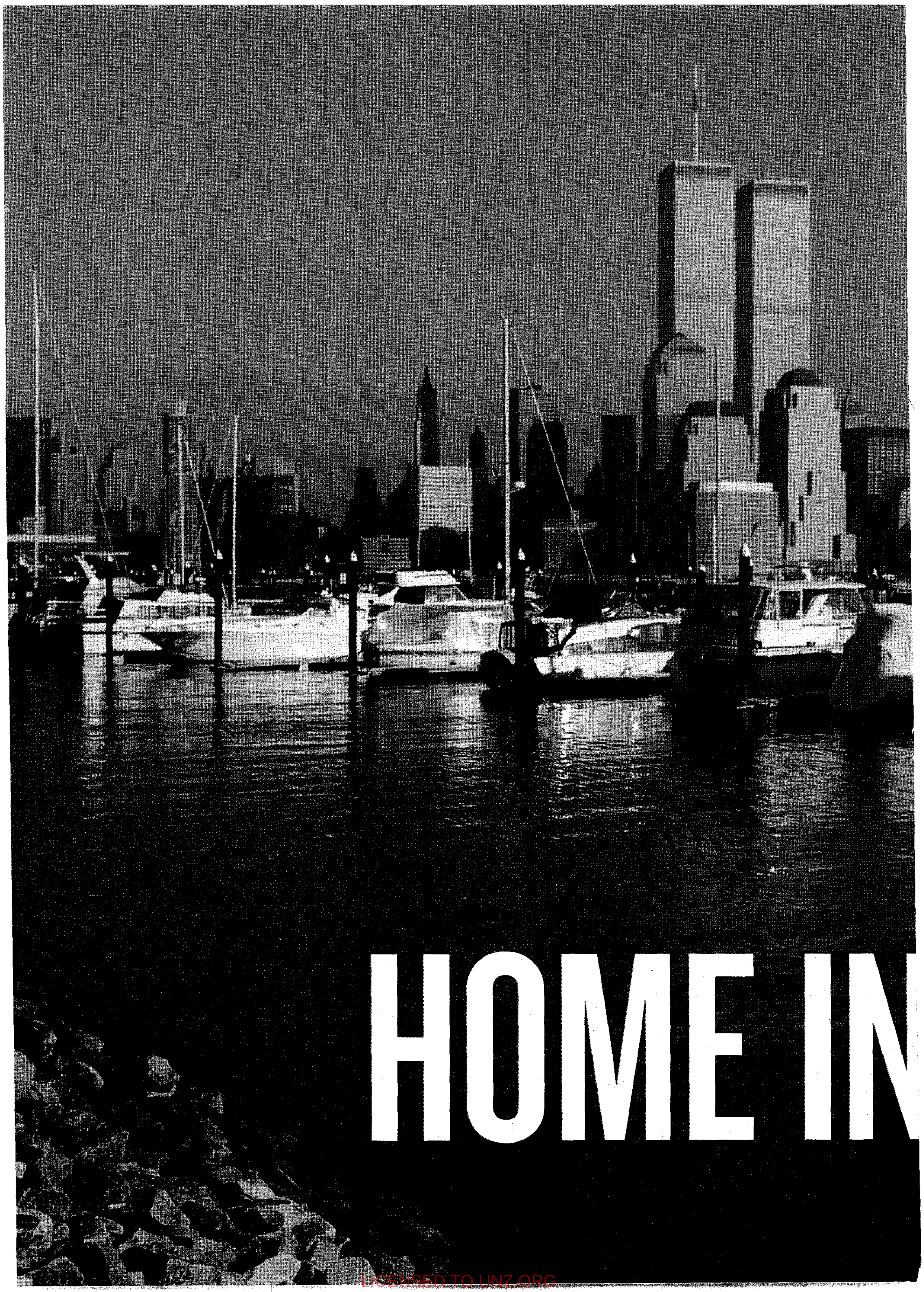
But what was the test? What was the relative difference in this instance between failure, mediocrity, and superb performance?

There was no utterance here that surprised or moved anyone—either in the actual audience of political functionaries and media types at the convention ("What did you think of the speech?" we kept querying each other, hoping someone would have some unexpected point of view; "Good? Bad? Quick, what do you think?" asked an on-air commentator, in headset, seconds before having to critique the speech from the floor) or in the more important audience of independent and undecided voters in the bedrooms of America.

The weird thing is that most politicians are pretty good speakers. This is what they do for a living, after all. They love their voices (if not necessarily their words), and they love the attention. They're probably most at home and most enjoying themselves when they're speaking before one or another of the thousands of groups, eating salmon in meeting rooms at a Marriott or Sheraton, they speak in front of every year. Nita Lowey, the congresswoman from Westchester, who gave an uninteresting and perfunctory speech to the convention, sauntered to the podium at the Santa Monica Sheraton and spent twenty minutes entertaining, cajoling, informing, and having a fine time with her audience of 50 or 60 friends of the American Jewish Committee in a talk entitled "Jewish Voters, Jewish Candidates, and the Democratic Party." No doubt, this commuting between one odd and parochial group and another, the lot in life of most politicians, has something to do with why politicians have lost the knack of synthesis, why the big picture seems so foreign to them, why they are so unable to articulate why they bother doing what they do, why they invariably fail to become larger than they are.

The speech, or *the speech*, is a fantasy. It's a desire, certainly on the part of media types, but perhaps on the part of people in their bedrooms, too, for something real—spontaneous, ad-libbed, funny, moving, truthful—and something large. There must be *something* important, after all. What if one of these guys could talk? What if he liked the words he said? And understood them? And could use them? People might start to listen. Ratings would go up. Politics would be a decent sport again. The speech is both the symbol of some unrequited thing in politics and the instrument for the potential deep connection of candidate to populace. This is a quaint, noble, and pitiful yearning. We really would like someone to say something grand. A little poetry and exhortation. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com



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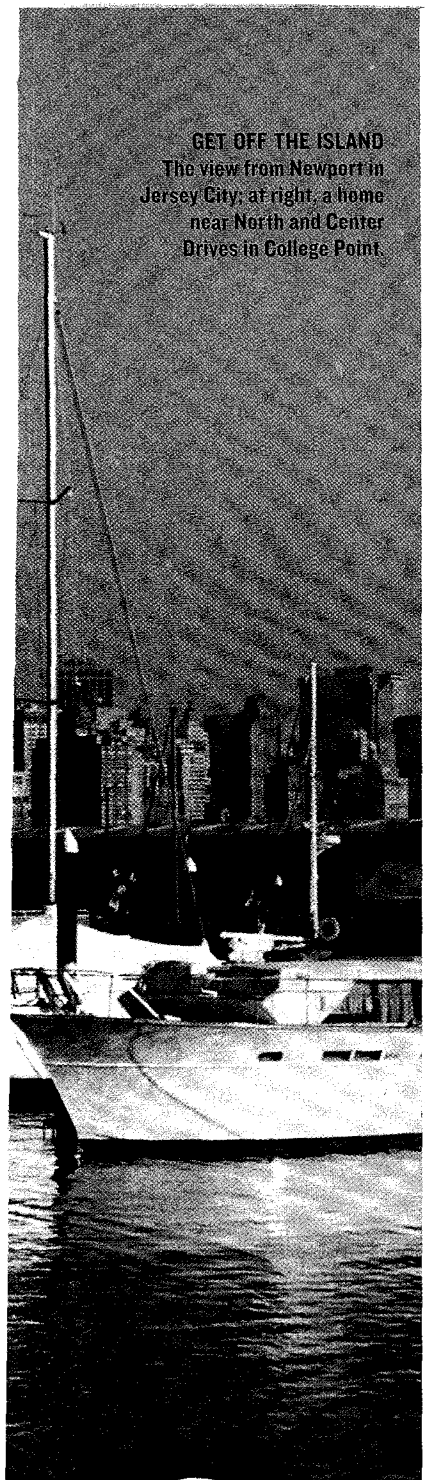


GET OFF THE ISLAND The view from Newport in Jersey City; at right, a home near North and Center Drives in College Point.

So you think you've been priced out of the city completely? Before you pack it in and move to Florida, take a tour of these six affordable neighborhoods, all within arm's reach of Manhattan. By Allen Salkin

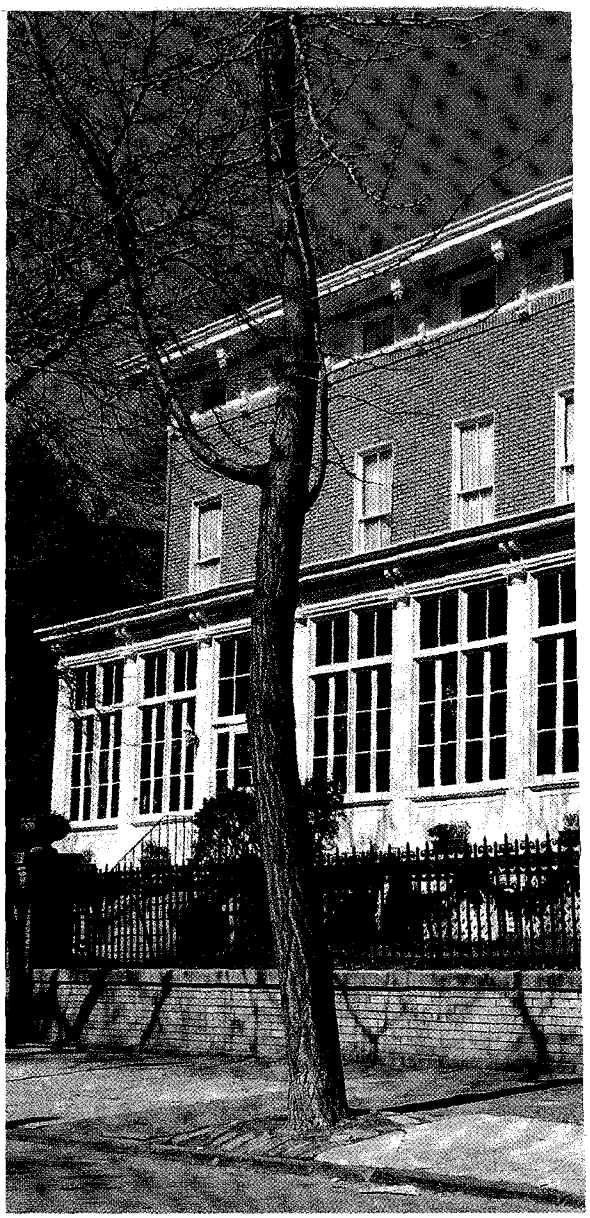
YOUR RANGE

Photographed by Jason Fulford

IN THE PAST FOUR YEARS, THE MIDDLE-class home buyer in New York has gone through something like the five stages of grief. First there was denial (*$300,000 for a Hell's Kitchen studio? You must be joking*), then anger (*only people from Iowa pay those kinds of prices!*). Then we tried bargaining (and learned that in this market, negotiations are a one-way street). Finally, there was depression, the sinking realization that finding an affordable home in Manhattan big enough to raise a family was out of reach forever.

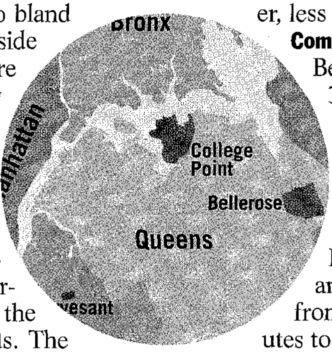
Now it's time to move on to the fifth and final stage: acceptance and resolution. The fact is that there are still plenty of neighborhoods left that haven't been "discovered." You just have to free yourself from the notion that living in New York means living on the island of Manhattan. This is not the same old list of "alternative" neighborhoods. Nothing against Cobble Hill or Long Island City or Greenpoint, but their secret has long since gotten out. Prices have already climbed out of the bargain basement and are now happily ensconced in the second-floor guest bedroom. No, we're talking here about some lovely beneath-the-radar spots where you can buy an entire house for less than you might spend on a "cozy" alcove studio in Manhattan.

And price is not the only attraction. You'll also discover that giving up on Manhattan means gaining other things. Like a backyard, a tree-lined street, a basement, even a dining room. But let's be clear, these aren't bland suburbs. Bellerose, Ward Hill, Kingsbridge, College Point, Jersey City, and Stuyvesant Heights are lively, walkable urban hamlets within easy commuting distance of midtown. Of course, prices won't stay low forever. If you don't act now, you risk experiencing the sixth and most agonizing stage of real-estate grief: the why-didn't-we-buy-something-back-when-it-was-affordable stage.



BELLEROSE

This sleepy Queens neighborhood at the edge of the city, where children play catch on quiet streets, hasn't changed much since it was first developed in 1906. Thanks to strict zoning laws, Cape Cods and English Tudors on tree-lined blocks still make up most of Bellerose's housing stock. Many of the area's single-family homes were built a half-century ago and have nice-size yards and small garages and are modestly priced. Recent immigrants from India and Pakistan have begun to bid up the housing market. Their influence has helped infuse some life into bland commercial streets like Hillside and Jamaica Avenues, where the action has been mostly limited to a few Irish bars and the occasional mom-and-pop grocery. A few blocks east on Hillside Avenue, in Floral Park, street life gets a little more interesting, with great Indian markets and takeout joints like the hugely popular Usha Foods. The petting zoo at the Queens County Farm Museum is kid heaven. And the ponies can be played in person at Belmont Park.

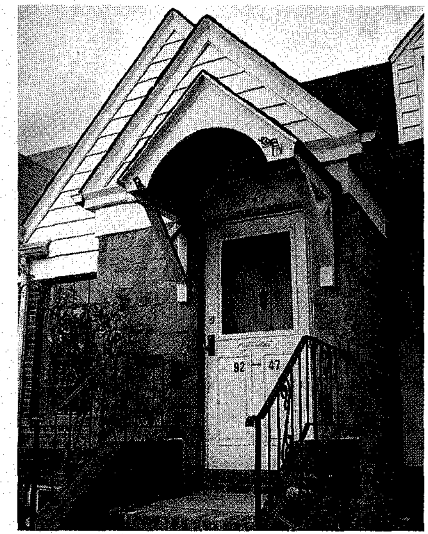


Prime areas: The blocks north of Hillside Avenue offer solid Cape Cods on large lots. South of Hillside to 88th Avenue are graceful brick Tudors, some small and affordable.

Wrong side of the tracks: South of 89th Avenue, the housing stock goes downhill, with muttlike Colonial-ranch-Tudor modern hybrids on small lots creating a looser, less orderly feel to the blocks.

Commute to midtown: From the Bellerose L.I.R.R. station, it's 30 minutes to Penn Station; about an hour on the X68 express bus that stops at 268th Street and Hillside Avenue. Local buses can be taken to the F train at Hillside Avenue and 179th Street in Jamaica; from there it's about 30 minutes to Manhattan.

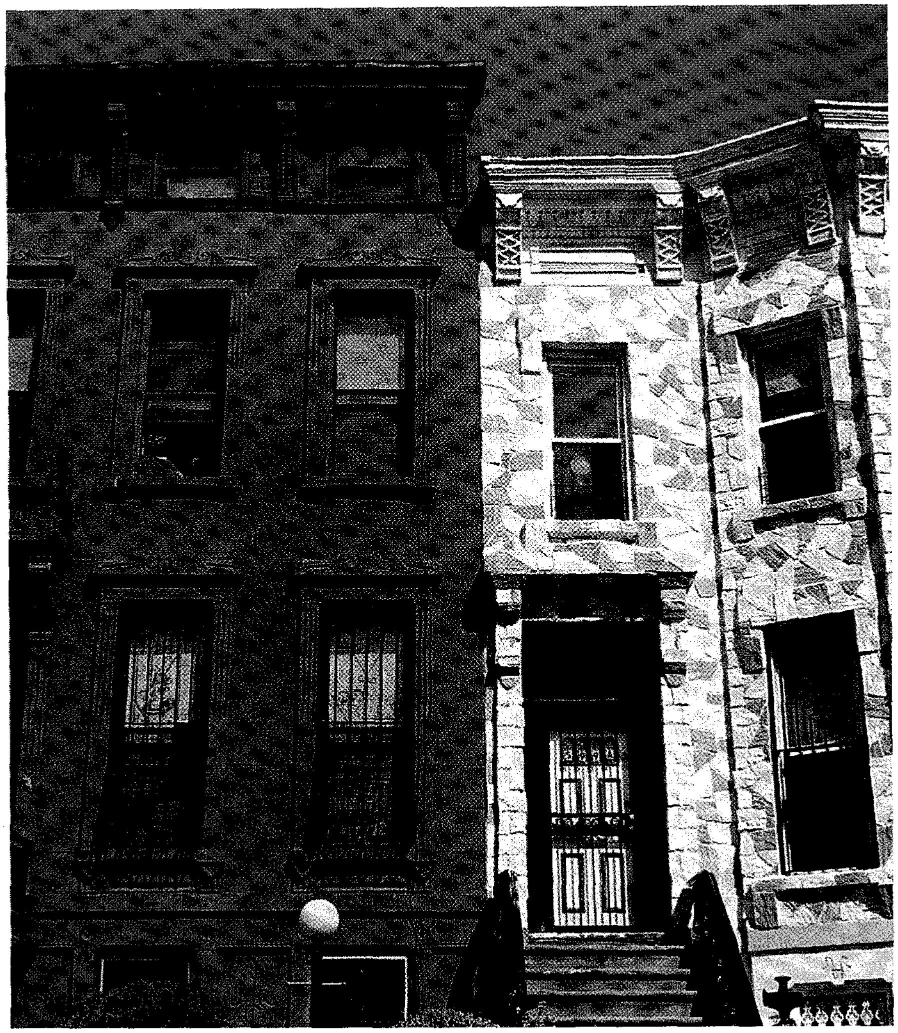
Hot-button issue: Plans to build three new public schools on vacant land at the Creedmoor Psychiatric Center are pitting residents worried about increased traffic against school officials desperate for more classrooms.



Bellerose

SAMPLE LISTINGS: At 92-47 Gettysburg Street, above, a 70-year-old, three-bedroom brick townhouse that could use some interior updating is listed at $199,000 with a garage and small garden in back. A three-story, two-family Colonial with five bedrooms, a one-car garage, and newly renovated bathrooms at 247-69 90th Avenue went on the market last week for $399,000. The owners of 87-09 252nd Street have been asking $289,000 for their two-bedroom house with a semi-finished basement and formal dining room on a quiet, tree-lined street, but the fact that it's been on the market for two months indicates the price might be a bit . . . aggressive.

Maps by Steven Stankiewicz; listings photographed by Sean Hemmerle.

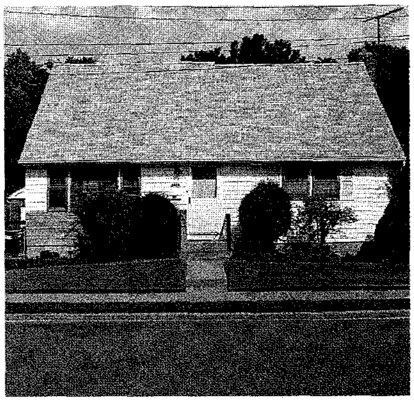


THE HEIGHTS REPORT
The Akwaaba Mansion, a bed-and-breakfast in Stuyvesant Heights; at right, nearby brownstone façades.

Public schools: Bellerose is in District 26, the best school district in Queens, where no elementary school had fewer than 62 percent of students scoring above state proficiency standards in reading. Overall, 76.3 percent of this district's students met or exceeded reading standards, and 71.6 percent met or exceeded grade level in math. District 26 is struggling with overcrowding. At the beginning of the school year, it was at 101 percent of capacity.
Hotshot brokers: Vinod Patel of Century 21 Laffey (718-347-3202), and Frank Rocchio of U.S. 1 Adams (718-343-4404).

COLLEGE POINT

A hilly peninsula surrounded by Flushing Bay, the East River, and Powells Cove, College Point, Queens, has a snug small-town feel. Vintage Victorians with generous yards, modern two-story waterfront condos with Mercedes-Benzes parked in front, and affordable though blandly square two-family brick structures allow room for a range of income levels. On weekdays it's as pleasantly quiet here as a village on the Hudson River—the loudest sound is the laughter of children playing on a backyard tire swing. College Point Boulevard has family-run diners, small vegetable stands, and a famous sausage shop called Empire Market. At well-lit Herman A. MacNeil Park there's a waterfront esplanade, boccie courts, and basketball hoops. Nearby is the College Point Yacht Club. La Guardia is only ten minutes away (and that's with traffic); an Old Navy, a Circuit City, the twelve-screen College Point Cinema, and the tremendous *Times* printing plant have recently sprouted up around the defunct Flushing Airport on Twentieth Avenue, and bustling downtown Flushing is minutes away—but a walk along the water in College Point can feel like moments stolen at the end of a beach vacation.
Prime areas: Two-story condos with serene water views have been built on reclaimed waterfront marshland on the East River and Powells Cove. The best properties are north of Fourteenth Avenue, where the houses are more stately, the yards are larger, and the trees are thicker.
Wrong side of the tracks: Some blocks south of Twentieth Avenue, where many new



College Point

SAMPLE LISTINGS: At 23-27 127th Street, above, a tidy four-bedroom Cape Cod with hardwood floors and a patio on a leafy block is $338,000. At 12-04 117th Street, a single-family row home with a finished basement and a fenced yard on a 10-by-100 foot lot is listed for $289,000. *The newly renovated 9-06 119th Street* is a sharp Colonial with a huge stand-up attic, a fireplace, and eight—count 'em, eight—bedrooms on an 80-by-100-foot lot selling for $525,000.

houses have been built, are still blighted with the auto-repair shops and iron-roofed warehouses that once dominated the area.

Commute to midtown: Ten minutes on a local bus to Flushing, where the L.I.R.R. can be boarded at Flushing Main Street for a twenty-minute ride to Penn Station.

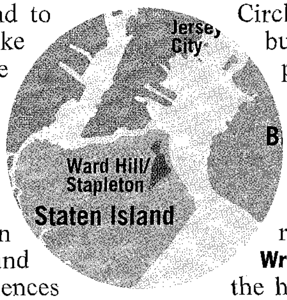
Public schools: District 25 has strong schools, with 58.5 percent of elementary-schoolers reading at or above grade level and 55.4 percent scoring above the statewide standard in math.

Hot-button issues: Because of La Guardia's proximity, many would-be buyers worry about airplane noise, but flights generally take off over the water. Some residents complain about the flow of trucks to industrial pockets and the large new stores.

Hotshot brokers: Patrick Mazza of First Choice Real Estate (718-445-1884), and Willard Rose of Century 21 Weber and Rose (718-631-2121).

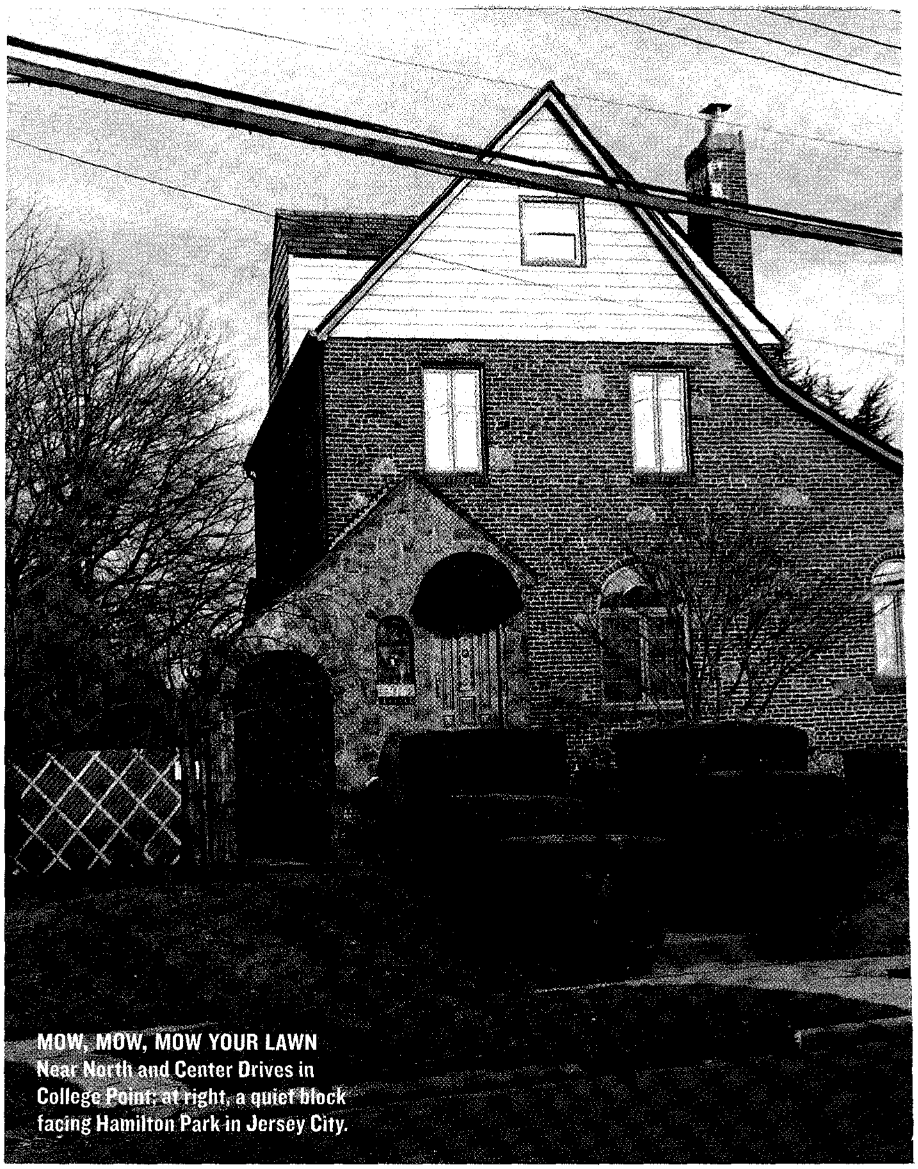
WARD HILL AND STAPLETON

While prices in some of Staten Island's more outlying—and more suburbanly sprawling—neighborhoods are verging on astronomical, charming old Ward Hill and Stapleton are just beginning to awaken. The homes here on winding, sometimes steep streets were built mostly in the thirties and forties, with some dating back to the 1890s. Beautiful wooden Victorian houses on leafy, quiet blocks, some with sweeping views of New York Harbor, are a short drive or a twenty-minute walk to the free ferry, to golf, and to open spaces in Silver Lake Park. The Newhouse Gallery for Contemporary Art and the Botanical Gardens are in nearby Snug Harbor. And at the ferry terminal, which is a mile away, plans are in place for the Staten Island Institute of Arts & Sciences Museum, the National Lighthouse Center, and 20,000 square feet of stores and restaurants—with a Yankees minor-league baseball stadium nearby. At perfect arm's length from this development are Ward Hill and Stapleton. So don't be surprised when prices start climbing.

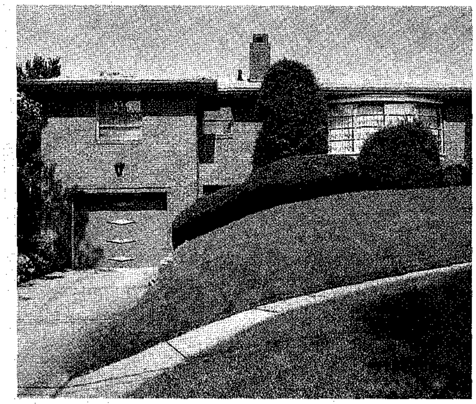


Prime areas: Property values tend to rise as you ascend Ward Hill. Mud Lane has gorgeous nineteenth-century Victorians and Tudors still selling in the low 300s. Veteran state senator John Marchi lives on exclusive Nixon Avenue. Near the top of the hill on Ward Avenue, there are some gorgeous brick and stone Colonials with magnificent views. On Tompkins Circle, a three-bedroom home built in the thirties with panoramic views stretching from Manhattan to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, just sold for $350,000. "I was advertising it as a million-dollar view at 50 percent off," says realtor Jon Salmon.

Wrong side of the tracks: Down the hill, developers are beginning to build tidy, affordable brick townhomes with finished basements on Beach Street, which used to consist of weed-filled lots. But the lower part of Stapleton still has a seedy feel, with rundown commercial buildings. Property

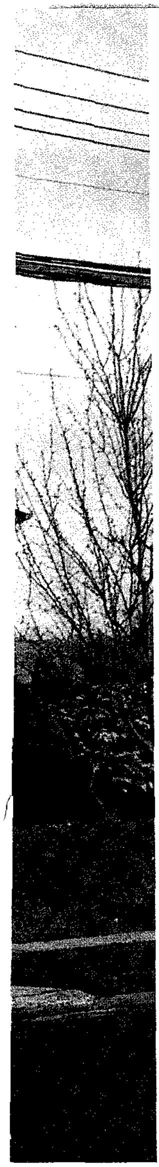


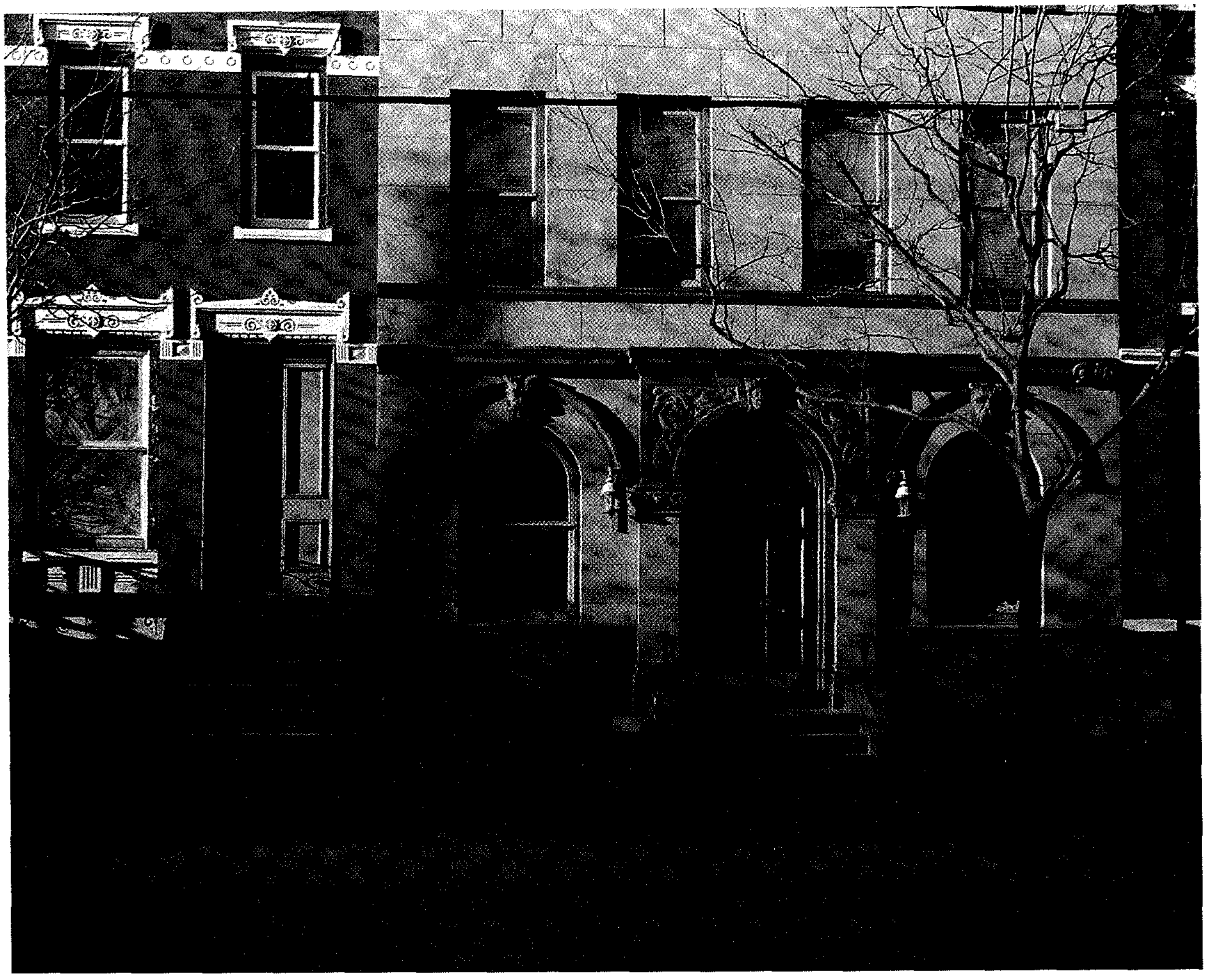
MOW, MOW, MOW YOUR LAWN
Near North and Center Drives in College Point; at right, a quiet block facing Hamilton Park in Jersey City.



Ward Hill and Stapleton

SAMPLE LISTINGS: At 10 Tompkins Street, above, a four-bedroom Belgian block house with natural oak trim, formal living and dining rooms, and a deck off the master bedroom on a 50-by-100-foot lot is listed at $325,000. A shingled fixer-upper built in 1899 at 68 Harrison Street, priced at $180,000, with three extra bedrooms tucked into a finished attic along with the three original bedrooms on the floor below, is on an eclectic block where Georgian Colonials stand beside homes with French mansard roofs. The seller of 24 Ward Avenue may be testing the market's outer limits with a $739,900 asking price for a four-bedroom ranch house with fireplace, eat-in kitchen, and finished basement, but it does sit on a baronial, 110-by-240-foot piece of property.





values continue to struggle against the low-income wake of a massive sixties housing project on Broad Street.

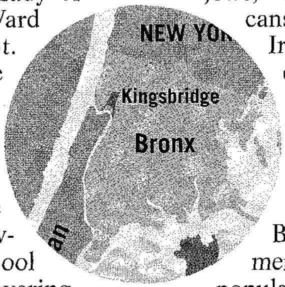
Commute to midtown: Five minutes to the ferry, another 25 minutes for the harbor crossing, followed by a twenty-minute subway ride.

Public schools: Some parents opt for nearby private schools like Our Lady of Good Counsel, which is on Ward Hill; Trinity Lutheran on St. Pauls Avenue; or all-girls Notre Dame on Grymes Hill, because at public elementary and intermediate schools like P.S. 14, P.S. 16, and I.S. 49, only about 35 percent of students were reading at or above national averages. I.S. 61, a magnet school for the performing arts, covering Ward Hill, had a more respectable 50 percent at or above grade level. Covering the whole area, Curtis High School, with a highly competitive honors program, is well regarded.

Hot-button issue: Long-brewing plans to develop the former Navy Homeport area at Stapleton as everything from movie studios to a racetrack remain stalled.

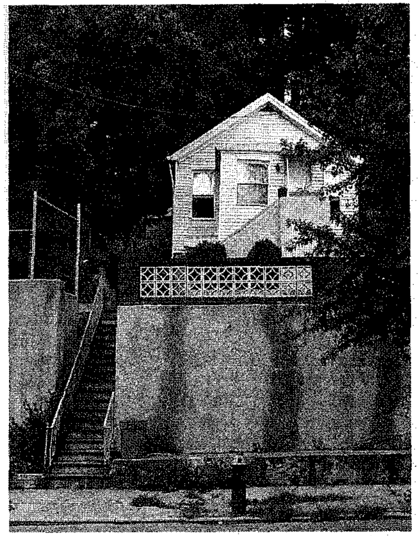
Hotshot brokers: Jon Salmon of Salmon Real Estate (718-273-1200), and Betty Siller of Key Realty (718-816-9700).

KINGSBRIDGE



Bordering tony Fieldston and Riverdale in the Bronx, hilly Kingsbridge has some marvelously quiet blocks with still-affordable Tudor townhouses and small Colonials. It's a diverse area, with Orthodox Jews, Hispanics, African-Americans, and aging Italian and Irish populations. Turn one corner and you'll hit a Greek market; another, and you'll find a market selling plantains and *El Diario.* Kingsbridge has a shopping district on Broadway and large apartment buildings that keep the population dense enough to maintain a nice buzz of sidewalk traffic. At the neighborhood's northern edge, the richly forested 1,146-acre Van Cortlandt Park provides a bucolic respite, with two golf courses, tennis courts, a stable, and a freshwater lake.

Prime areas: A tidy area of Tudor townhouses and small detached Colonials lies between Irwin and Kingsbridge Avenues. "Up the hill" west of Irwin Avenue is still



Kingsbridge

SAMPLE LISTINGS: An 80-year-old detached aluminum-sided hillside ranch house with three bedrooms, three bathrooms, and a finished basement at 3635 Irwin Avenue, above, is on the market for $225,000. A block south, at 3451 Irwin, is a two-family duplex wood-frame house with a two-car garage, patio, and garden on a 25-by-100-foot lot for $329,000.

the Kingsbridge Zip Code, but these forested, winding roads are generally considered Riverdale, where home prices start in the mid-300s.

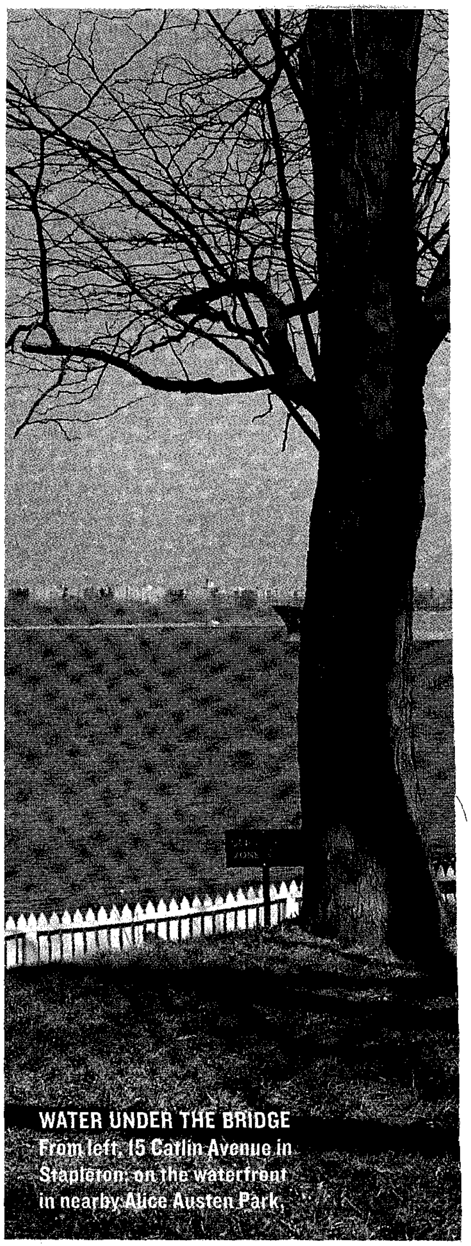
Wrong side of the tracks: Areas east of Broadway are marred by ugly high-rises and views of the Major Deegan Expressway.

Commute to midtown: The No. 1 and 9 subway line and express buses whisk residents down Broadway; midtown takes about 30 minutes.

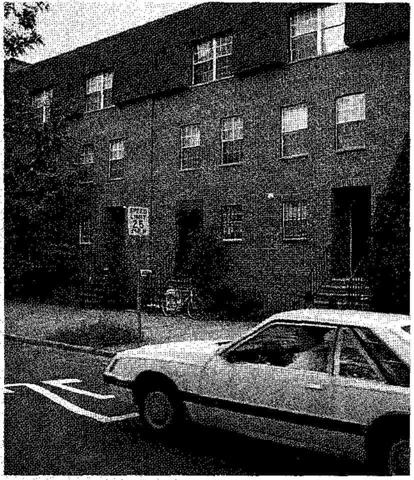
Public schools: Elementary schools are overcrowded and generally low-performing, but Kingsbridge children have long attended a well-regarded middle school in Riverdale. That could change with controversial plans that call for building a new middle school in Kingsbridge. This would allow the local school board, headed by former state attorney general Oliver Koppell, to add high-school grades to the Riverdale middle school. Riverdale residents have been loath to send their children to the low-performing John F. Kennedy High School, which serves the whole area. In sprawling District 10, only 28.7 percent of elementary-school students were meeting reading standards, and 20.2 percent met mathematics standards in the most recent tests.

Hot-button issues: City Hall has presented a $110 million plan to turn the medieval-looking Kingsbridge Armory into a sports, entertainment, and retail complex, but many residents want it used for a public school.

Hotshot brokers: Bradford Trebach of Trebach Realty (718-543-7174), and Susan Goldy of Susan Goldy Incorporated (718-549-4116, extension 10).



WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE
From left, 15 Catlin Avenue in Stapleton; on the waterfront in nearby Alice Austen Park.

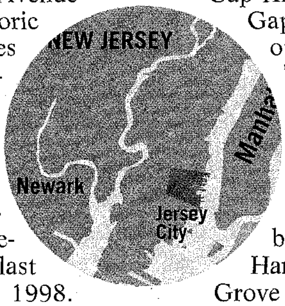


Jersey City

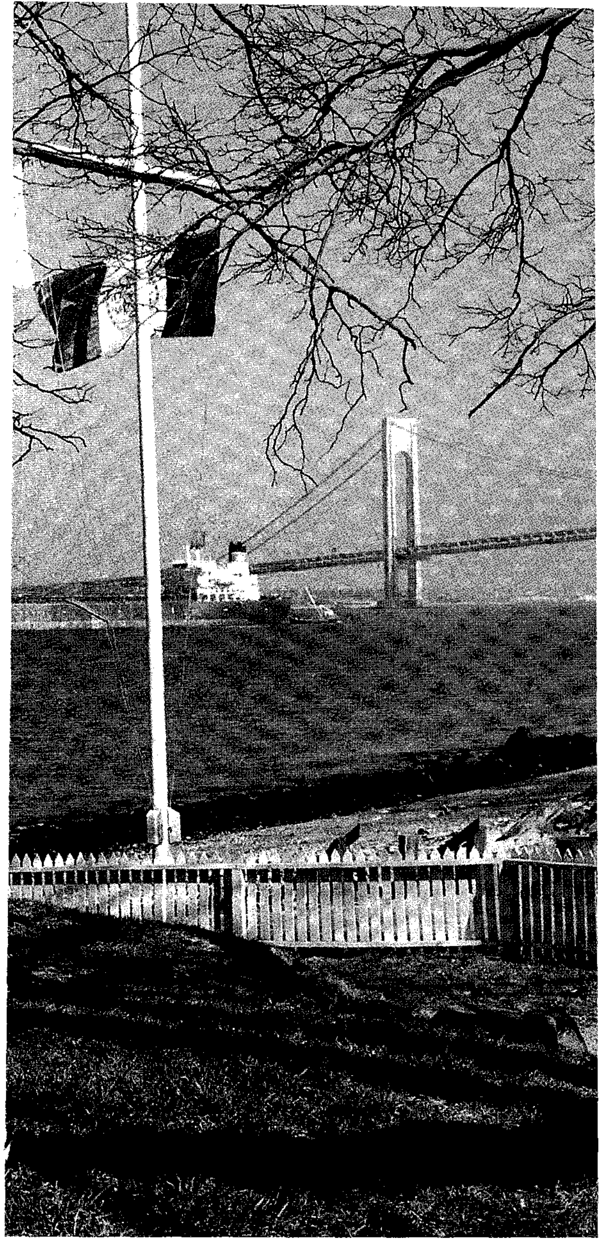
SAMPLE LISTINGS: A three-bedroom, ten-year-old Tudor townhouse (that means modern kitchens and bathrooms) with high ceilings and parking for two cars at 503 Manila Avenue, above, not far from the Grove Street PATH station, is listed for $320,000. A true fixer-upper across the street from City Hall at 22 Mercer Street is listed at $285,000—but this four-floor 1850s two-family row house has a stucco exterior and can't be moved into until you finish the gut renovation. On prime Van Vorst Park at 45½ Jersey Avenue is a renovated, brick-faced, four-story, two-family Victorian row house with a grand staircase and modern kitchen and bath listed for $565,000—one of the units has been renting for $1,900 a month.

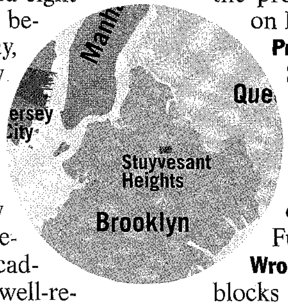
DOWNTOWN JERSEY CITY

"The sixth borough," as some call Jersey City, has long been thought of as an about-to-gentrify area, but the renaissance is now in full flower, with new waterfront apartment towers and offices and good restaurants on Newark Avenue and in the surrounding historic neighborhoods. Young couples are fixing up stunning mid-nineteenth-century brownstones and hopping on quick ferries to Manhattan that cost as little as $2. New statistics show Jersey City homeowners and landlords spent $129.1 million on rehab work on old buildings last year, up $40.1 million from 1998. There's good reason for that sort of investment in an area where neighbors sit on stoops and speak kindly to passersby on the sidewalk, where well-tended parks temper the urban grid. There are three marinas here, astounding Manhattan views, the Science Museum at Liberty State Park, hip watering holes near Exchange Place, and, for those who crave suburban pleasures, a multiplex and shopping mall at spiffy Newport Center Mall—which has a Baby Gap, a Gap Kids, a regular Gap, and a Gap Men, along with some other non-Gap stores. There is also a new light-rail train that runs up the Hudson from Bayonne and will eventually reach Hoboken.



Prime areas: Classic brownstone blocks are near Hamilton Park and near the Grove Street PATH station. On the waterfront in the Newport section and a mile south on the grounds of the former Colgate-Palmolive factory, developers like the Lefrak Organization and Essex Waterfront are slapping up new rental and condo apartment towers for young Wall Streeters who want to look across the water at night at the office towers where they work all day long.





Wrong side of the tracks: Since most of the gentrification is coming from people who commute to and from Manhattan, home values are likely to stay lower and housing stock rougher anywhere out of walking distance from a PATH station or a ferry.

Commute to midtown: As little as ten minutes on the $1 PATH train and eight minutes on ferries that cost between $2 and $5 each way, from many points in Jersey City to landings in midtown and downtown Manhattan.

Public schools: For years, the best choices have been top-rated and competitive-entry private schools such as St. Peter's Prep, St. Dominick's Academy, and All Saints; or the well-regarded public McNair Academic High School. But the opening of charter schools like Elysian, Hoboken, and eight others in Jersey City proper has begun to draw middle-class families back to the public-school system.

Hot-button issues: Early-morning drivers looking for shortcuts to the Holland Tunnel entrance clog residential streets. Property taxes are high, roughly double the rates in New York City, but state funding for local projects is low.

Hotshot brokers: Amir Yehezkely of Century 21 Bright Star (201-604-2100), and Muriel Leyner (author Mark Leyner's mom) of Agresti Realty (201-420-9400).

STUYVESANT HEIGHTS

This small area of gorgeous brownstones at the southern edge of Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn is primed to soar. Unlike other areas of Bed-Stuy, where the housing stock was decimated by decades of deep economic and social trouble, the Heights held on to its truly grand residences and leafy charm. Now pressure from inflated Fort Greene is spilling over, with realtors hungry for listings pamphleting every address in the neighborhood. Some streets are virtually interchangeable with those prized blocks off Central Park West. However, Manhattan-quality services like dry cleaning and shoe repair are missing from the shopping areas on busy Fulton Street. Influential ministers preach to large Sunday crowds at grand churches like Bethany Baptist on Marcus Garvey Boulevard and Our Lady of Victory on Throop Avenue. The renowned bed-and-breakfast Akwaaba Mansion fans the prosperous and homey feeling on Macdonough Street.

Prime areas: All of landmarked Stuyvesant Heights proper is grade-A. These are the tree-lined and stately blocks east of Tompkins Avenue, west of Stuyvesant Avenue, south of Halsey Street, and north of Fulton Street.

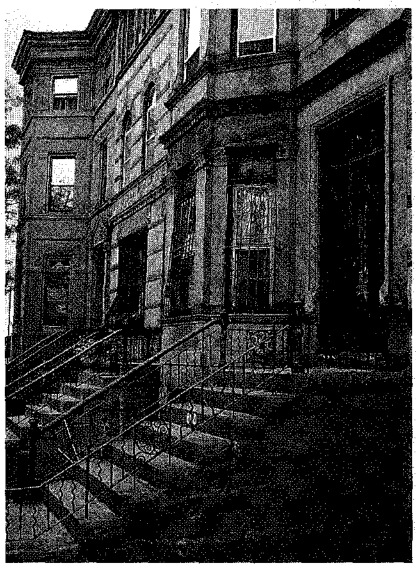
Wrong side of the tracks: The blocks are hit-and-miss north of the prime area, some with regal brownstones, others with modern eyesores, but the escalating prices of Fort Greene are rippling throughout the area nonetheless.

Commute to midtown: Board the A or the C train at Utica Avenue, and the ride to midtown is about 25 minutes.

Public schools: The two elementary schools in the area, P.S. 308, which has a gifted program, and top-rated P.S. 21, are good, but other schools are troubled, leading families with means to opt for private schools like Berkeley-Carroll in Park Slope, Brooklyn Friends School in the downtown area, and Packer and St. Ann's in Brooklyn Heights. Students at Boys and Girls High School, which serves a wide area of Bed-Stuy, score below the citywide average on standardized reading and math tests.

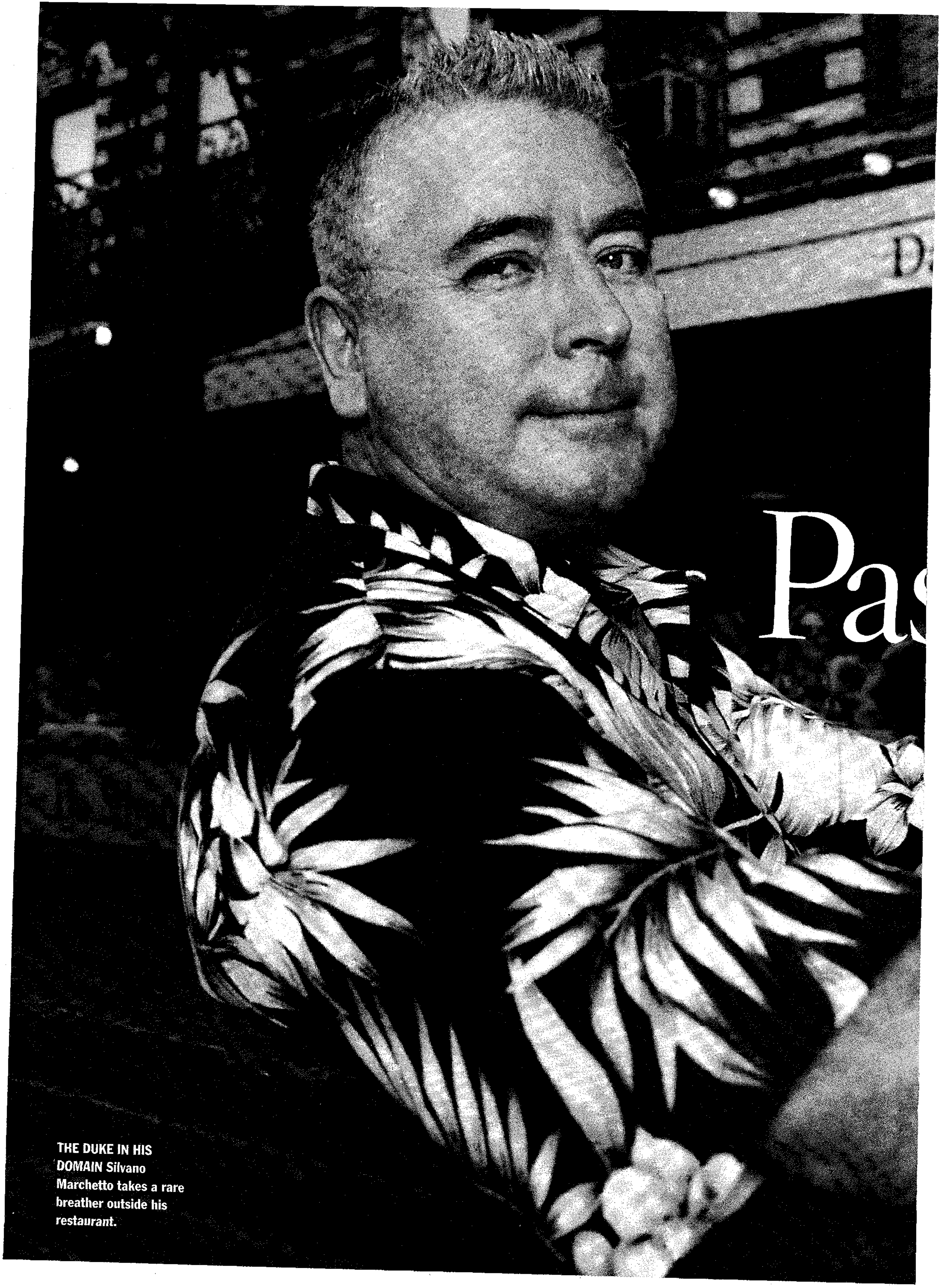
Hot-button issues: Residents fight to get a fair share of city services like street repair, garbage pickup, and snow removal. Crime remains a big concern and continues to keep prices low: The 81st Precinct, which covers half the area but includes far more troubled areas farther north, had nineteen murders and 45 reported rapes in 1999, up from ten murders and 29 rapes in 1998. The 79th Precinct, which also spreads north, had 27 murders in 1999, compared with 17 in 1998.

Hotshot brokers: Jerry Minsky at the Corcoran Group Brooklyn (718-923-8018), and William Turner of Cross Boro Realty Company (718-467-1800). ▬



Stuyvesant Heights

SAMPLE LISTINGS: At 600 Jefferson Avenue, above, a four-story, three-family 1890s Italianate townhouse on a tree-lined brownstone block has beveled glass, mahogany-and-marble fireplaces, twelve-foot ceilings in the main living room, and pocket doors with original hardware, all for an asking price of $425,000. The two-family nineteenth-century brownstone with slate mantels at *758 Decatur Street, a few blocks east of* Stuyvesant Heights proper, is only $249,000.



Pas

THE DUKE IN HIS DOMAIN Silvano Marchetto takes a rare breather outside his restaurant.

Da Silvano may not be the fanciest restaurant in New York, and it's far from the hippest, but under the manic supervision of its owner, Silvano Marchetto, it's quietly remained the trattoria of choice for the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite for 25 years.

By Meryl Gordon

The ta Connection

IT'S A WARM WEDNESDAY NIGHT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, THE KIND of lazy summer evening when most restaurants are half full, with the regulars away in the Hamptons. ◆ And then there is Da Silvano. Tonight, this cozy 108-seat Italian eatery is fully packed, the celebrity quotient as high as the marked-up Tuscan reds on the wine list. Michael Caine, in a black shirt and black slacks, is holding court at the front window table with his elegant wife, Shakira, and four friends. Across the aisle, Fran Lebowitz schmoozes with two women, within eavesdropping distance of John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, who needed a larger table after running into Paul Schrader at the door. "I've been coming here for fifteen years," muses screenwriter Schrader. "Who would have thought this place would still be hot?" ◆ Wander into the next room, and over by the brick wall, Anna Wintour, wearing pearls, a simple peach top, and crisp white trousers, is having a quiet heart-to-heart with a girlfriend, while two tables away, Susan Sontag is laughing so hard that her throaty peals can be heard above the restaurant's din. ◆ Wait, there's more. Out in front, the record producer Babyface and friends linger over coffee, discreetly glancing at model-of-the-moment Sophie Dahl, who is languidly sprawled on a bench on Sixth Avenue with her entourage, waiting for a table. Meanwhile, fashion photographer Patrick Demarchelier, who looks like he slept in

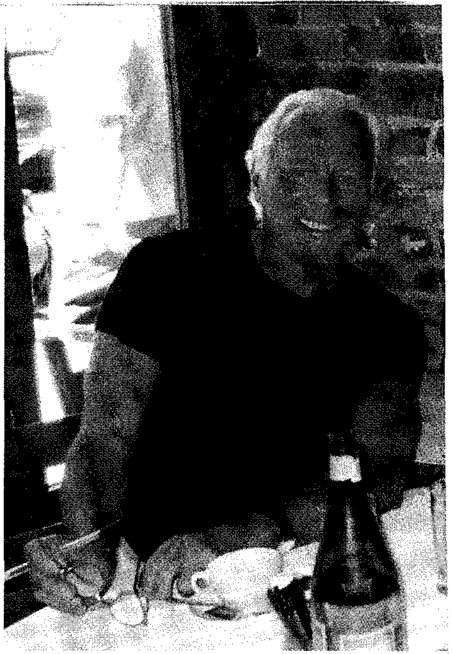
Photographs by Matthias Clamer

his rumpled clothes, anchors a corner, looking up between bites of dinner to people-watch.

Presiding over this demanding I-want-my-tagliolini-with-truffles crowd is Silvano Marchetto, a short, compact man with silver hair and a bantam boxer's stance who pulsates with energy as he bounces from room to room. Casual in jeans and a blue pullover, he teases the women with a mischievous smile, urges the waiters to pick up the pace, and ushers in the VIPs with a no-fawning-here manner, speaking in such rapid-fire heavily Italian-accented English that even his regulars affectionately say they miss every other word. Author Nick Tosches, a daily lunch visitor who treats the restaurant as his home office, even having his pay checks and Fed-Exes sent there, jokes, "Silvano is multilingually unintelligible."

But charming, oh, so charming. "Please, keep him away from the women tonight," pleaded his live-in girlfriend, Dawn Tioli, earlier that evening. She met Marchetto during a brief stint as the restaurant's hostess ("The customers just wanted Silvano; they brushed by me like I was a homeless person. Silvano is a celebrity in his own world"), but now she rarely goes to the restaurant in the evening. "The way he flirts and women flirt back," Tioli says, in her breathy Melanie Griffith–like voice, "I was pulling my hair out."

Even though Marchetto has been attracting a heavy-hitting crowd ever since he opened his place back in 1975, he's not the least bit jaded; he's still thrilled that with the hundreds of Italian restaurants in Manhattan, all these famous people have chosen to eat in his relatively modest spot. "Tonight's a good night, *yes*," he says, beaming, standing out on the street, gazing inside at the hustle and bustle of his small universe. Silvano's 20-year-old daughter, Leyla, a student at George Washington University who is interning this summer at Condé Nast *Traveler*, says her dad calls three times a day, telling her who's coming in and, later, how it went. "You'd think by now he wouldn't be fazed by it, but he gets excited," she says. "He'll call and say, 'Madonna's coming tonight; are you sure you don't want to come?' "



WAITER, THERE'S A CELEBRITY IN MY SOUP!
Clockwise from top: Giorgio Armani and Sophia Loren; Silvano bonds with Jack Nicholson; Rod Stewart; and Robert Redford.

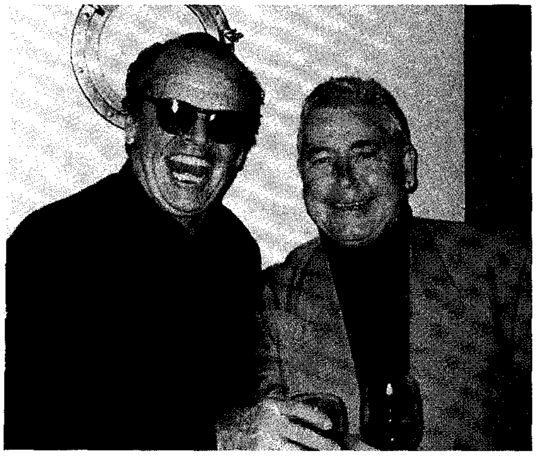
> "You'd think by now he'd be jaded, but he's not," says Silvano's daughter. "He'll call and say, '*Madonna's* here, are you *sure* you don't want to come?' "

PERHAPS MORE THAN IN ANY other city, New Yorkers live their lives in restaurants. We fall in love, break up, make deals, make up, hang out, see family, celebrate, survive the holiday blues—all in public, all in the local food establishments. We eat too much, drink too much, gossip indiscreetly, go home with Mr. Right or, alas, Mr. Wrong, and talk about it all the next day with friends—in yet another dining spot. We wear our private faces in public places. "A restaurant in New York is like an extra room in your apartment," says John Gregory Dunne, who dines at least once a week at Silvano's, where the waiters know to bring his Chivas and his wife's Absolut vodka with a bucket of ice on the side. "They make you feel at home."

In fact, New York's boldface names feel so comfortable at Da Silvano that they come even when you'd think they'd be hiding out in their apartments. Calvin Klein, embroiled in a nasty court fight with jeans licensee Warnaco, ate here with his friend Ross Bleckner a few days after his angry appearance on *Larry King*. Soon after the New York *Times* ran an article questioning whether Susan Sontag committed plagiarism in her latest novel, an unabashed Sontag dined there as well. Both Anna Wintour and her estranged husband David Shaffer ate here often throughout Wintour's messy affair and subsequent marital breakup. Gwyneth Paltrow and Brad Pitt signed the restaurant's autograph book in 1997, when they were engaged ("Thank you for letting us smoke," she wrote. "And smoke and smoke," he added.) Several years after the couple's breakup, Gwyneth signed again, this time alone. The leather-bound autograph books, filled with testimonials from Jerry Seinfeld, Will Smith, Naomi Judd, and Madonna ("yummy, yummy"), are perched unobtrusively by the antipasto bar. (One of them was borrowed last year, and was subsequently returned.)

Graydon Carter, who eats three lunches and four or five dinners a week at Da Silvano—"I never think about where to go; I just go there"—liked the service so much that he hired away his favorite waiter, Ian Bascetta, to be his assistant. Ellen Barkin worked here as a bartender in her pre-Perelman days. Da Silvano's clientele have a Proustian madeleine moment when asked when they first dined at this Italian trattoria. Mary Boone recalls eating at Silvano when it opened 25 years ago, at a time when she was a secretary at an art gallery. "I was quite excited to go there and be able to get a table," she says. Thanks to Da Silvano's location—just above Houston, within easy walking distance to once-restaurant-deprived SoHo—the place has been an art-world hangout from the get-go. As the years have gone by, Boone can count life milestones—the meals with David Salle, Barbara Kruger, Francesco Clemente, and Sherry Levine, the art-opening parties, the birthdays, the family nights out—all spent in the warm glow of the restaurant's Mediterranean-yellow walls. "For a decade I went every Sunday night with my husband and son for dinner," says Boone. Her husband is now an ex, but Da Silvano has remained a constant. "I've had

Photographs courtesy of Silvano Marchetti.



hundreds of gatherings there," she says. "It's the favorite restaurant of a lot of people in my life."

Frédéric Fekkai, the French hairdresser, first went to Silvano with Bianca Jagger "about ten years ago, after a gallery reception," and quickly became a regular. "The specialness of the place for me is that I always run into friends," Fekkai says, a day after dining at Da Silvano with his girlfriend, pharmaceutical heiress Elizabeth Johnson, polo-playing publisher Peter Brant, and his wife, Stephanie Seymour. "You never know who you're going to meet."

IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE A LINEAR conversation with Marchetto—about food, about the life and times of his restaurant, about anything—because he's so restless, preoccupied with making sure everything is going smoothly. He'll start to answer a question, then jump up to make sure that Mrs. Si Newhouse is getting her broccoli just the way she likes it (steamed, without garlic), return for a few sentences and a sip of white wine, and then leap up again to answer the phone and take a reservation. He'll pace outside, glaring at the busy restaurant next door, Bar Pitti, where he is a 50 percent co-owner but has been feuding with partner Giovanni Tognozzi for years. "I get angry when someone copies my specials and sells them for $2 less," Marchetto complains. The easygoing Tognozzi shrugs off the complaint: "Silvano wants to get all the credit for this operation. It doesn't bother me."

Although Marchetto has a 30-person staff, he's a very hands-on kind of guy; he wants to talk to the customers and taste the sauce and make sure things are done his way, or else. "Oh well, the fun's over," groaned one waiter after seeing Marchetto trudge toward the restaurant one night. "When he gets here, it gets tense for us." After a mild stroke ten years ago, Marchetto briefly gave up wine and cigars but decided he'd rather live the good life than live forever; his one concession is trying to get more sleep. "I used to go to the bars until 3 A.M.," he says, "but it got too tough to wake up in the morning."

A middle-aged couple stop by the table where Silvano and I are seated, spot my notebook, and proudly announce that they've been coming for lunch once a week for fifteen years—but oh, no, good lord (the man goes ashen-faced), they don't want to be quoted. They look, well, so ordinary—a late-fifties, early-sixties pair, determinedly unstylish—that it's hard to imagine the reason for their sudden panic. Once they're out of earshot, Silvano whispers, "They've been having an affair for years. She's his secretary. He brings her to lunch, and he brings his wife to dinner." And the waiters know never to say "So nice to see you again"? Silvano looks shocked at the mere idea of such a clumsy indiscretion. "Of course not!"

Silvano clearly delights in all this, knowing the secrets, being part of an intimate conspiracy, operating a restaurant that gives new meaning to the phrase *dinner theater*. He lives a block from the restaurant yet likes to walk several blocks to his garage in the morning, then drive one of his three cars or three motorcycles to work and park in front of the restaurant, proudly showing off, say, his new Chrysler PT Cruiser. ("He has a lot of stress in his life," says Tioli, "and he loves to drive his motorcycles very fast on weekends.") Marchetto's wardrobe makes people smile. "He dresses like a 12-year-old boy," says Carter of Marchetto's Hawaiian shirts and baggy cargo pants.

The restaurant has a lively, anything-can-happen atmosphere, propelled by the proprietor's manic energy. Marchetto's volatile temper leads to frequent staff upheavals ("I stopped going for a while because he yells so much and it became unpleasant," confides one regular); he frequently fires people or leads them to quit in anger. "I yell a lot," he concedes. But once his staff has left, he misses them, and often sends out emissaries to lure them back from rival kitchens: Veteran chef Segundo "Luigi" Naula and manager Maurizio Michi both fled only to return. "Silvano keeps the world spinning around him," says Michi. "No matter what, no matter who—ex-girlfriends, his wife, his friends, his girlfriend—he keeps it spinning. He likes to be in the center."

Marchetto's romantic entanglements alone could fuel a long-running sitcom. Marchetto and his wife, Vivian, have been separated for eighteen years, but she still works as the restaurant's bookkeeper, operating out of a windowless basement nook. Vivian Marchetto matter-of-factly describes the situation: "Initially I did want a divorce, but Silvano was opposed, and after a while I stopped asking for it. Obviously, if we're still working together, we have a good relationship, but we weren't meant to be married." Ask Silvano about his wife and he says, sounding boyishly bewildered, "She's always mad at me." Her reply: "I am always mad at him. I handle his personal bills, and he's always taking money out and he forgets to tell me. I'm always complaining about something. Even though I'm separated from him, I still have a feeling that what happens at the restaurant reflects on me. I want it to be the best." Marchetto's girlfriend, Tioli, also helps out at Da Silvano during the day—arranging flowers, going to the Greenmarket—and staff members describe the relationship between the two women as polite but frosty.

Though he has made a lucrative living dishing out Italian specialties (rivals estimate he grosses $4 million a year; Marchetto says that figure is too high), Marchetto stumbled into the restaurant business by accident. "I was supposed to be in engineering school, but there was no space, so I ended up in cooking school" at age 16 in Florence, he says. After graduation, he worked as a chef in kitchens in Switzerland and Paris for several years, did his service in the Italian Army, and moved to New York in 1968, working as a waiter at the Derby Steakhouse and other restaurants for seven long years to save money to open his own place. "I didn't want to cook here," he says. "If I'd worked in the kitchen, I would have deviated from what I knew how to make. They would have changed me. When I came to New York, I went to a restaurant that had Italian food, and I couldn't believe it, what they were doing—making dishes I'd never heard of. My idea was to do Tuscan. I wanted to open a trattoria, brick wall, tile floor, small bar."

Hard to believe now, but risotto, radicchio, and truffles were novelties to New York palates back when Marchetto opened his eponymous restaurant a few blocks from the spaghetti-and-meatball, eggplant-Parmesan world of Little Italy. "Silvano was the first to do trattoria food," says Joe Bastianich, whose upscale-Italian-family-restaurant empire includes such Zagat favorites as Felidia, Becco, Babbo, Lupa, and Esca. "Back when my parents were in Queens still cooking Italian-American food, he was the first to bring the trattoria concept to Manhattan."

Marchetto took over a small, failing restaurant with a $500-a-month lease and seats for 42 people, and in the early years he did absolutely everything—he cooked, brought out the meals to the customers, did the shopping, worked an eighteen-hour day. "We'd go to Hunt's Point at 4 A.M. for the vegetables," recalls Giovanni Zini, one of Silvano's closest friends, a cooking-school classmate from Italy. Zini waited tables at the restaurant in the precarious early days and still helps out occasionally, although he and his wife now own Chez Jacqueline a few blocks away. "It was not successful at the very beginning. Silvano wasn't scared," Zini says. "I was concerned that we'd end up doing all this work and be disappointed. Then the people from SoHo, from the galleries, started to come, and the place became a hangout for artists." Leo Castelli was at one table, Andy Warhol at the next, and then the rave restaurant reviews came in and the place took off.

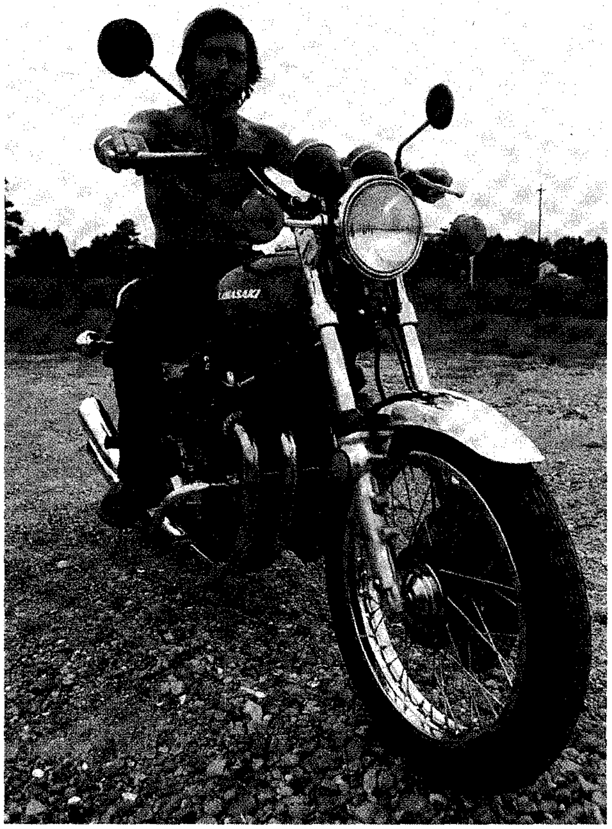
The first person to clone the winning Da Silvano formula was Pino Luongo—now the owner of Coco Pazzo and Le Madri and eight other restaurants, which gross more than $35 million a year combined—who couldn't speak English when he arrived in New York in 1980. "Pino started here as a busboy," Marchetto recalled. "He was very bright, very fast, a nice guy. I promoted him. Then he left, and took the chef and all the waiters."

Luongo still sounds defensive about brashly recruiting his kitchen-mates back in 1983 to launch Il Cantinori (which he has long since sold), a Tuscan restaurant a few blocks from Da Silvano. "People don't get stolen; they make their own decisions," Luongo says, trying to take the sting out of the betrayal. "Some of the staff felt that this guy is great but he's crazy." Eager to bury the carving knife after all these years, Luongo speaks admiringly about the lessons he learned from Marchetto: "He's a very gracious host. He makes you feel like he's giving a little extra attention to you. It's still a special place after all these years."

That kitchen walkout could have severely damaged Da Silvano, but Marchetto just kept going, promoting and hiring and training a new staff. "Silvano taught me to cook Silvano-style," says Segundo Naula, an Ecuadoran who started as a line cook in 1982 and moved up to chef. The shy Naula is not one of those prima donna chefs as depicted in *Kitchen Confidential;* he's happy to take his culinary cues from the owner. (In fact, Naula interrupted our interview to take a call from Marchetto, vacationing in Florence, where he has a second home, about the menu. The owner had just tasted a new dish that he wanted offered as a special that night, dictating the ingredients—eggplant gnocchi with roasted lobster and zucchini flowers.)

"I think it's the best Italian food in New York," says designer Nicole Miller, who gratefully passes out her wine-bottle-patterned ties to the waiters and is so partial to a sea-urchin-and-avocado pasta special that the restaurant calls her whenever it's on the menu. (She also likes the free entertainment, describing watching Al Pacino arrive with a date and leave, annoyed, when he couldn't get a good table.) Jean-Georges Vongerichten, the four-star French chef, usually eats at Da Silvano on Sundays, his one night off, his presence a tribute to the restaurant's culinary charms. "You never see any tourists there," he says. "The kitchen is like a closet; the food is very simple. Silvano doesn't cook, but he's very involved with the food. He'll have unusual things like ostrich steaks. It's fun."

Marchetto's kingdom has remained a relatively small one. Unlike those of such restaurateurs as Vongerichten and Luongo, Marchetto's attempts at expansion have had mixed success. In addition to Da Silvano and Bar Pitti, his biggest success is an Italian takeout joint in Miami, where he has a vacation home. In the late eighties, he launched an Italian restaurant, Toscano, in Boston but sold out to his partner; La Serre, a restaurant he opened on 60th Street in 1998, closed after just half a year. But Marchetto may have better luck with his latest project, a still-unnamed 50-seat steakhouse he plans to open in December on the site of a liquor store next door to Da Silvano.



EASY RIDER Silvano on his motorcycle in the seventies. "He likes to ride very fast," says a friend.

It will be his first downtown venture since Bar Pitti opened in 1992. Marchetto had planned to run Pitti himself but changed his mind when Vivian was severely burned in a horrific accident at a New Mexico ski resort. (A masseuse lit incense while Vivian was getting a massage, and the room blew up from a gas leak.) "We didn't know if she would live or die," recalls Marchetto, his voice breaking. Vivian Marchetto says, "I was burned over 60 percent of my body. I'm very scarred, but I'm okay."

Giovanni Tognozzi, who had worked at Da Silvano, was the first person to visit the hospital when she was moved back to New York. An overwhelmed Marchetto asked him to become a 50-50 partner in opening Bar Pitti, a decision he seems to have regretted ever since. Oddly enough, the issue isn't the usual one, money. Rather, it's about control, bragging rights,

Photographs: left to right, courtesy of Silvano Marchetti; Matthias Clamer.

the irritations of operating side-by-side. Marchetto has a long list of grievances, such as claiming that Tognozzi steals customers who are waiting outside for a Da Silvano table: "He'll just grab everybody. I had a customer go in there by accident, and they told him Silvano was not there tonight." Tognozzi denies that story but says it's not his fault if people get restless standing around waiting for a table at Da Silvano. "People don't want to wait," he says. "They go next door." Tognozzi has his own version of this running battle: "Silvano tried to ruin me. He was talking so bad about Bar Pitti, saying I wasn't using the right ingredients. But I have olive oil that he doesn't have."

What's the difference between the two places? Bar Pitti is cheaper and has a more limited repertoire; it doesn't have white tablecloths and doesn't take reservations or credit cards. The crowd is younger, the celebrities less numerous: Call it Da Silvano Lite. But despite Tognozzi's disingenuous claim—"I don't know what he has on the menu"—both restaurants offer many of the same appetizers and main courses. Carpaccio costs a buck more at Bar Pitti, but the mussels marinara are $2 cheaper and the penne arrabbiata is $4 cheaper. A few customers have taken sides in this battle—loyal to one owner or another, or boycotting one restaurant or another—but most bystanders are relatively oblivious of this tortellini turf war.

HERE'S THE THING, THOUGH: Given that these days you can get a good plate of osso bucco or spaghetti puttanesca or even the occasional ostrich steak at much fancier Manhattan restaurants, Da Silvano's continued success is both impressive and perplexing. Ask people why they come back again and again, and those who live nearby, like Graydon Carter, cite the convenience—it's his neighborhood place: "I don't have to dress up, and they're great with kids." Ask someone who lives on the Upper East Side, like John Gregory Dunne, and he replies that the pleasure is in the commute: "I just like the idea of going downtown. It's a sense of separation from work." Go figure.

> Though he has a 50 percent stake in neighboring Bar Pitti, Silvano has been feuding with his partner there for years. "I get angry when someone copies my specials!" he complains.

Da Silvano is not a pretentious suit-and-tie or diamonds kind of place like Le Cirque; it's not so trendy (think Pastis) that civilians have to make reservations weeks in advance or call an unlisted phone number to get in; sometimes there is an annoying hour's wait between appetizer and entrée; and yet it's got a mystique, a special niche, a reputation as a place where things happen. "It's the downtown Elaine's," says New York *Post* "Page Six" editor Richard Johnson, a regular who frequently runs items about the action on the premises—an August sighting of Keanu Reeves dining with Winona Ryder, or Jessica Sklar last fall gleefully showing off her diamond engagement ring to girlfriends shortly after Jerry Seinfeld proposed. "I get constantly bombarded by restaurant publicists," says Johnson, "but I've never gotten a press release from Silvano. I either see things on my own or people see stuff and call me."

There is always a lot to see here: daily dramas, fragments of people's lives, some of them famous, many of them not. The businessman screaming into his cell phone on the losing end of a negotiation; the tipsy blonde careening into tables, much to her date's amusement; Tommy Mottola and his girlfriend, Thalia, a Mexican soap-opera star with waist-length hair, ducking out after 45 minutes; a woman comforting another over breaking up with a bad-news boyfriend; Jeanne Tripplehorn in a pink sweater set and black skirt waiting on the bench out front.

That bench is already enshrined in neighborhood lore. Nick Tosches, who courted his assistant turned girlfriend Carrie Knoblock at Da Silvano, dedicated his most recent book, *The Devil and Sonny Liston,* to that very bench. "That's where we first kissed," says Tosches. "It was one of those hot summer nights." Tonight's another one of those nights, possibilities alive in the air.

Marchetto materializes, apologizing to Tripplehorn for the delay, and leads her party to a table inside. He's in perpetual motion, as usual, bobbing and weaving, checking on the wine for table 3, grabbing a stray menu off the floor. "My father talks about retiring or selling the restaurant," says Leyla Marchetto, "but I can't picture him out of it." And after a quarter of a century, this colorful picture—the nightly Village tableau of the famous, the faded, and the fashionable—wouldn't be the same without him. ■

IN VOGUE Silvano chats up Anna Wintour.

Reality

There are no vampires in Christopher Rice's provocati

Anne Rice's 22-year-old son share

CHRISTOPHER RICE BEGINS his debut novel, *A Density of Souls,* with a nod to his famous mother, vampire-chronicling novelist Anne Rice: "Beneath a sky thickening with summer thunderheads, they rode their bikes to Lafayette Cemetery, where the dead are buried above ground." Other than this referential wink, and the fact that this furiously paced book about a group of high-school friends is set in New Orleans, the comparisons end there.

"Our standpoint on humanity is so different," says Christopher Rice, who at 22 looks like a cross between Calvin Klein's latest midwestern discovery and a young Christopher Isherwood. "Her supernatural characters struggle with cosmic questions about the afterlife and death and mourning and grief. I'm more preoccupied with making huge statements about lies and apathy and hatred."

Part murder mystery, part teen soap opera, *A Density of Souls* is an ambitious, slightly over-the-top effort—*Less Than Zero* meets Donna Tartt spiced with Stephen King. It's a surprisingly violent coming-out story about a high-school outcast, Stephen Conlin, who overcomes dangerous obstacles to mature into an empowered adult. Conlin eventually gets his man, the jock he once idolized from afar. And where his mother's vivid vampires, Louis and Lestat, merely admire each others' physical beauty, Christopher's characters take their attractions all the way, with graphic sex scenes of the kind his mother had to use a pseudonym to write.

For the son of Anne Rice, of course, a pseudonym wouldn't have been a particularly good idea from a marketing standpoint. Still, *A Density of Souls* will have to stand on its own. "Some people will believe I got published only because I'm Anne Rice's son," he acknowledges. "My book is my only weapon against that."

"Chris has a rigor to his character," says his editor, Jonathan Burnham, president of Talk Miramax Books, who signed Rice to a two-book, six-figure contract. "He doesn't try to bury his connections, but he doesn't trumpet them either."

We're sitting in Christopher's parents' sparingly furnished midtown pied-à-terre, where paintings by his father, the poet and academic Stan Rice, line the walls. Dressed in brand-new blue jeans, a white T-shirt, and black boots, the six-foot-three-inch Rice carries himself with an authority that belies his youth. He's careful and deliberate in his speech, which is roughened by a steady stream of Marlboro Lights.

Rice says his relationship with his mother is very close. Contrary to popular belief, life in the Rice household bore no resemblance whatsoever to the Addams family. "She doesn't know anything about the Goth lifestyle," he says, laughing. "Right now she's probably sitting upstairs in the house wearing a Laura Ashley sundress and watching TV. Yet there are rumors in New Orleans that she sacrifices bats and eats them."

Born in San Francisco and raised in New Orleans, Rice was a scrappy, eccentric kid obsessed with movies and film soundtracks. "He was the golden child," says agent Lynn Nesbit, who represents both Anne and Christopher. "In 1972, Anne lost her first child, a 6-year-old daughter, to leukemia. So when Christopher came along, he was very loved, very special."

The agony of her daughter's death jolted Anne Rice into writing *Interview With the Vampire,* the book that would become her first best-seller, in 1976. Christopher Rice's career began in a similar gut-wrenching fashion. Hanging out in L.A. two years ago, working on a screenplay and contemplating an acting career, he received the news that his mother had fallen into a diabetic coma. He flew out that night to New Orleans to be by her side, and stayed with her through her slow recovery. "She was depressed," he recalls. "Suddenly she had all these doctors swarming over her. It was overwhelming. I started writing during this dark time." He sat at the computer, focusing on the work that would become *A Density of Souls.* "I just struck out blindly. The story that came to me was about four children growing up together in [New Orleans'] Garden District."

Rice showed the first draft to his father, a onetime writing professor, who told him, "This is going to change your life." Then agent Lynn Nesbit read it and passed it along to Burnham at Talk Miramax Books, who immediately signed the young author up. Rice went on to write four versions of the book under two editors, waiting until the book was about to be printed before he showed it to his mother. "It was almost like he gave her a gift," notes Burnham. Anne Rice's response was a gift of sorts, too, a note slipped under his door when she finished her son's book at 2 A.M. Christopher read the note the next day: "She wrote, 'Your book is devastating as well as brave, and wrought with beautiful angst.' " Rice says he's read some, but not all, of his mother's books. "I like the witches better than the vampires," he admits.

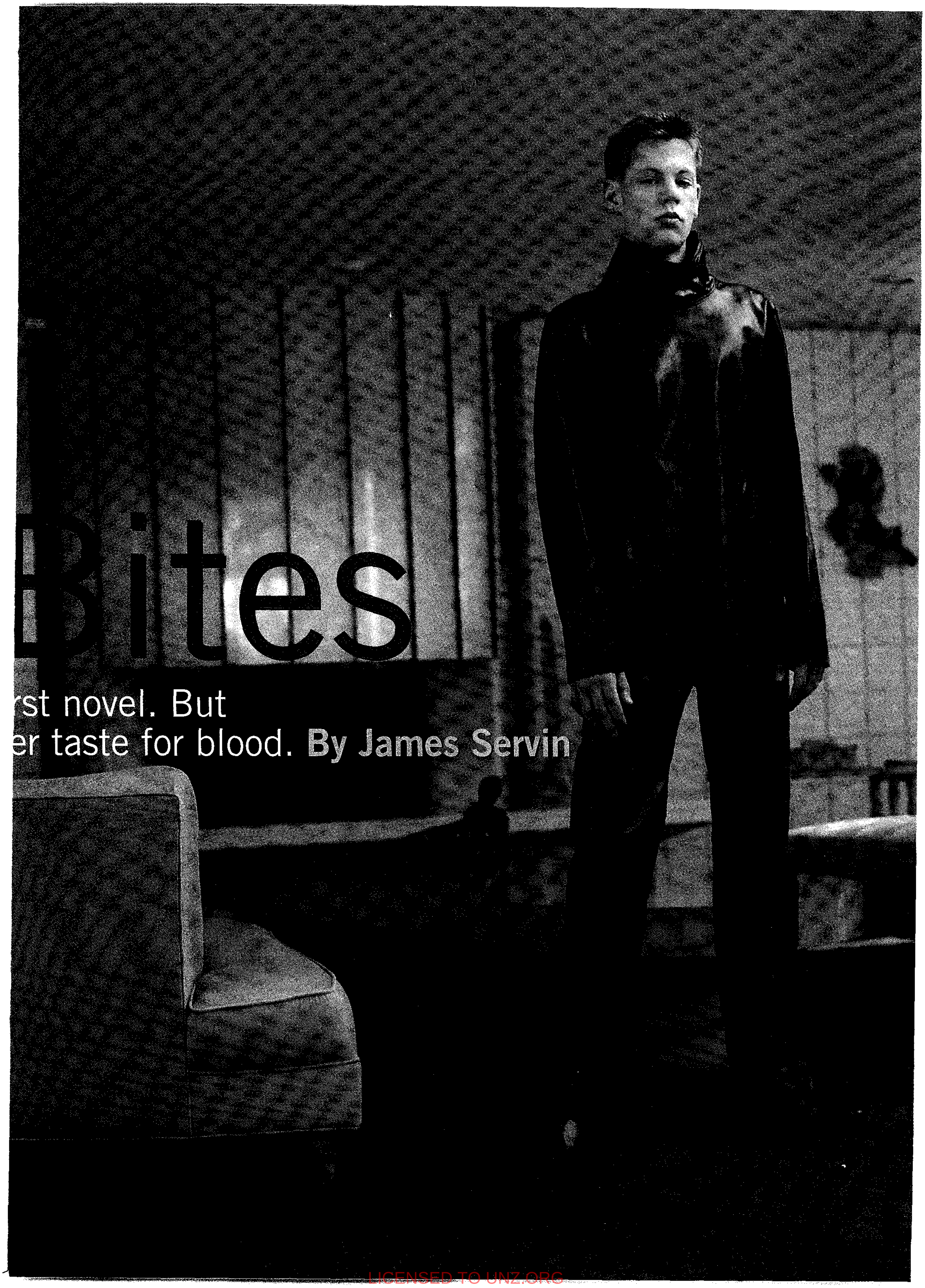
Rice's book, with its harrowing scenes of gay-bashing, brings to mind the murder of University of Wyoming freshman Matthew Shepard in 1998. "His death affected me tremendously," says Rice. "It was such a fascinating moment in the country, because people wondered if their own homophobia could ever turn into something so violent. According to my book, it can."

Rice himself came out when he was 18. "I was labeled gay years before I even knew I was," he says. "I thought I was bisexual until I went to my first gay bar in the French Quarter and thought, '*This* is what works for me.' " For his parents, with whom he still lives in New Orleans, Rice says his homosexuality is "a nonissue," and he'll occasionally bring home a date for dinner. "The few boyfriends I've brought back home have been cute, miserable failures," he says, laughing. "My mom will tell me if she thinks a guy is cute, but she won't say anything else." Rice is presently single. "I write about male desire because it obsesses me," he says. "There's a desperation to it, a tremendous hunger, a sense of being perpetually unfulfilled."

So has he found his version of a vampire? "No," he says. And what's the difference between a perpetually hungry gay man and a vampire? "I think there is no difference," he says, grinning as he reconsiders. Except "a perpetually hungry gay man never takes the time to be gratified by his conquests. A vampire would."

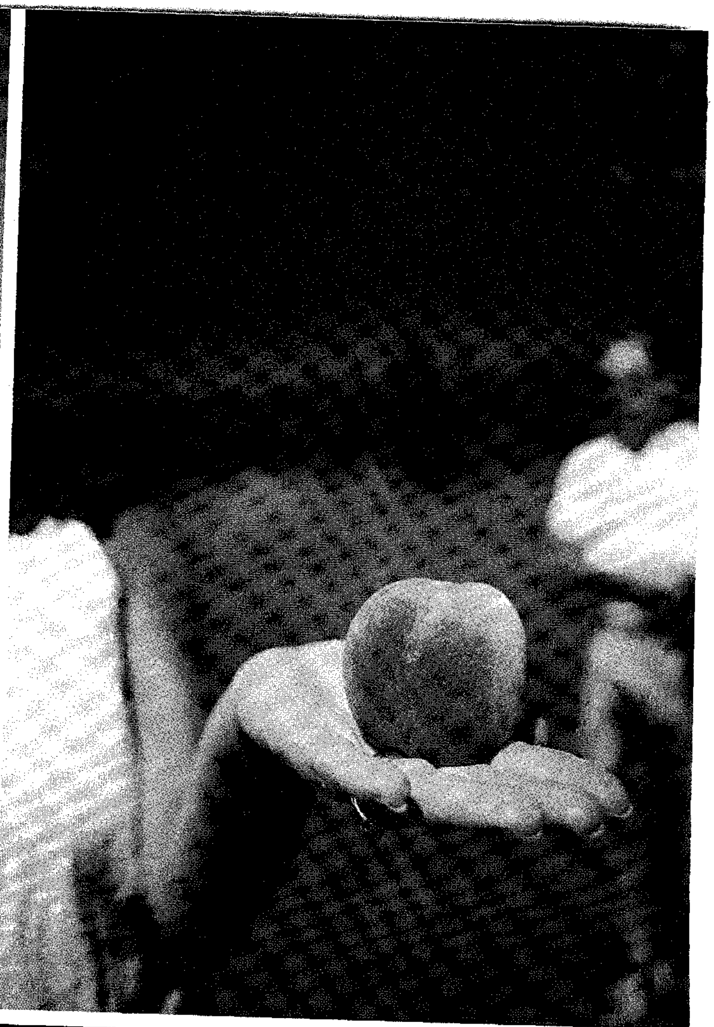
Rice says he's sampled his share of nightlife in New Orleans, where most bars are open 24 hours a day and the party never stops, "but I've never gone overboard, because I have such a strong family life. That's the foundation that keeps me from wandering off into the night forever." ■

Photographed by Patrik Andersson



Bites

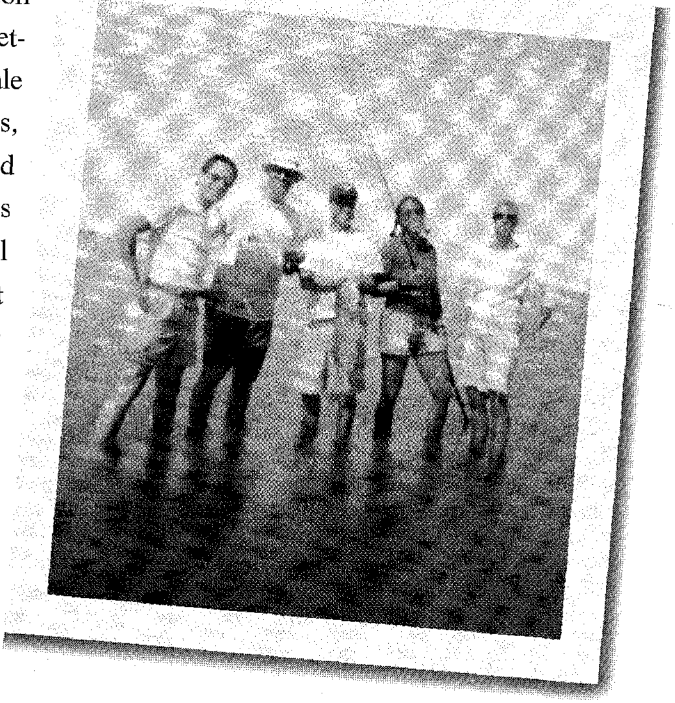
rst novel. But
er taste for blood. **By James Servin**



Hamptons Hunter-Gatherers

What do four top chefs do together on their day off? They fish, clam, pick vegetables—and, of course, cook. By Gillian Duffy

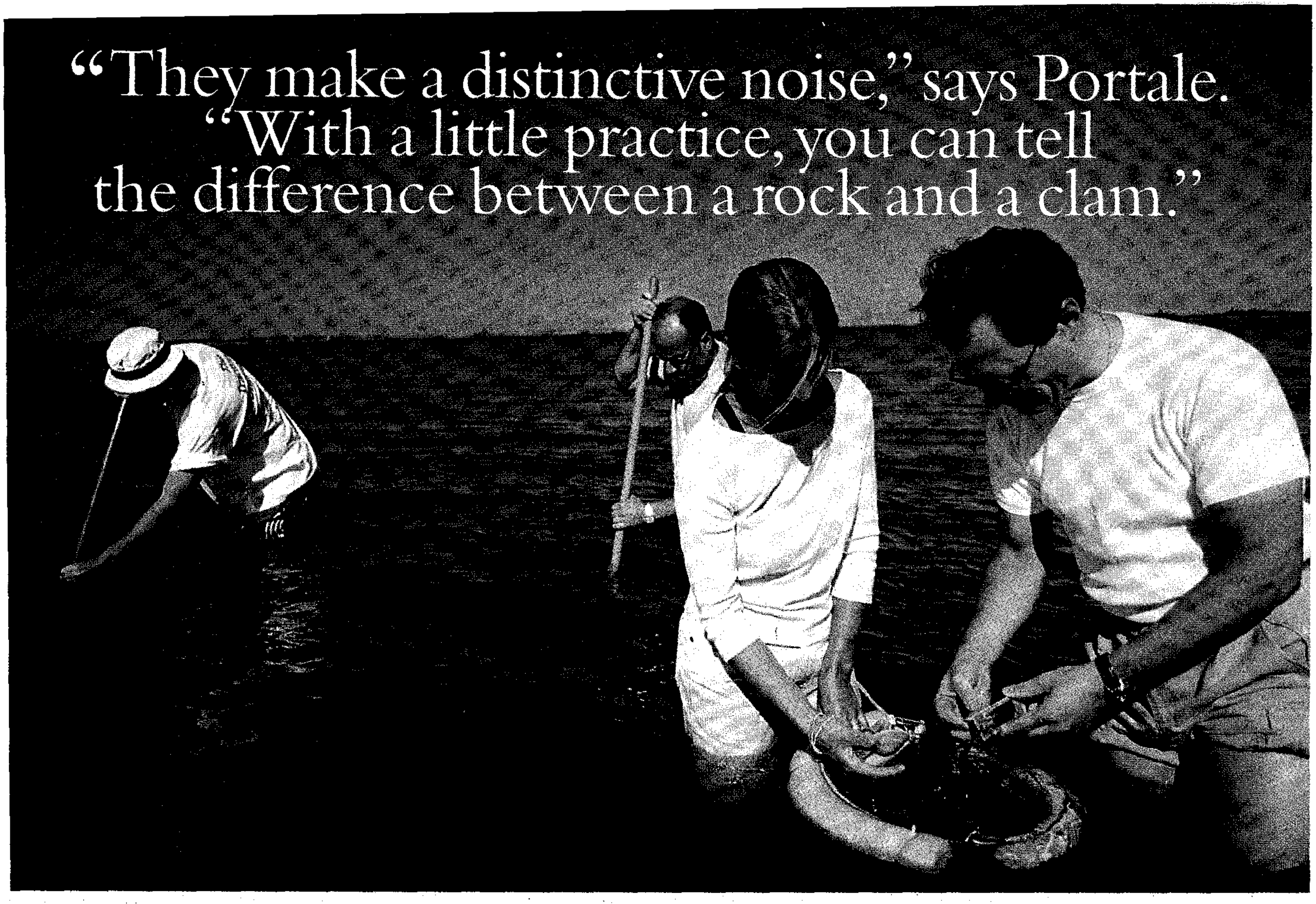
Late summer, with its perfect peaches, tomatoes, and corn, has a way of turning *everyone* into a chef. And on the East End, with its still-abundant supply of shellfish and its rush-hour-like runs of striped bass and bluefish starting just about now, even professional chefs are inspired to use their precious days off to live off the land. Alfred Portale, of the Gotham Bar and Grill, who began coming out here a few years after he arrived in New York City in 1981, is a chef uncommonly devoted to seasonal food; his soon-to-be-published *Alfred Portale's 12 Seasons Cookbook* showcases "the way I go about thinking what to cook, month by month." • And when this time of year comes around, he likes to organize a group of his friendly competitors to go out into the fields and into the ocean in search of dinner, which they'll cook back at his East Hampton house. It's *Survivor,* essentially, but with much, much better food. • So it is that on a late summer Sunday, Portale is packing a Jeep full of clamming rakes and baskets, rods and reels, and coolers of drinks, and waiting to lead his posse—Clementine's John Schenk and his business partner Sue de Lara, Union Square Cafe's Michael Romano, and March's Stacie Pierce—to his secret spot on the shore of Napeague Bay, on the South Fork of Long Island. • The Jeeps arrive at the beach around nine—early for weekending chefs, late for fishermen—and the group pulls all the equipment out onto the sand. Portale takes a clam rake and wades knee-deep



FRUITS OF THE SEA: Opposite page, clockwise from top left, bringing in the clams; a Quail Hill peach; Stacie Pierce relaxes as *Helen Portale* digs in; the clam chowder. This page, the party (caught by a pinhole camera) pose with their quarry.

Photographed by Quentin Bacon

"They make a distinctive noise," says Portale. "With a little practice, you can tell the difference between a rock and a clam."



SURF AND TURF: Above, Schenk and Portale rake clams as Pierce and Romano check for keepers; left, at Quail Hill, Romano gathers tomatoes for bruschetta.

into the surf. He walks backward, dragging the rake over the sandy bottom. "When you feel a clink, you dig the rake down into the sand, then lift it," he says. "The clams make a very distinctive noise—with a little practice, you can tell the difference between a rock and a clam." Catching a striped bass (which is also on the menu) is more of a challenge, but Portale lands a seven-pounder on his favorite lure.

The chefs have one more stop before heading to Portale's house: the Quail Hill community-supported organic farm. It's a rambling tract of Amagansett full of old fruit trees, donated to and held by the Peconic Land Trust, and on Saturday and Tuesday, it's open for picking to dues-paying members, Portale among them. "You see members of the community there when you're picking," says Portale, who sometimes brings his kids. "Not to mention how wonderful everything tastes freshly picked." Today, Schenk digs potatoes (and finds it tough going); he piles them in his floppy canvas hat. Romano picks several varieties of apples, slicing a few to taste them. The gathering continues: tomatoes, basil, garlic, raspberries, peaches, a huge bunch of sunflowers.

At the house, the chefs leap into their appointed tasks, all the while offering color commentary on the Bills game. (Portale and Schenk are both from Buffalo, though they never met until Schenk applied for the sous-chef job at the Gotham.) Romano sharpens his knife, then starts in on the tomatoes, coring and seeding them to make bruschetta. Schenk, after a quick dip in the pool, starts scaling and dismantling the bass. He's dispirited by what the potato-carrying has done to his hat: "Will it ever be the same?" he moans. Portale's wife and colleague Helen sets the table in the garden. "Are we making Manhattan or New England chowder?" Schenk asks. "It's Napeague chowder," jokes Portale. (Truth be told, its use of tomatoes puts it in the Manhattan category; in his book, Portale calls it "Montauk chowder.") He takes the smaller potatoes from the hat, peeling and slicing them for the soup, then starts a surgical strike on the bass, filleting it perfectly.

At the far end of the kitchen, Pierce, who has at one time or another worked as pastry chef for all three of the others, has been cutting up peaches and roasting them. As she whisks the sabayon in a double boiler for what seems like forever—she can't stop, or it'll separate—Schenk steps in to spell her. "Always invite friends when you are making a sabayon," she says.

Finally, dinner is almost ready, and the chefs disappear to change as Helen sets out the spread. A Martin Codax Albariño 1999 is poured, and the chefs dig in: Portale approvingly calls John's olive salad with red-pepper flakes "the hottest I've ever tasted." The brandade, too, is garlicky and textured, the bruschetta exploding with fresh flavor. The chowder is a hit—briny, super-fresh, extra sweet because of the sea bass. Even at home, Portale can't resist his tall-food tendencies, and the duck breasts are served with an amazing arrangement of turnips and figs.

Pierce's dessert gets raves all around. The phyllo shell is the lightest, crispest dessert pastry imaginable, and roasting can make even mediocre fruit sweet and flavorful. With the superior Quail Hill peaches, the results are spectacular. As is this day of sea and soil, friends and food.

Previous pages: Chowder photograph by Sang An; food styling by Bettina Fisher.

The Recipes

All recipes serve six.

Brandade

HELEN PORTALE
FROM *ALFRED PORTALE'S 12 SEASONS COOKBOOK* (BROADWAY BOOKS, ©2000)

1½ pounds salt cod
2 tablespoons white-wine vinegar
1 bay leaf
1 sprig fresh thyme
2 to 3 white peppercorns
2 pounds potatoes, peeled and quartered
½ cup plus 1 teaspoon extra-virgin olive oil
2 teaspoons minced garlic plus 1 clove, peeled and minced
½ cup half-and-half
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
Coarse sea salt and freshly ground white pepper
½ cup fresh white-bread crumbs
1 teaspoon chopped flat-leaf parsley
18 ½-inch-thick slices bread, cut from a baguette, lightly toasted

Place the cod in a large bowl, cover with cold water, and soak in the refrigerator for 48 hours, changing the water twice a day. Remove the cod from the water and set aside. Place 2 cups water, vinegar, bay leaf, thyme, and peppercorns in a saucepan, and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat to medium and add the salt cod. Poach for 8 to 14 minutes, depending on the thickness of the salt cod, until the fish flakes easily when pierced with a fork.

Lift the fish from the poaching liquid, and set aside to cool slightly. Remove any bones, skin, and gray fat. Break ⅓ of the fish into flakes.

Cook the potatoes in a saucepan of boiling salted water set over high heat for about 20 minutes, until tender. Drain and rice or mash the potatoes. Transfer the potatoes to a bowl.

Put the remaining unflaked ⅔ of the cod in a food processor fitted with a metal blade, add ½ cup of the olive oil and 2 teaspoons minced garlic, and purée until smooth. Transfer the purée into the bowl with the potatoes and fold together. Work in the half-and-half and cayenne until the mixture is creamy and fluffy. It should be the consistency of mashed potatoes. Season with pepper, and fold in the flaked cod to give the mixture texture. Taste and adjust the flavor with a little more garlic and olive oil if necessary.

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Combine in a bowl the bread crumbs, parsley, 1 teaspoon of the olive oil, and 1 clove minced garlic, and mix with a fork until crumbly. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread the brandade in a 2½-quart gratin dish and sprinkle it evenly with the bread-crumb topping. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes or until the top is browned and the brandade is heated through. Serve with toasted bread.

Olive Salad

JOHN SCHENK
CLEMENTINE

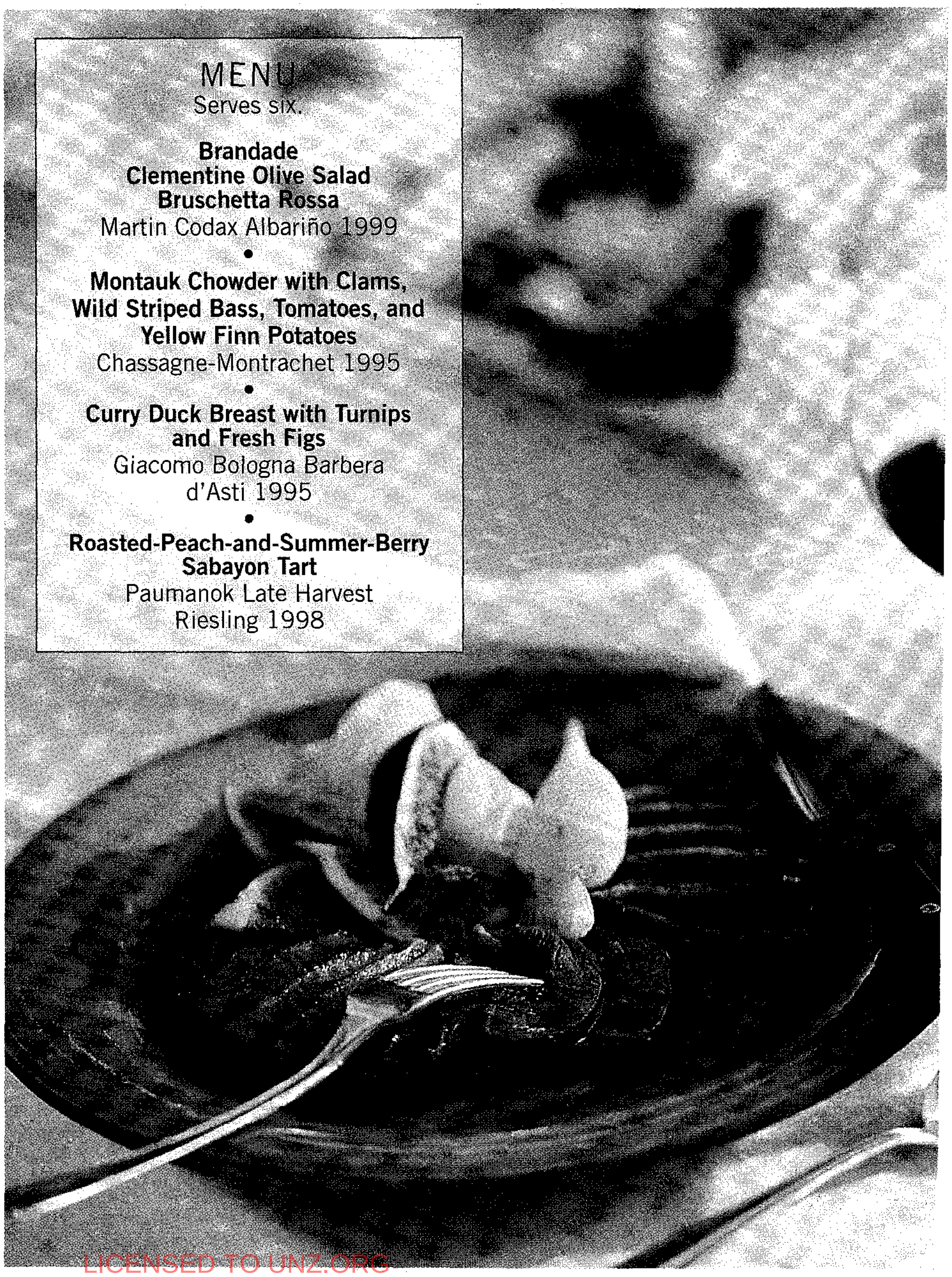
Note: This is better made the day before serving and will last for seven to ten days in the refrigerator.

Braised celery:
2 tablespoons whole coriander seed
1 tablespoon whole black peppercorns
2½ teaspoons saffron (optional)
4½ cups chicken stock
¾ cup fresh lemon juice
¼ cup extra-virgin olive oil
3 bay leaves
2 sprigs fresh thyme
½ teaspoon red-pepper flakes
7 large cloves garlic, sliced
6 large celery stalks, sliced on the bias into ½-inch-thick pieces

Olive salad:
3 yellow bell peppers, cut in large dice
½ cup extra-virgin olive oil
3 red bell peppers, large dice
8 ounces Barese dolce olives, pitted (available at Balducci's)
8 ounces Gaeta olives, pitted (available at Balducci's)
8 ounces Atlanti olives, pitted (available at Balducci's)
8 ounces Arbequina olives, pitted (available at Balducci's)
6 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
2 tablespoons picked fresh thyme leaves, roughly chopped
½ cup toasted pine nuts or rough chopped toasted whole almonds (optional)
½ teaspoon red-pepper flakes (optional)

Braised celery: Place the coriander seed and black peppercorns in a cheesecloth and make a sachet bag, tying it securely with

IF IT LOOKS LIKE A DUCK: Portale's spiced duck breast with turnips and fresh figs.



MENU
Serves six.

Brandade
Clementine Olive Salad
Bruschetta Rossa
Martin Codax Albariño 1999

•

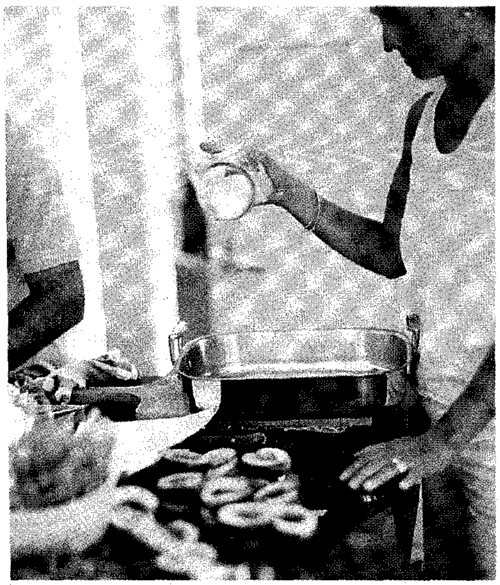
Montauk Chowder with Clams, Wild Striped Bass, Tomatoes, and Yellow Finn Potatoes
Chassagne-Montrachet 1995

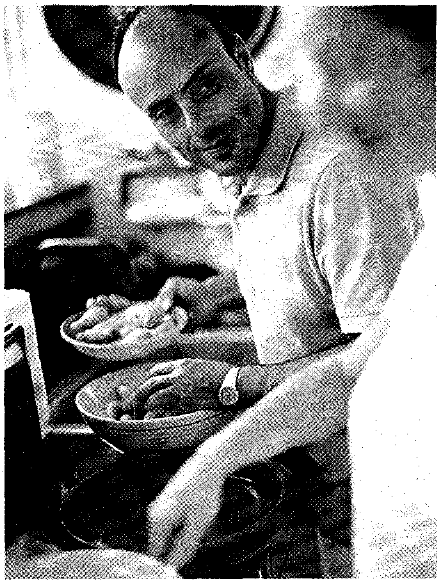
•

Curry Duck Breast with Turnips and Fresh Figs
Giacomo Bologna Barbera d'Asti 1995

•

Roasted-Peach-and-Summer-Berry Sabayon Tart
Paumanok Late Harvest Riesling 1998





COUNTER CULTURE: Clockwise from above, Romano, Portale, Pierce, and Schenk make the work island anything but deserted; the Portales consult over the brandade; Pierce sweetens the pan before roasting peaches.

string. Toast the saffron in a pan for 15 seconds. Place the chicken stock, lemon juice, olive oil, bay leaves, thyme, red-pepper flakes, and sachet bag in a saucepan, bring to a boil, and simmer for 3 minutes. Add the garlic and celery to the liquid, return to a simmer, and cook for 3 minutes. Remove the pan from the heat, and steep for an additional 2 minutes. Remove the celery and garlic from the liquid and set on a plate to chill. Strain the broth and reserve.

Olive salad: Sauté the yellow peppers in a nonstick skillet with 2 tablespoons of olive oil for 1 minute. Transfer them to a bowl and repeat the process with the red peppers. When the peppers have cooled to room temperature, add the braised celery and garlic, 1 cup of the reserved celery broth (from the recipe above), and the remaining ingredients. Cover the mixture and refrigerate it overnight. Serve at room temperature.

Bruschetta Rossa

MICHAEL ROMANO
UNION SQUARE CAFE

6 large vine-ripened tomatoes, cored
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
½ cup (firmly packed) basil leaves, washed and dried
½ cup extra-virgin olive oil
8 garlic cloves, peeled and split lengthwise
6 1-inch slices of sourdough or whole-wheat peasant bread

Plunge the tomatoes into a 3-quart pot of boiling water for 30 seconds. Remove with a slotted spoon and immediately immerse them in a bowl of ice water until cool. Using the tip of a paring knife, peel the tomatoes. Cut the tomatoes in half crosswise, and squeeze them gently to remove their seeds and excess juice. (Retain the juice in the freezer for a sauce, soup, or vinaigrette.) With your palm, flatten the tomato halves on a cutting board and chop them into 1-inch pieces. Place the chopped tomatoes in a large bowl and season with the salt and pepper.

Thinly slice all but 6 of the basil leaves and toss with the tomatoes. Add ½ cup of the olive oil and all but 4 pieces of the garlic. Stir well to combine and marinate for 1 to 2 hours at room temperature.

To serve: Grill or toast the bread until it is golden brown. While the toast is still warm, rub each piece on both sides with the reserved garlic halves. (The garlic will melt into the bread.) Remove the garlic cloves from the marinating tomatoes (these can be reused for more bruschetta or to make pasta sauce). Spoon a generous serving of the tomatoes onto each garlic-rubbed piece of toast. Garnish with the reserved basil leaves, and serve immediately to prevent the bread from getting soggy.

Montauk Chowder With Clams, Wild Striped Bass, Tomatoes, and Yellow Finn Potatoes

ALFRED PORTALE
FROM *ALFRED PORTALE'S 12 SEASONS COOKBOOK* (BROADWAY BOOKS, ©2000)

Clams:

- **2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil**
- **1 medium onion, sliced**
- **2 cloves garlic, peeled, mashed to a paste with coarse salt**
- **3 cups dry white wine**
- **2 sprigs fresh thyme**
- **3 dozen littleneck clams, well scrubbed**

Chowder:

- **1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil**
- **3 ounces slab bacon, cut into small dice**
- **1 medium onion, cut into small dice**
- **1 rib celery, cut into small dice**
- **1 small head fennel, trimmed and cut into small dice**
- **2 cloves garlic, peeled and minced**
- **One 28-ounce can whole plum tomatoes with their juice**
- **1 teaspoon chopped fresh thyme**
- **¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, or to taste**
- **1½ cups diced Yellow Finn potatoes, cut into ½-inch dice**
- **12 ounces skinless, boneless wild striped-bass fillets, cut into 1-inch-thick pieces**
- **Coarse sea salt and freshly ground white pepper**

Garnish: Chopped fresh flat-leaf parsley

Clams: Heat the oil in a large stockpot. Add the onions and garlic and sauté over medium heat for about 4 minutes, until the onion is translucent. Add the wine and thyme and bring to a boil over high heat. Cook for about 8 minutes to reduce the wine by a third and cook off the alcohol. Add the clams, cover the pot, and steam, stirring occasionally, for 10 to 12 minutes or until the clams open.

Using tongs, lift the clams from the pot and spread them out on a pan to cool. Discard any that do not open. Strain the cooking broth through a fine sieve or a colander lined with cheesecloth into a bowl; there should be about 2¼ cups of broth. Cover and refrigerate until ready to use. When the clams are cool enough to handle, remove the meat and discard the shells. There should be about 9 ounces of meat. Cover and refrigerate until ready to use.

Chowder: Heat the oil in a large stockpot over medium heat, add the bacon, and cook until it's lightly browned and the fat is rendered. Stir in the onion, celery, and fennel, and sauté for about 5 minutes, until the onion is translucent. Add the garlic and cook for about 2 minutes longer. Add the tomatoes and their juice and reserved clam broth, thyme, and cayenne. Bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce the heat, cover, and simmer for about 20 minutes.

Meanwhile, cook the potatoes in a saucepan of lightly salted boiling water for about 8 minutes, until just tender. Drain and spread them on a plate to cool. Set aside. Add the bass to the soup and gently poach for 6 to 8 minutes, until the fish is cooked through and opaque. Just before serving, add the reserved clam meat and the potatoes. Cook just until heated through. Season with salt and pepper and serve garnished with parsley.

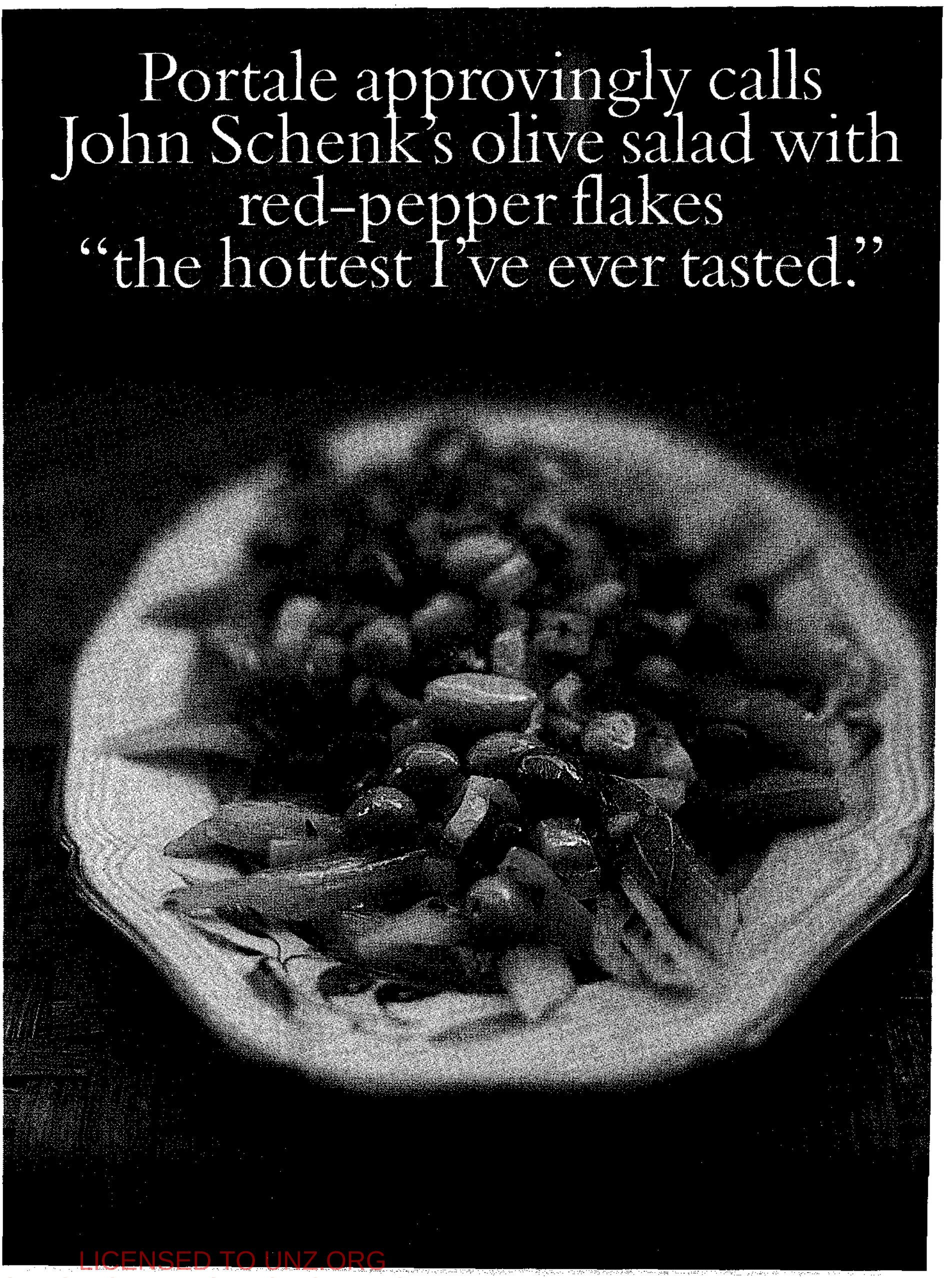
Curry Duck Breast With Turnips and Fresh Figs

ALFRED PORTALE
ADAPTED FROM *ALFRED PORTALE'S 12 SEASONS COOKBOOK*
(BROADWAY BOOKS, ©2000)

- **6 8-to-10-ounce boneless Moulard-duck breasts, with skin**
- **1½ tablespoons Madras curry powder**
- **9 to 10 scallions, thinly sliced**
- **8 cloves garlic, peeled and thinly sliced**
- **6 large shallots, peeled and thinly sliced**
- **1½ ounces fresh ginger, peeled and thinly sliced**
- **Coarse sea salt and freshly ground white pepper**
- **3 tablespoons unsalted butter**

OLIVE, BUT NOT DRAB: Schenk's saffron-braised-celery-and-olive salad.

> Portale approvingly calls John Schenk's olive salad with red-pepper flakes "the hottest I've ever tasted."



THE REMAINS OF THE DAY: Above, the chefs and their guests chow down on chowder; left, a toast over the first course.

- **4 large turnips, peeled and sliced into very thin rounds**
- **6 ripe figs, quartered**

Using a sharp knife, trim any excess skin from the duck breasts. Score the skin lightly in a crosshatch pattern, but do not cut the flesh. Sprinkle the breasts evenly on both sides with curry powder. In a small bowl, combine the scallions, garlic, shallots, and ginger. Sprinkle half the marinade in the bottom of a shallow dish large enough to hold the breasts in one layer. Lay the duck breasts over the marinade and then top with the remaining marinade. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate for 24 hours. Remove the duck breasts from the marinade, brush off excess, and season with salt and pepper. Place in a cold large nonstick sauté pan and set over medium-high heat. Cook until the skin is browned and crisp, approximately 10 minutes. Turn the duck breasts and cook until medium-rare, approximately 3 minutes. Transfer the duck to a plate and cover loosely with aluminum foil to keep warm. Let rest for 5 minutes.

Melt the butter in a large sauté pan over medium heat. Add the turnips and cook until they are soft and lightly browned around the edges, 3 to 4 minutes. During the last minute of cooking, add the figs. Season with salt and pepper and cover to keep warm. Using a sharp knife, cut each duck breast crosswise into ¼-inch slices. Transfer each breast to a warmed dinner plate, fanning out the slices. Arrange the turnips and figs opposite the duck.

Roasted-Peach-and-Summer-Berry Sabayon Tart

STACIE PIERCE
MARCH

Phyllo tart shell:
- **4 sheets of phyllo dough**
- **3 to 4 tablespoons butter, melted**
- **2 to 3 tablespoons granulated sugar**

Sabayon:
- **6 egg yolks**
- **½ cup sugar**
- **½ cup muscat wine or any other dessert wine**
- **2 cups heavy cream**

Roasted peaches:
- **6 to 8 peaches**
- **1 tablespoon butter**
- **⅓ cup sugar**

Garnish:
- **1 pint raspberries**
- **1 pint blackberries or blueberries**
- **powdered sugar for dusting**

Note: Phyllo dough dries out very quickly, so it is best to have the melted butter and pastry brush nearby once you start working.

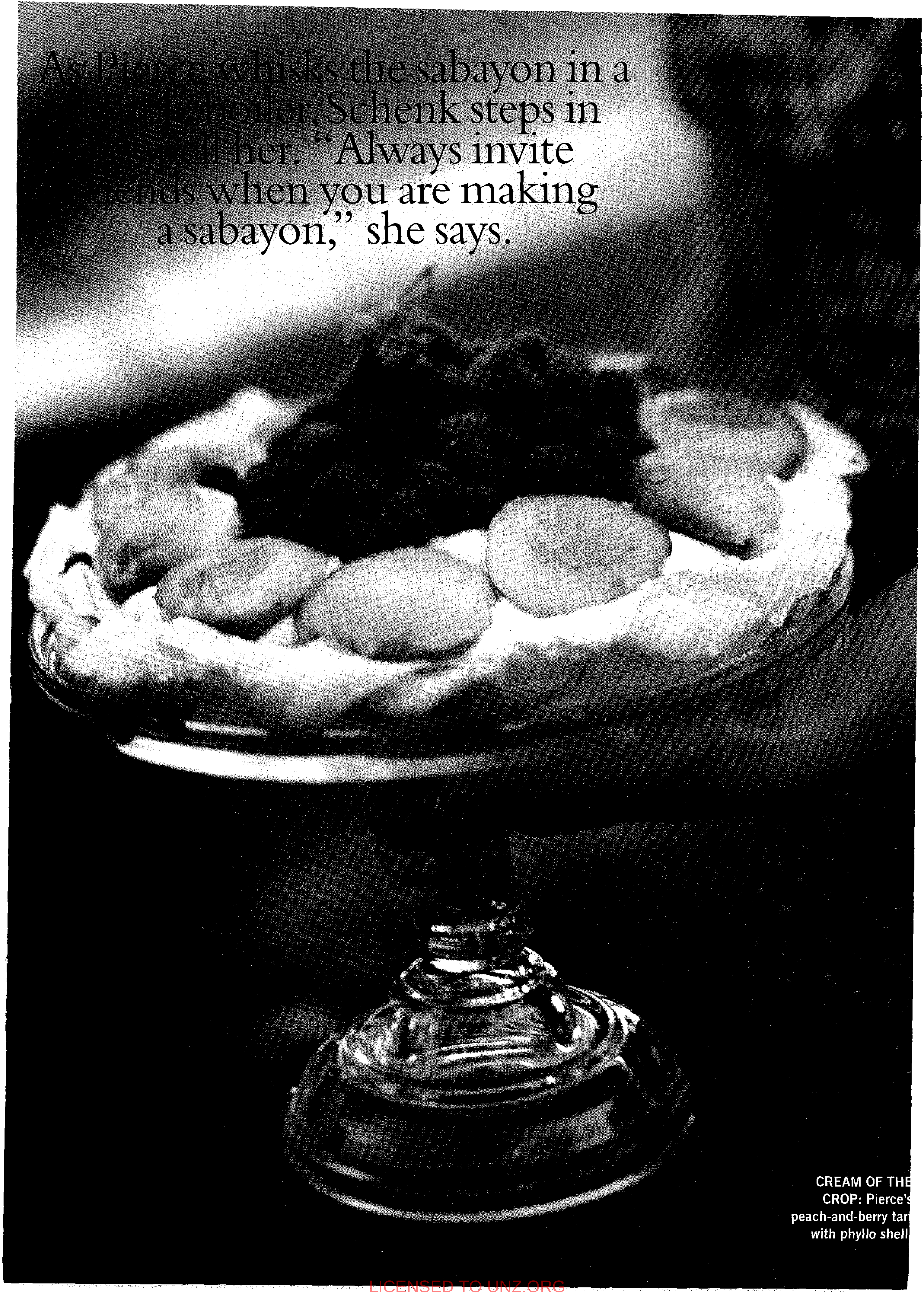
Tart: Lay out a sheet of phyllo, brush with melted butter, and sprinkle with sugar. Cover with another sheet of phyllo, brush with butter, and sprinkle with sugar, and repeat until you've used all four sheets. Place phyllo layers in an 8- to 10-inch tart ring, preferably with a removable bottom, gathering up the sides of the dough to form a ruffle that stands about 1 inch above the ring. Don't worry about its being perfect—once baked and sprinkled with powdered sugar, the tart will look like a pillow holding the peaches and cream. (May be made in advance up to this point; wrap the tart in Saran wrap and freeze.) Allow tart shell to set in the refrigerator, loosely covered in Saran wrap, for 1 hour.

Preheat the oven to 350 degree. Place the tart in the oven for about 20 minutes or until the dough is golden brown. Remove from the oven and allow to cool.

Sabayon cream: Add the yolks, sugar, and wine to a large heat-resistant mixing bowl and whisk together (the bowl needs to be large enough for the ingredients to triple in volume). Place over a pan of boiling water, and continue to whisk until the ingredients begin to increase in volume. It will become very frothy and will triple in volume. The important thing is to keep whisking—you may need someone to relieve you. After about 10 minutes, whisk marks will appear in the mixture and occasionally you will see the bottom of the bowl. Remove from the heat and allow to cool. Chill in the refrigerator for no more than 2 hours.

Roasted peaches: Preheat the oven to 450 degrees. Cut the peaches in half and remove the pits. Brush a roasting pan with butter, and sprinkle with sugar. Place the pitted peaches cut-side-down in the pan and roast in the oven until they have softened, about 20 minutes. When cool enough to handle, slide off the skin from the peaches. Set aside to cool.

Assembly: Whip the heavy cream until medium peaks form, and fold the cream into the cooled sabayon (the sabayon has probably deflated—that's normal). Remove the tart from the ring and place on a serving platter. Pour the sabayon cream into the tart ring and place the peaches on top. Garnish the tart with the berries and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve any excess sabayon and berries on the side.



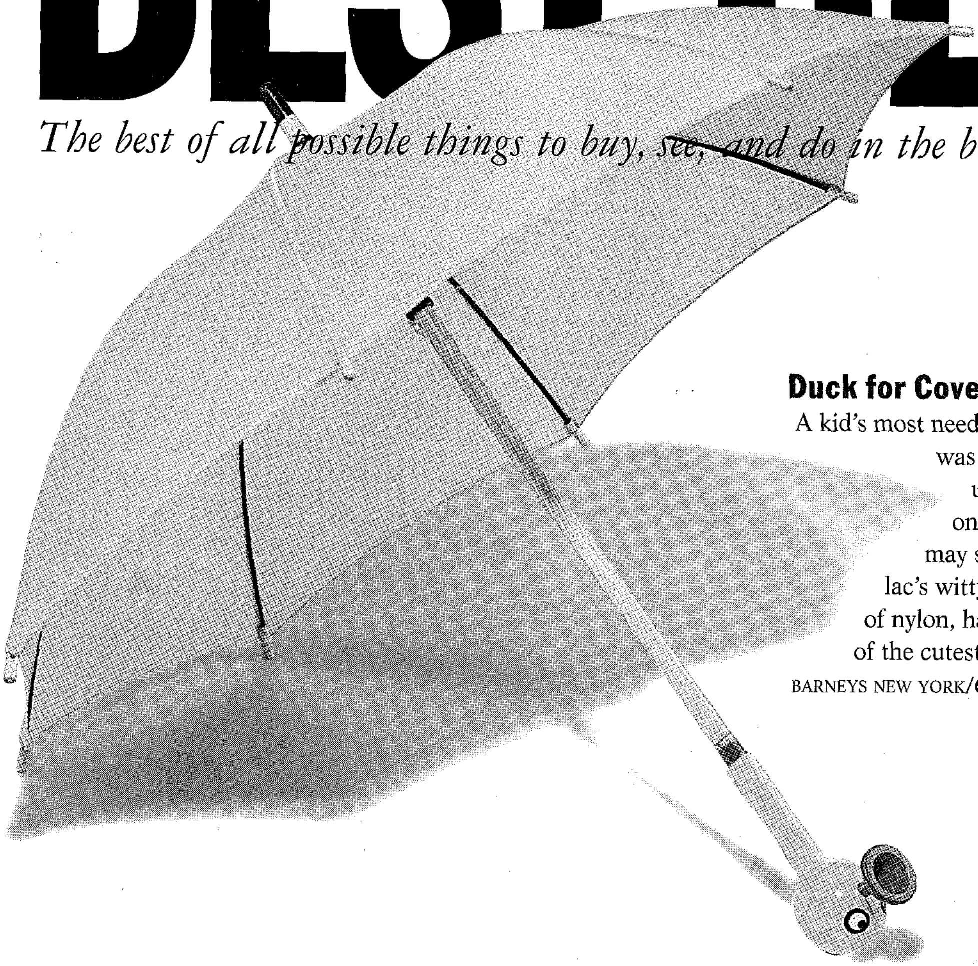
As Pierce whisks the sabayon in a double boiler, Schenk steps in to spell her. "Always invite friends when you are making a sabayon," she says.

CREAM OF THE CROP: Pierce's peach-and-berry tar with phyllo shell

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

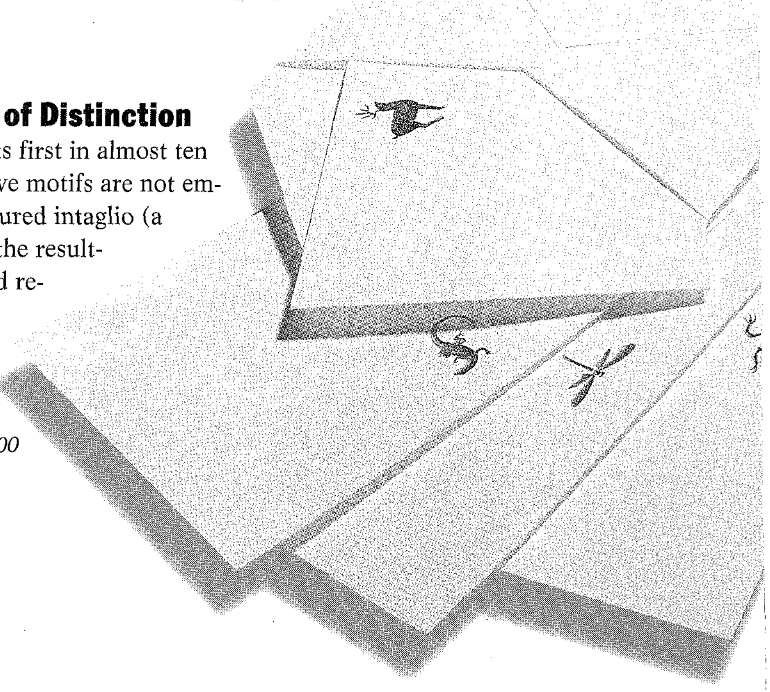
BY CORKY POLLAN



Duck for Cover

A kid's most needed accessory this summer was not a bathing suit but an umbrella; to shelter your little ones from whatever wetness may still be in store, consider Vilac's witty version. It's made in France of nylon, has a wood handle, and is one of the cutest ones around ($22).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Chelsea Passage*



Notes of Distinction

Tiffany has introduced a new line of notecards, its first in almost ten years, but unlike most others around the decorative motifs are not embossed or engraved. They're done in a kind of sculptured intaglio (a technique developed exclusively for the company) so the resulting flora and fauna are indented rather than in a raised relief. They're also colored gold and silver, which means regardless of the state of your handwriting your thank-you note will look quite grand ($40 for a box of fifteen cards and fifteen envelopes).

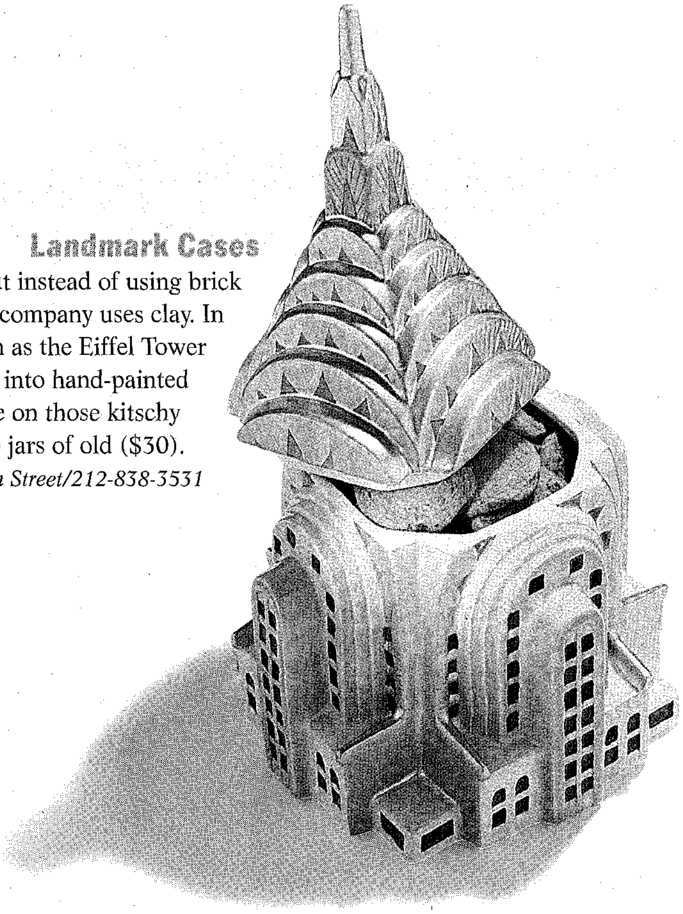
TIFFANY & CO./*727 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street/212-755-8000*

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Ming Mining

We think of minimalism as a twentieth-century phenomenon, but the Chinese were creating starkly simple furniture in ancient times. Xiaoping Cao, who was born in Beijing but studied architecture and industrial design here, has reinterpreted two examples of early Eastern minimalism—the Ming armchair (associated with the courts) and the Home chair (a country staple). Though she uses age-old techniques (joints molded to fit together precisely), she's modified the arched back of the originals so her modern versions are surprisingly comfortable. But in Xiaoping's exciting new shop, her adaptation of Chinese minimalism isn't limited to seating; spare tables and witty chests of drawers are also on view (Home chair, $250; Ming armchair, $450).

XIAOPING DESIGN/*73 Hudson Street/212-962-4080.*



Landmark Cases

Selandia is into re-creating landmarks, but instead of using brick and mortar or steel and glass, this Spokane company uses clay. In its clever hands historical structures such as the Eiffel Tower and the Chrysler Building have been turned into hand-painted cookie jars. They're an architectural take on those kitschy pig, poodle, and Little Bo Peep jars of old ($30).

SERENDIPITY *3/225 East 60th Street/212-838-3531*

Technicolor Cart Wheels

You've invested in the newly hot-again hard-case suitcase and packed it with two-weeks' worth of vacation garb, but how do you get your weighty Vuitton through the terminal to the Air France check-in counter without inducing a condition that requires major surgery? One cool way is with Roleasy's Travel Gear Luggage Cart. It's made of aluminum and plastic, weighs only two pounds, and is small enough to fit into a briefcase or tote bag—yet it can hold up to 40 pounds. There's an elastic strap and a J hook to keep stuff securely in place, and the handle telescopes to 38 inches high. And, unlike those nerdy-looking black caddies around, the Roleasy comes in great colors ($35).

FLIGHT 001/*96 Greenwich Avenue/212-691-1001*

SMARTCITY

A Stitch in Time

When you need your hair done, shoes fixed, and dress made, all at the last minute. By Suzanne D'Amato

A THING OF BEAUTY MAY BE A JOY forever. But becoming one shouldn't *take* forever. It's hard enough to find time to eat dinner some days, much less indulge in hours at the salon or at a fitting for a dress you're not going to need for another month. So what's a procrastinating mortal to do, except ask someone else to help make up for lost time? With that in mind, we've assembled a coterie of talented stylists, aestheticians, repair experts, and couturiers whose stock-in-trade is getting you gorgeous at the eleventh hour—be it for a benefit dinner tonight or your wedding next weekend.

Ménage à Trois
799 Madison Avenue, near 67th Street, second floor; 212-396-2514
This boutique has plenty of floaty slip dresses and soigné silk and wool suits for the ladies who lunch. But Wall Street workhorses with more than canapés on the mind also love the shop's convenience. Owners Kathleen and Therese custom-make everything from full-skirted ball gowns to hand-painted halter tops (from $700) in two weeks. They'll even help you seek out to-die-for strappy sandals to top it all off.

Oscar Bond Salon & Spa
42 Wooster Street; 212-334-3777
The waiting-room scene is slightly surreal, with women swathed in foils and bathrobes checking their e-mail and stock portfolios on the store's computers. Of course, since many of the skin, hair, and waxing services take less than 30 minutes, clients barely log on before they're in and out. Other bikini waxers seem like heartless sadists after a session with Jennifer (from $25), who does the deed painlessly (well, almost) in under ten minutes.

Susan Ciminelli
At Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Avenue, at 58th Street; 212-872-2650
This salon's mini-facials and oxygen-mist treatments are a key weapon in the beauty arsenal of frequent travelers. But you don't have to be jet-lagged or world-weary to love them or the "Ultimate Hour" ($280)—a seaweed body wrap, a facial, and reflexology performed simultaneously. Your skin will be so smooth, you won't mind having smelled like a sushi bar for the past hour.

John Guanlao
888-941-2391
At home preparing your acceptance speech? In a cab running red lights to your best friend's wedding? This Elizabeth Arden–trained makeup artist totes his 50 pounds of makeup everywhere. He'll create a clean, polished face in 5–10 minutes (from $150). And, as fans Sheryl Swoops and model/photographer Sigrid Rothe know, his friendly banter does wonders to calm those frazzled nerves.

Gotta Knit!
498 Sixth Avenue, second floor; 212-989-3030
What better gift than a handmade sweater? If the gift-giver can't knit, almost anything. Avoid dropped stitches and forced thank-yous by ordering an expertly fashioned number from this cozy shop. It may not be your grandmother's knitwear, but it's the only place you'll get real-life takes on looks from Malo, TSE, and BCBG, created in as little as two weeks.

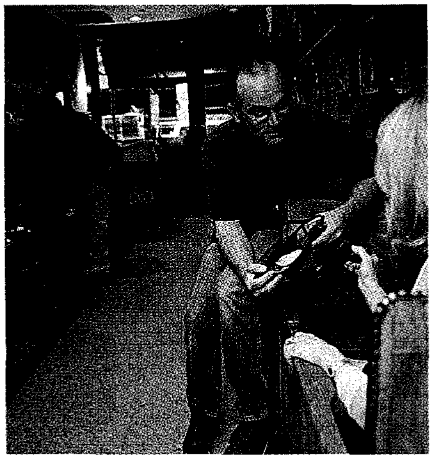
Helena Rubinstein Beauty Gallery
135 Spring Street; 212-343-9963
A facial in this new, loftlike spa is hard to beat. Unless you add a manicure and pedicure at the same time, that is. Such is the "rush-hour trio" ($100): Two aestheticians scrub, mask, and file away while you struggle to remain conscious in a cushy leather armchair. Add loads of free samples, and you'd have to be fanned by palm fronds to up the bliss factor any higher.

EXPERT TESTIMONY

The Out-of-Towners

You may think you come home every night to a cramped studio apartment, but as far as your friends and relatives back home are concerned, it's a cozy bed-and-breakfast. If you'd rather not play host, but feel guilty sending your loved ones to an exorbitant midtown hotel, Arthur Frommer, publisher of the *Frommer's* travel books and the undisputed master of budget travel, recommends the Chelsea Star, a funky, twenty-room hotel near Madison Square Garden (300 West 30th Street; 212-244-7827). "It has real flair. You don't even feel like you're in a hotel," he says. And at less than $100 a night it certainly doesn't cost as much. EMILY GITTER

Photographs by Robert Wright.



QUICK LOOKS The service is on the double at, clockwise from top, Jim's Shoe Repair; Oscar Bond Salon & Spa; and Ménage à Trois.

Jim's Shoe Repair
50 East 59th Street; 212-355-8259
The tiny, cluttered shop looks a little underwhelming, but once you spy the stack of Robert Clergerie and Prada shoe boxes in the corner, you'll feel more confident about entrusting it with your scuffed alligator Tod's. We brought in some embarrassingly soiled Fendi python slides. After some tongue-clucking and about ten minutes of TLC, they were returned, weatherproofed and gleaming. Cost: $6.50.

Pierre Garroudi
139 Thompson Street; 212-475-2333
Pierre mends the tattered hems and sleeves of boldface names like Winona Ryder, Angelina Jolie, Kate Moss, and Naomi Campbell. You'll understand their devotion when your floor-length skirt is neatly cut to the knee in fifteen minutes. Soon, you'll be tempted to challenge the staff with tougher projects, like streamlining your stiff eighties power suit. Prepare to accept defeat gracefully when you see the elegant overhaul a mere 24 hours later.

Marianne Novobatzky
65 Mercer Street; 212-431-4120
Love may last forever, but brides who elope have considerably less time to find a dress. Turn to Novobatzky, whose SoHo boutique offers simple, perfectly fitted sheaths (from $500) custom-made in a week. The slinky gowns aren't for the shy, but cast in fabrics like duchesse satin and silk organza, they're so gorgeously seductive you won't want to retire yours to the back of your closet after the big day.

Jutta Neumann
317 East 9th Street; 212-982-7048
Groovy custom-made sandals in everything from lime-green suede to slick python ($180–$245): enough said? Well, not quite—it's also a mere three weeks from the initial tracing and fitting to a final product that'll go with pony skin *and* Prada Sport. Jutta's *Über*-cool wedge sandals and strappy flats last nearly forever—and they'll look stylish for just as long.

New Age Designer
38 Mott Street; 212-349-0818
Inside this bare-bones shop, you'll find more than 300 brilliantly colored, intricately embroidered rolls of silk ready to be turned into traditional *cheong sam* Chinese couture dresses (from $200). Patterns range from cerise brocade with trailing vines to peach silk dotted with delicate flowers. How long before you're a Suzie Wong look-alike? As little as two days.

Behrle
89 Franklin Street; 212-334-5522
Come here for smooth-as-glass leather pants that go from grunge to glam in a flash. Made-to-measure pairs (from $750) take under a week, while the superluxe couture versions (from $950), complete with muslin fittings, take just two. Caveat emptor: Materials range from wild (python) to wilder (beaded ostrich), and even as leather pants go, these second-side cuts aren't for those who like to keep their assets hidden.

NAVIGATOR

Q: I'm leaving the urban jungle for the real one—in Africa. Which shots do I need, and where can I get them?

A: While your doctor can find out which vaccinations you need, a travel clinic will go further to ensure you don't bring home any unwanted keepsakes—like, say, a tapeworm. Beyond shots (which cost extra), they'll arm you with the do's and don'ts of local food and drink, prescriptions if needed, and a list of over-the-counter remedies for trip-wreckers like jet lag and food poisoning.

At Travel Health Services (50 East 69th Street; 212-734-3000), Dr. Bradley A. Connor considers current vaccines and recent outbreaks when reviewing a patient's itinerary. The $60 consultation (with a travel nurse) allows you round-the-clock access to Dr. Connor during your trip.

Traveler's Medical Service (595 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street; 212-230-1020) charges $40 for a consultation with a travel-health specialist, or $200 to meet with medical director Dr. Alberto Acosta. Either way, expect more than just a few jabs in the arm: The clinic isn't afraid to inundate clients with details of constipation and traveler's diarrhea.

Dr. Scott Kalish (Center for Travelers' Health & Immunization, 133 East 73rd Street; 212-861-9000) spends as much as 90 minutes with each patient, carefully weighing the benefits of each vaccine against the cost and potential side effects. The visit will run you $100, or $150 for you and a traveling companion.

TARA MANDY

Michael Canale
Da Pietro Todd Salon, 1509 Second Avenue, at 78th Street; 212-744-7150
Canale's Beverly Hills salon is so busy that he only makes it to Gotham three days a month. But it's worth squeezing in an appointment to experience the cutting-edge color and shine treatments ($100 and up) that he invented. "Staining" transforms gray streaks into soft highlights in ten minutes; the "Sealer" is a three-minute shine enhancer. And with *Friends* like Jennifer Aniston and Courtney Cox Arquette on Canale's client roster, you may be privy to some grade-A dish, too. ■

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Collecting the Purse

Clutch peddlers: *Having hundreds of vintage purses in her collection doesn't keep Jill Stuart from hunting for more—so we asked where she* **bags her quarry.**

Bag lady: Jill Stuart, amid a tiny, tiny portion of her collection.

THINK YOU WIN THE PRIZE for hoarding accessories? You're not even in the running. Designer Jill Stuart owns more than 1,000 vintage purses alone—crocodile Hermès ones that cost *a lot,* but also serious steals. "I just got *seventeen* Gucci bags at an auction upstate," she gushed recently. "And they were dirt-cheap." Stuart collects these old sacks as source material. But we'd be happy to use them every day, getting in on those seventies-chic or crocodile trends for much less than they'd cost new. Here, Stuart reveals which shops make her loosen the purse strings.

An **eBay** addict, Stuart also thinks nothing of hopping on a plane to Massachusetts, Los Angeles, or even Berlin to check out flea markets. "Things from the twenties are my favorites," she says. "But also the seventies, and, lately, the eighties." In New York, she swears by seasonal **Triple Pier Expo** (best known for furniture, these also have great deals on old evening bags) and the **Metropolitan Show**, a vintage fair held three times a year that's packed with covetable accessories for under $100.

Can't wait for those to roll around? Stuart also swears by shops like **Resurrection**, for old Gucci and Dior. "They're expensive," she admits of a $600 snakeskin bag she just bought. "But they're the best." Plenty of other sources may be hit-or-miss, but they cost far less: The **Fan Club** thrift shop is good for one-of-a-kind finds from Victorian times through the present—"and nobody knows about it" (Stuart snagged a fifties needlepoint purse there for $50). The **1909 Company** is "*great* for bags, especially from the fifties and sixties—at really good prices." A lavender fabric-covered frame style recently ran her about $50; a green one was only $40. Stuart also loves **Cheap Jack's**. "You can find anything there," she coos. "He's known for denim, but he's also got so many handbags—everything from beaded twenties bags to hippie things from the seventies."

For a quick weekend fix, don't forget the **26th Street flea market**. "It's like finding a needle in a haystack—you can see a Pucci slip for $10, or nothing at all," Stuart warns. She hits dealer Pat Haber for sixties and seventies things and Eeva for crazy deals—"Her prices are *really* good," she confides. "She'll say 'Oh, baby, just let me eat this week. Take it for $10.' "

Triple Pier Expo, 11/11–11/12, 11/18–11/19 (212-255-0020); The Metropolitan Vintage Fashion and Antique Clothing Show, 9/22–9/24 (212-463-0200, ext. 222); Resurrection, 217 Mott St. (212-625-1374); The Fan Club, 22 W. 19th St. (212-929-3349); The 1909 Company, 63 Thompson St. (212-343-1658); Cheap Jack's, 841 Broadway, near 13th St. (212-777-9564); 26th Street flea market (212-243-5343).

Picks of the Week

Ernest Winzer Cleaners (where many corner shops send the leather things you bring them) is taking 30 percent off cleaning any hides you send directly to them. Prices are now from $70 for pants and jackets, and from $60 for skirts. Free pickup and delivery. *1828 Cedar Ave., Bronx (718-294-2400, 917-416-5677); A.E., checks; 8/28–9/30.*

Shearling Selection, makers of classic shearling coats that sell at stores like Saks, is clearing men's and women's samples at half price, $595 to $1,395. Sizes XS–XL. *224 W. 35th St., second floor (212-268-3844); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 10–4, Sat. by appointment; 9/1–9/30.*

Zitomer is taking half off tons of clothes and accessories, including kids' things, lingerie, jewelry, bags, and hair trinkets. *969 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (212-737-4480); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–8, Sat. 9–7, Sun. 10–6; 8/28–9/3.*

Celebrations, the Jewish Museum Design Shop, is clearing Judaica at 25–75 percent off. A brass vase is $75; a Tree of Life platter is $175; sterling candlesticks are $800 a pair. *1 E. 92nd St. (212-423-3260); A.E., M.C., V.; Sun.–Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. till 8, Fri. 11–3; 9/1–11/15.*

Tibet Arts & Crafts is taking about a third off all shawls. Pashminas are $138, silks are $110, and embroidered wools are $65–85. *144 Sullivan St. (212-529-4344); 197 Bleecker St. (212-260-5880); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sun 11–8; 8/28–9/10.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Additional reporting by Brooke Showell.

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MOVIES PETER RAINER

Death Is a Dream

Akira Kurosawa's final film, an elegy to a master teacher whose students adore him, is that rarely achieved thing—a director's haunting valedictory.

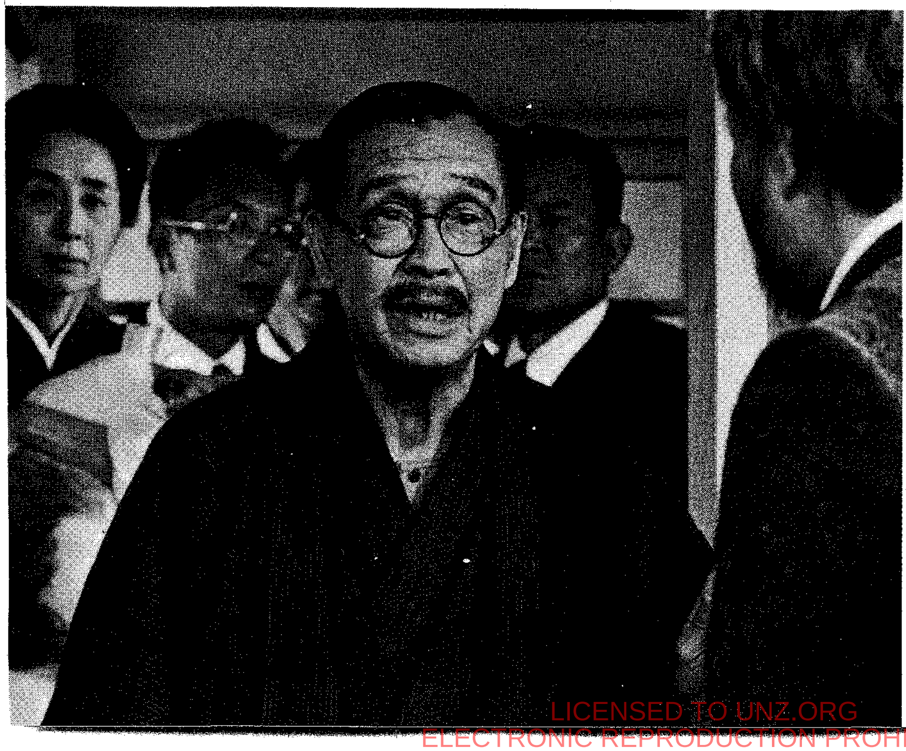
AKIRA KUROSAWA'S THIRTIETH AND LAST FILM, **Madadayo**, was completed in 1992 and, criminally, is only now being shown in the U.S. (He died in 1998.) It's customary to call a master director's final film a summation, or a leave-taking, but most often this sentiment is bunk: Artists don't get to pick their moments with such precision. And yet certain lucky filmmakers do manage to pull off what amounts to an orchestrated valedictory. John Huston did it when he made *The Dead,* which is voluminously rich in its intimations of mortality. *Madadayo* is similarly concerned with the approaches of death, and of what it means to have lived a good life.

It's an extremely formalized work, a series of mostly stationary set pieces, and it will disappoint viewers who still think of Kurosawa as the thunderous, supple master of films like *Seven Samurai* and *Yojimbo,* or a later work like *Ran,* which, by a fine piece of timing, is currently in national rerelease. Kurosawa has always somewhat mistakenly been called the most Western of Japanese directors. Partly this is because a number of his movies were remade by Hollywood, or were derived from writers ranging from Shakespeare and Dostoevsky to Ed McBain, but it's also because his vigorous, multi-camera technique in his most famous movies broke with the traditional orthodoxies of masters like Yasujiro Ozu. You can go through an entire festival of Ozu films without spotting a single tracking shot; his imagery has a stilled, sacramental quality. And yet Kurosawa's imagery can have this quality, too, and no more so than in *Madadayo,* in which a lifetime of moviemaking—Kurosawa was 83 when he made it—seems to have pared down his technique to its essentials. We are looking at the work of a director who no longer needs to charge the screen with dynamism in order to achieve his effects. He's reaching for something more quietly ineffable, a rigorous splendor. He asks his audience to contemplate, in a kind of communal silence, the beauty of the imagery, and the beauty of the emotion behind the imagery.

Madadayo is a celebration of a professor beloved by his university students. It begins in 1943 as Hyakken Uchida (Tatsuo Matsumura) announces to his class his plan to retire, after 30 years of teaching, in order to write books. Professor Uchida was a real person who taught German literature and wrote novels and essays and haiku on subjects ranging from locomotives to the wartime Tokyo air raids, but Kurosawa doesn't provide us with the contours of an academic life; his professor is not so much an actual person as a vivid essence. Uchida is an idealization of grace, and Kurosawa's identification with him is total: This man, we are made to feel, is the fulfillment of the director's own best self.

The film is marked by a series of birthday tributes to Uchida put on by his students, starting with the professor's 60th and culminating in his 77th and, perhaps, last. In the years between, in a variety of mostly dry, sweetly comical situations, we see Uchida and his wife (Kyôko Kagawa) play host to the students, who at first cannot stand to see their *sensei* living in such cramped circumstances and organize to find him more spacious quarters. They are honored to watch over him. When Uchida's much-doted-upon cat is lost, sending him into a deep depression, the students form a search party. They never think to make light of his grief. He suffers because, as one of the pupils says with pride, "his sensitivity and imagination are beyond us." And yet the students also recognize what Uchida's wife realizes, too: He has never really grown up. Uchida is revered by his students both for his calm wisdom and for his childlike bemusement, which is perceived as a kind of holy innocence. Uchida makes his final birthday speech to the children and grandchildren of his students, and in this moment he seems a perfect fusion of man and cherub; his rapport with these young ones is without a trace of condescension. "Find something in life you are able to treasure," he tells them. Uchida is a man whose kindness has saved him from despair.

It is poetically perfect that Kurosawa closes the film with a dream of Uchida's in which the old man imagines himself as a boy. Kurosawa's dream sequences have always been transcendent, and this brief final scene is so



Goodbye, Mr. Uchida: Tatsuo Matsumura plays a beloved teacher in Kurosawa's last film.

Photograph courtesy of Winstar Cinema.

quietly devastating that it summons up, in a rush, the profoundest melancholy. Throughout the film we have seen the students and Uchida play a children's game: They ask him if he is ready to pass into the afterlife and he responds heartily, "Madadayo," which means "No, not yet." In his dreams Uchida conjures this hide-and-seek game between children and that boy, and the screen at the end is filled with a lustrous wash of colors. They are the colors of a sky in which the sun could be rising—or setting.

FOR TWO YEARS, THE FILMMAKER MARC Singer lived inside the Amtrak tunnels beneath midtown Manhattan in order to document its homeless population in their makeshift huts of plywood and plastic. **Dark Days** (at Film Forum), which was filmed—remarkably well—by a crew of people from the tunnel, captures the livid squalor of the scene but also its fierce, lower-depths sense of community. (The extraordinary editing is by Melissa Neidich.)

Many of the denizens are black, most are crackheads or former crackheads, and they exhibit a mixture of pride (in having survived) and self-loathing (for the miseries that brought them low). What comes through most is their need to sustain a sense of personal integrity. One man, using power tapped from the city's electrical sources, mixes up some corn bread with a gourmet's panache; another shows off his hovel's jerry-built décor as if he were a real-estate agent on Sutton Place. What comes through also is humor: Two grinning, emaciated guys, probably high on something or other, go into a fractured discourse about pets, and one of them reveals his amazement at how gerbils eat their young. But he adds, "Then how come there are so fucking many of them?"

Misery pours out, too: A man who spent all but two months of his past ten years in prison recounts the horrors visited upon his young daughter, for which he holds himself responsible by his absence. His underground life is, for him, a penance and a punishment. The woman he lives with, whom he has been trying to get off crack, breaks into utter, stark-faced anguish at the thought of her own abandoned motherhood. The people in this movie don't have that primed-for-the-camera look that so many interviewees have now in documentaries; their lives don't appear to be shaped by the culture of television, and so their feelings come through in all their rawness and transparency. It's a near-great film, reminiscent of the early Frederick Wiseman movies like *Welfare* and *Hospital* that left you both aghast and exhilarated at what human beings are capable of. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

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BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

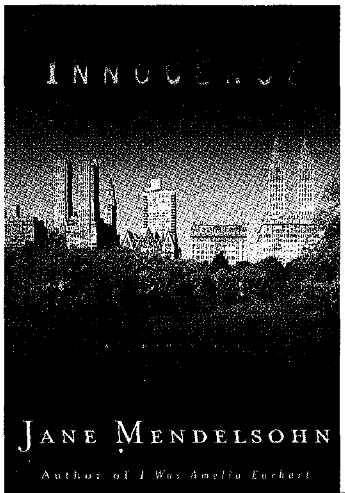
The Powers That Bleed

Jane Mendelsohn returns with an arty tale of young girls and the vampires who love them; Rebecca Goldstein shows that even scientists can believe in souls.

Innocence
BY JANE MENDELSOHN
Riverhead Books; 208 pages; $21.95

Properties of Light: A Novel of Love, Betrayal, and Quantum Physics
BY REBECCA GOLDSTEIN
Houghton Mifflin; 256 pages; $23

IT WOULD BE HARD TO THINK OF TWO BOOKS THAT look less alike than Jane Mendelsohn's teenage-vampire fable and Rebecca Goldstein's physicists-in-love story, but don't be fooled by appearances. Both are serious works by serious authors; both have (as they say in high-school English) "unreliable" narrators; and, most strikingly and surprisingly, both make use of the supernatural for serious literary purposes. Only one of them really works, but no matter: I've always loved tales from the beyond, and if this is a direction that serious literary fiction is taking right now, I'm all for it.

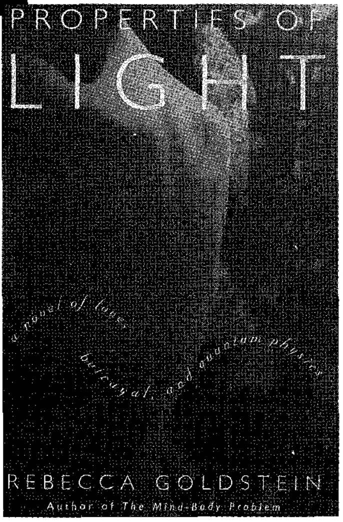


Of the two, Mendelsohn's book uses the supernatural more boldly, baldly inserting bloodthirsty vampires into a Manhattan tale of adolescent angst. Her heroine, a painfully sensitive, culturally hip teenager who calls herself Beckett, could be the love child of Holden Caulfield and Buffy the Vampire Slayer. First, Beckett's widowed dad moves her to a posh new uptown school populated by mean girls with the Aaron Spelling Productions–like names Sunday, Morgan, and Myrrh. Then, just to put a little more *Bildung* in this symbol-laden Bildungsroman, she gets her first period. Worst of all, her well-heeled magazine-writer father—talk about supernatural!—has just married the school nurse, a redheaded vampiress named Pamela who doesn't want Beckett to lose her virginity to the hunky yet sensitive Tobey because, as we all learned on Metromedia 5's *Creature Features* years ago, vampires of all sexes prefer the blood of virgins—or should I say "wirgins."

In principle, there's nothing wrong with blood-soaked gothic as a serious fictional form: The supernatural, and especially vampirism, have often served as useful metaphors for cultural (often sexual) crises and anxieties. When Beckett describes Pamela's vampire coven as "a society that sucks the life force out of individuals, especially children," you realize that Mendelsohn (no relation) wanted to use the uncanny elements—the vampirism, the obsession with blood and virginity—as a way to comment on anxieties about sexuality and femininity and society. Beckett and her friends are desperate to find some meaning in their anomie-soaked youths, but all they have for sustenance is the media: "I need to see things as a movie in order to see the truth," she sighs at one point. (Appropriately enough, the book is filled with knowing allusions to everything from *Rosemary's Baby* to *The Wizard of Oz*.) You're never really certain, in fact, whether there are vampires shadowing Beckett or it's all just a paranoid delusion inspired by *Buffy*.

The real problem here isn't the Undead; it's the Unreadable. I can't for the life of me figure out what's happened to Mendelsohn's writing since her 1996 debut novel. A surprise best-seller, *I Was Amelia Earhart* had a dreamy spareness that perfectly suited its subject, a woman who was at once romantically mythical and eminently practical. It deserved the good reviews it got. But the virtues of the first novel have curdled into mortal vices: spareness into thinness, dreaminess into a showy artiness. The new book's regressive Judy Blume–ish preoccupations ("I'm the ugly girl, the smart girl, the boyish girl, the loser") are weirdly at odds with its overcooked, late-stage–Anne Rice–isms. ("I could smell the strange smell of her blood. It smelled like dead flowers and wine and burning meat.") "Why was I running?" Beckett muses as the novel opens. "I was running from images . . ." Given the inept images here, you can hardly blame her.

The novel's pretensions are all the more irritating because there are many touches here of the sort that made the first novel so good. Not least of these are gratifying moments of real, unforced writing. Mendelsohn has a great feel for the sights and sounds of high-school life, and when she doesn't push too hard she comes up with similes that have subtle emotional as well as visual suggestiveness: At a memorial service for some of Pamela's victims, the ties worn by awkward high-school boys "swung like leashes"; the voices of a


PROPERTIES OF LIGHT
a novel of love, betrayal, and quantum physics
REBECCA GOLDSTEIN
Author of The Mind-Body Problem

Particles and waves: Two novels explore the nature of reality, one through physics, the other through blood.

clique of "in" girls "rise like smoke rings."

But despite some "meta" attempts to make you aware of the author's concerns and intentions—apropos of our not knowing how real any of this is, there's a pointed discussion in one of Beckett's English classes about those "unreliable narrators"—the various elements here, the narrative and the symbolic, the high-school stuff and the vampire stuff, never convincingly come together in this unpersuasive hybrid of *My So-Called Life* and *Dark Shadows*. "Sometimes," Beckett observes in her best Claire Danes manner, "I think about my life, and movies, and this beautiful stupid country we live in, and I think that I don't know which is which. But I'm trying to tell the difference. I'm trying to see through all that phony emotion into the heart of things . . ." When an author has to connect the dots for you in this way, you know she's in trouble. There's an unreliable narrator in *Innocence,* all right, but it isn't Beckett.

THERE'S NOTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT physics—the word, after all, comes from the Greek for "natural"—but Rebecca Goldstein's slow-burning and difficult yet ultimately quite beautiful new novel about love among physicists also turns to the "other" world in order to comment on this one. It's a bit of a surprise. Goldstein, who did a Ph.D. at Princeton in philosophy of science and who got a MacArthur fellowship in 1996, made her name in 1983 with *The Mind-Body Problem,* a hilarious roman à clef about a certain famous "genius" in the philosophy department at Princeton. But all of her novels, really, grapple in intellectually serious ways with the conflicts symbolized by that notorious "problem": conflicts between the head and the heart, science and literature, objectivity and subjectivity—hell, even simple things like work and pleasure.

Properties of Light grapples too, but there's a breathtakingly surprising metaphysical twist. The narrator, Justin Childs, is a young physicist so fervent about material reality, and so suspicious of subjectivity, that even metaphor makes him nervous. (An expert on the behavior of light, he doesn't understand why anyone would compare Mozart's music to the play of light on water: "I know something of the physics of the play of light on water and can make no sense of the analogy.") Justin scoffs at the spiritual side of things—at the idea, for instance, that people have souls—but as the narrative progresses, you see that the joke's on him. At a Princeton-ish university, he falls under the spell of Samuel Mallach, a once-famous physicist who would have been Einstein's successor had he not gone mad after his wife's death, and Mallach's seductive daughter Dana, also a physicist. But this duo's approach to science is, to say the least, different from Justin's: For them, science is intuitive rather than purely rational; for them, "the very best physics is very good poetry"; for them, all things have souls. ("Mallach" is Hebrew for "angel.")

What's so satisfying about this novel is the way in which it frames the story of Justin's transforming involvement with the father and the daughter in a way that constantly refers to the tensions between physics and poetry. Indeed, his attachment to both father and daughter is itself at once emotional and intellectual. In Samuel he finds a surrogate father, and in Dana a lover. Together, the three of them work on the Holy Grail of contemporary physics, a theory of the unified field—that is, an integration of quantum physics and Einstein's theory of relativity. (For Childs, the former is subjective and the latter is objective.) *Properties of Light* itself achieves some startling integrations, not least the way in which it, like Einsteinian time, moves heedlessly between past and present.

My only worry is this: Between the elaborate fussiness that perhaps too often characterizes Childs's language, especially in the opening section (he says things like "the sudden flare of gnosis" and uses words like *enmagicked* and *entragicked*), and the straight-out-of-the-bottle disquisitions about quantum physics and the like, some readers will give up on *Properties of Light* too soon. But Goldstein's interweaving of the poetic and the scientific, her integration of chunks of theory into an urgent narrative, become smoother as the novel progresses. (You could say that this book acts as both a particle and a wave.) The lectures about the nature of light and time and matter are, you realize, vital to her illumination of human nature. Which reveals itself in climactic revelations of what drove Mallach mad, of how Childs unwittingly contributes to his mentor's ruin, and indeed of the narrator's true identity. I can't think of a "novel of ideas" I've read recently that makes it so difficult to separate the novel from the ideas.

That splendid difficulty is evident in the climactic answer that Rebecca Goldstein offers to Justin's question—can scientists believe in souls?—an answer produced by means of a narrative device so daring, and so surprising, that when I realized what she was up to I burst into tears. But do you really need to be the son and brother of scientists, as I am, to weep over a novel that, like its three heroes, so successfully creates a perfect harmony of seeming opposites: the hard sciences and the soft humanities, body and soul—even life and death? A book, that is, that embodies the dream of a unified field? ■

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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Caesar Salad

Free 'Julius Caesar' in the park is the usual hodgepodge (but a godsend after 'The Winter's Tale'); Fritz Weaver's Don Juan scores.

THERE IS A TENDENCY TO VIEW **Julius Caesar** AS good high-school Shakespeare, but it is much better than that, even if those who remember its previous Public Theater production may not think so. It is a fine thing, thoughtfully assessing the mixed, even self-contradictory nature of its four principals: Caesar, Mark Antony, Brutus, and Cassius. If we recall the powerful performances of Louis Calhern, Marlon Brando, James Mason, and John Gielgud in those roles in Joe Mankiewicz's movie version, we expect something comparable from a condign stage production.

The good news from Central Park is that this *Caesar* is more bearable than *The Winter's Tale* that preceded it; the not-so-good news is that it is at best a mediocre traversal of a tough track, clearing most of the hurdles but establishing no new records. Still, this is a production where free admission is not too high a price to pay.

True, the set by Narelle Sissons, featuring, against graffito-bedecked cement blocks, elaborate but ugly scaffolding, a huge, crane-suspended gold head of Caesar with a litter of little Caesar heads underneath, and a colossal severed hand (a monument to Titus Andronicus?), is a bit bizarre. Even more so when, the Caesar head having been dumped, the unjustly murdered Cinna the poet is hoisted upside down on that crane by the bloodthirsty mob to provide a spectacular but dragged-in-by-the-heels closer for Act One. Angela Wendt's costumes are a farrago of every place and period, sometimes even straying into the properly Roman. But Donald Holder's versatile lighting highlights or envelops as required, and John Gromada's music properly pulsates, insinuates, or inundates.

Barry Edelstein's staging is awash with inventions, some good, some highly questionable. I could have done without the two soothsayers being gender-bent, one into a shrieking, vaguely Oriental witch, the other (supposed to be Artemidorus) into a schoolgirl lesson-reciter. Nor would I have missed such anachronisms as a modern book, hip flask, telescope, and traffic barrier. And I seriously doubt that Roman warfare resembled tai chi. But I was grateful for fluidly continuous action, frequently inventive blocking, and, despite cuts, feel for the text.

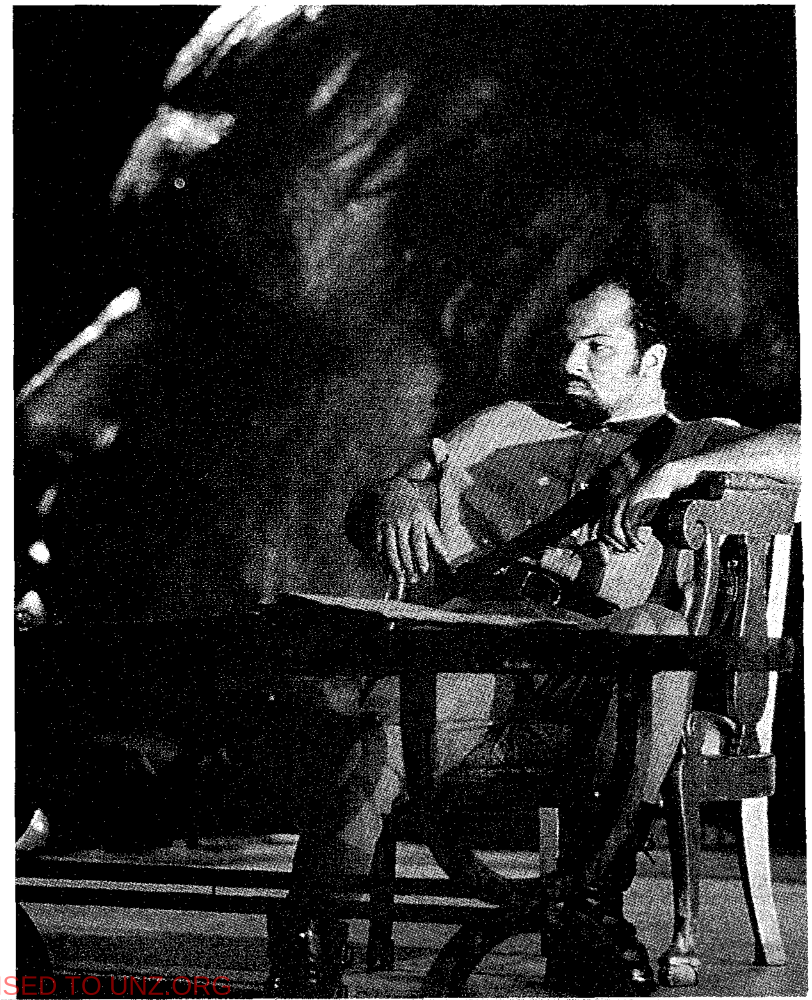
Sometimes too much so. Most modern editors (e.g., T. S. Dorsch, W. and B. Rosen, etc.) consider the twofold announcement of Portia's death a printer's mistaken inclusion of Shakespeare's initial and revised versions; Edelstein might well have eliminated the former. I myself would also have forgone Brutus and Cassius's mutual hand-kissing at their final parting.

None of the actors evinces psychological subtlety or incisiveness, but at least the characters' primary flaws are clearly there: the aging Caesar's debility, Brutus's misplaced idealism and subsequent political and strategic errors, Cassius's envy and sense of inferiority, and Antony's opportunism and ruthlessness.

David McCallum does not do much for the somewhat underwritten part of Caesar but dies grandly; Jamey Sheridan would be a better Brutus if he could convey a little more nobility and introspection; Dennis Boutsikaris has nimble diction and agile deportment but, when he should grow in stature, shrinks into a scuzzy pipsqueak; Ritchie Coster is an interesting Casca, here misspelled as "Caska" (perhaps as an allusion to the bibulousness this production attributes to him).

The most touted performance is the Mark Antony of Jeffrey Wright, best remembered as the gay hospital nurse of *Angels in America* and his movie roles in *Basquiat* and *Shaft*. He manages the great funeral oration impressively, if not without some undue bombast; for the rest, a pigeon-toed Antony speaking in a faintly campy drawl—and throwing away the climactic epitaph for Brutus—is rather problematic. If a minority actor for Mark Antony was deemed necessary, why not the pop idol Marc Anthony? *That* would have been a real coup.

(continued on page 85)



The Wright stuff: Jeffrey Wright is Mark Antony in the Public Theater's *Julius Caesar*.

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

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On Wednesday, July 19th, Ed Koch and Al D'Amato's column "I'm Right, You're Wrong" came to life at the Four Seasons Restaurant. NEW YORK Magazine's Deputy Editor, Maer Roshan, lead a lively discussion between Koch and D'Amato. New York's Senate race was the hot topic of the debate.

(Left to Right) Ed Koch, NEW YORK Magazine's Deputy Editor, Maer Roshan and Al D'Amato

NEW YORK MAGAZINE BEACH & SKY PROGRAM

NEW YORK Magazine hit the beaches this summer. 1,000 beachgoers were enthusiastic when greeted with a *Summer Fun* issue and a large blue and white beach umbrella displaying the NEW YORK Magazine logo. Thousands enjoyed *Summer Fun* and the comfort of the shade compliments of NEW YORK Magazine.

Check out NEW YORK events at www.newyorkmag.com

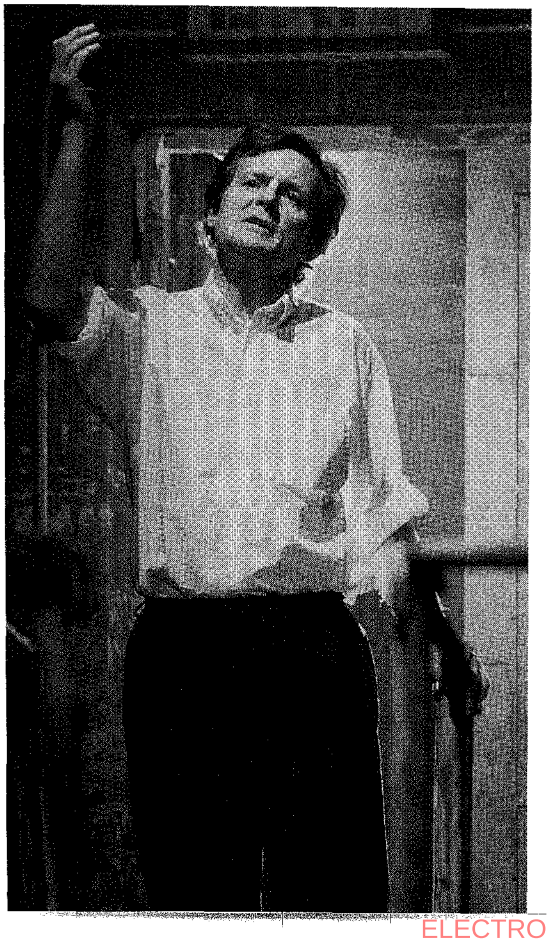
TELEVISION **JOHN LEONARD**

Last Year in Jerusalem

Playwright David Hare recalls a journey through Israel; Oscar-winner 'One Day in September' tracks the 1972 massacre of eleven Jewish Olympians in Munich.

DAVID HARE'S VISIT TO ISRAEL IN 1997, FOR the staging of one of his plays, was his first trip to the Middle East. He is married to a daughter of Holocaust survivors, and had been prepped by the Israeli novelist David Grossman, though Hare isn't himself Jewish. Not to worry. By the time he got to the Dome of the Rock—after Tel Aviv and Ramallah, after the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, after mad chats with theater and movie people, lawyers and politicians, nervous consular officials and intransigent settlers—he was just as crazed as everybody else by what the guidebooks call the "Jerusalem Syndrome." This is a nonsectarian disorder, a prophetic seizure, perhaps best explained by the psychiatrist in Robert Stone's *Damascus Gate:* "Which is coming here and God gives you a mission." In hallucinatory space-time, the western walls, the fairy-tale mosques and the bloody sepulchers, the hermetic cults and the siege mentalities, the catacombs and citadels and the donkeys and the desert—all dream, in salt and chalk and stone, of Second Comings and Third Temples and fiery signs.

All that, and the *intifada* too: Hare, in *Via Dolorosa* on Broadway and captured for public TV.



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

What Hare brought back from this season of dreaming in the Jewish state that looks on a map "like a small brown anchovy" is **Via Dolorosa** (Wednesday, August 30; 9:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), a one-person play in which the playwright this time stars himself instead of, say, Meryl Streep or Judi Dench or Nicole Kidman, in, for instance, *Plenty*, *Amy's View,* or *The Blue Room*. These are his personal stations of the Cross, as he travels among what his friend Grossman has elsewhere called "the impresarios of history." Grossman, too, had talked to settlers, in *The Yellow Wind*: "These are historical people," he said, "and historical people become—at certain moments—hollow and allow history to stuff them, and then they are dangerous and deadly."

In fact, much of the argument in *Via Dolorosa* will be familiar to any reader of Grossman's journalism, like *The Yellow Wind* and *Sleeping on a Wire,* and his novels, especially *The Smile of the Lamb* and *The Book of Intimate Grammar*. Or of the Amos Oz who wrote *In the Land of Israel, The Slopes of Lebanon,* and *Fima*. Somehow, in 1967, everything changed. Jews had conquered territory. The oppressed were all of a sudden an Occupation. According to Oz, Israel after the Six-Day War was "crude, smug, and arrogant, power drunk, bursting with messianic rhetoric, ethnocentric, 'redemptionist,' apocalyptic—quite simply, inhuman. And un-Jewish. The Arab human beings under our dominion might never have been." According to an increasingly agitated Hare, land is now the issue, instead of lives; stones, instead of ideas. The Old Testament is a deed in perpetuity, archaeology is a proof of ownership, and politics are Bronze Age.

To be sure, David Hare found generosity and idealism, as well as grandiosity and paranoia, in Israel in 1997. And to be equally sure, some of the characters in his cast have changed since his return to "sleeping England" (a weird Orwellian echo right out of *Homage to Catalonia*), with Likkud out and Labor in—although Sharon is busy undermining Barak; and Arafat still abides in all his princely corruption; and the children of the *intifada* who brought this stubble back from Tunis have grown up to a despair hardly to be distinguished from that of the demoralized human-rights worker who is so abrupt with the playwright and then calls up afterward to apologize. But the playwright seems to have been genuinely traumatized by his sojourn among settlers who are positive that, even if Rabin hadn't been a traitor, then certainly his assassination was a put-up job to smear the cause of a Greater Jewish Hebron. Besides which, these reborn Maccabeans tell him under their Zohar stars, doesn't his own assimilated wife have a lot to answer for?

So Hare is made to take the Middle East personally. That's what gives *Via Dolorosa* such a powerful edge. In this no-frills filming of a performance at the Booth Theatre on Broadway, he is watching himself as well as mimicking those he talked to. He's skeptical about his right to throw stones—"Hebron and Nablus will not be ours," said Amos Oz in *The Slopes of Lebanon,* "whether or not the prophets once walked there, whether or not the stones our ancestors liked to throw at the prophets still lie scattered there"—but also rattled, heartsick, and indignant. When at last he arrives at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a site less of holiness than of squabble, he is not any nearer to anyplace like home: "Sects and the Single Church," he says, drawing a laugh from the audience. And must have known he would. And yet then plunges on as if embarrassed, to end up at Yad Vashem, the Holocaust museum, where he insists on facts instead of

(continued on page 62)

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **ROB PATRONITE & ROBIN RAISFELD**

Gnocco on Wood

The folks at Gnocco in the East Village have a simple plan: Offer better food for less by importing young (and cheap) chefs straight from Italy. Hope they can keep it up.

REMEMBER PINO LUONGO'S MAMA FIXATION? Back before the Tuscan restaurateur went completely Coco, back when he was as hot a topic in the restaurant world as Ducasse's fountain pens are today, he came up with a neat gimmick: At his much-anticipated Le Madri, he would hire not only a traditional chef but also a squadron of real Italian mamas from the unspoiled countryside to cook exactly what they fed their families back home. While the restaurant succeeded, the mail-order-mamas program didn't, not least because some of the mamas, upon further investigation, turned out to be either unmarried, childless, professional caterers, from Brooklyn, or all of the above.

Well, a good idea is a good idea even when it's just a publicity stunt. And Pierluigi Palazzo, a Luongo in the making who left his comfortable managerial post at Terramare off Madison Avenue for the grittier, more affordable East Village, has instituted a chef-exchange program of his own. At **Gnocco Caffé** (337 East 10th Street; 212-677-1913), which he and his wife, Rossella Tedesco, opened a month ago opposite Tompkins Square Park, Palazzo is recruiting the next best thing to real Italian mamas: their sons, talented cooks with real skills and a burning desire to see the world, or at least CBGB. This is the plan: Palazzo's partners in Modena (the vaunted birthplace of balsamic vinegar, an ingredient that finds its way into almost everything here) scout the local cooking schools for talented young chefs, train them in their Modena restaurant, and send them to New York. After six months to a year, a replacement arrives and the veteran (currently 29-year-old Vanni Olivari) is sent packing—with any luck, before burnout sets in. "I believe that even the best Italian chefs," says Palazzo, "after a certain period here, they're going to spoil their skills because of the American style of life." Hey, whatever works. If this unorthodox employment practice is responsible for Gnocco's simple and delicious pastas, first-rate salads, and satisfying entrées that, with the exception of a $16 filet mignon, cost $12.50 and under, we heartily endorse it.

Don't be fooled by Gnocco's deserted front room, with its empty tables for two and its counter laden with the night's dessert specials. All the action's in the back garden, under a cluster of canvas umbrellas and a trellis overgrown with ivy and trumpet-vine flowers. Everyone, from the sweetly accommodating young waiters to the majority of the customers, seems to speak Italian—or at least fake it well, with a pack of Marlboros or a demitasse of good strong espresso for a prop.

But even Americans and other interlopers will be greeted warmly, sometimes with a welcoming glass of Prosecco. There's also a brief list of Italian wines, nearly all of which are available by the glass. And the first time we were there, we were awarded a complimentary plate of the house dish—not gnocchi, those familiar soft ricotta or potato dumplings typically doused in cheese or tomato sauce (though you can get them here too), but *gnocco* ($8.50), crispy, puffy deep-fried dough pillows, similar in size and shape to ravioli shells, served with paper-thin slices of prosciutto di Parma and coppa. "It's what grandmothers give the children to keep them quiet," says Palazzo, whose version achieves a similar mouth-filling effect.

Silky prosciutto is also a perfect, if familiar, match for juicily ripe melon ($8), and it plays a starring role (along with nutty Pecorino, fresh mozzarella, and artichoke hearts) in superb sandwiches made with Sullivan Street Bakery crusty pane Pugliese or dimpled piz-

Gnocco puffs: From left, upside-down apple cake; the garden at Gnocco Caffé; its signature dish.

Photographs by Mark Ferri.

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TELEVISION

Leonard *continued from page 60*

sculpture, and where the Hall of Names appears to brand him.

It's almost insulting to say that *Via Dolorosa* is remarkable theater. It is 90 minutes of exacerbation and unraveling, of a mind at the end of its tether.

NONE OF WHICH IS INTENDED TO SUGGEST that Palestinian behavior has been peachy. While it is possible to sympathize with the *intifada,* it is morally degrading to excuse terrorism such as Black September's at the 1972 Olympic Games. Finally, after its surprise win at this year's Oscars for Best Documentary Feature, **One Day in September** (Monday, September 11; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; HBO) can be flinched at by a general audience. Producer Arthur Cohn (*The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, Central Station,* and *The Sky Above, the Mud Below*) spent two and a half years collecting every scrap of film pertaining to the massacre of the eleven Israeli athletes in Munich and tracking down not only family and friends willing to sit still for an interview but also everybody who failed to save them, everyone in a position to criticize, and the only one of the killers still alive, in unapologetic hiding in Africa. Director Kevin Macdonald turns this material into a nonfiction thriller the more appalling for its resonance with the tape in our own heads. Isn't that Jim McKay, called upon to transcend *ABC's Wide World of Sports*? And Peter Jennings, unseen but unmistakable? And Mark Spitz, leaving town in a hurry with all his swimming medals; Golda Meir, refusing to negotiate; Moshe Dayan, with his jaunty eye patch; and the Septembrists themselves, in balaclava hoods and yellow jerseys, with submachine guns in their sporty duffels?

That this botched hostage-taking should have happened in West Germany is the cheapest of ironies; it could have happened anywhere. Beyond irony to the point of retching is that the police were incompetent to handle it; and the Olympic Committee reluctant to suspend the games; and the terrorists, more amateurish than the athletes, unprepared for any glitch; and the media, when they weren't getting the story wrong (reporting that all the hostages had survived the shootout at the airport), actually doing damage (piping cop activity directly into the hotel rooms where the kidnappers were watching live TV). So all these young men, bound and gagged, were gunned down or blown up with a grenade. There is no excuse, no mitigation, no honor, no martyrdom, not even a transient political dividend, only Bronze Age thuggishness. Masada redux. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET

za bianca ($7 to $8.50). Aged balsamic vinegar and Parmigiano-Reggiano, along with prosciutto, three of Emilia-Romagna's most famous exports, are in heavy rotation throughout the menu, which combines Northern and Southern Italian dishes with nonpartisan élan.

You might expect something described as a "warm free-range young turkey breast" ($7.50) to look like a chunk of roasted meat, not the thin slices that appear, which resemble something you'd stick between two slices of rye. But a sweet-sour balsamic emulsion rescues it from banality, as does the accompanying salad of fresh greens, ripe cherry tomatoes, and good-quality extra-virgin olive oil. Grilled vegetables ($7) escape an all-too-typical bland and rubberized fate thanks to careful cooking and warm Scamorza cheese. But the best entrée might be the most unusual: thin slices of pork tenderloin ($9.50) bathed in that transformative balsamic emulsion and buried under a huge mound of shaved Parmigiano. (*Too much cheese!* you might think at first. Wrong.) The stracetti ($11) is shredded beef tenderloin sliced ultrathin, its flavor amped up with fresh rosemary and garlic. The best thing about the free-range-chicken breast—sliced again, but thicker this time, and seasoned with thyme and saffron, though not enough—is the unusual purée of potato and zucchini in which it's served. And the price ($9).

Blame it on the power of suggestion, but our favorites of the six pastas ($7.50 to $12.50) were the two sublime gnocchetti—miniature potato gnocchi with fragrant cherry tomatoes and torn basil, and a tender ricotta version in a buttery Parmesan-sage sauce. Portions tend to the small side (to serve as first courses), a minor quibble considering the prices, but the pork tenderloin seemed to shrink perceptibly between visits—an aberration, we hope, rather than a trend.

On the plus side, you'll have room for desserts ($4.50 to $7.50), which seem to change daily but always include those first-rate sorbetti the Italians so ingeniously pack into a corresponding fruit skin (lemon in a lemon, for example). Apple and pear tarts are suitably rustic and not too sweet, and chocolate purists should know that the flourless cake comes with a rich blanket of mascarpone cream, an over-the-top embellishment that has its fans. But don't get too attached. There's no telling when the pastry chef's tour of duty will be over: He's the other charter member of Gnoccho's culinary exchange program. ■

Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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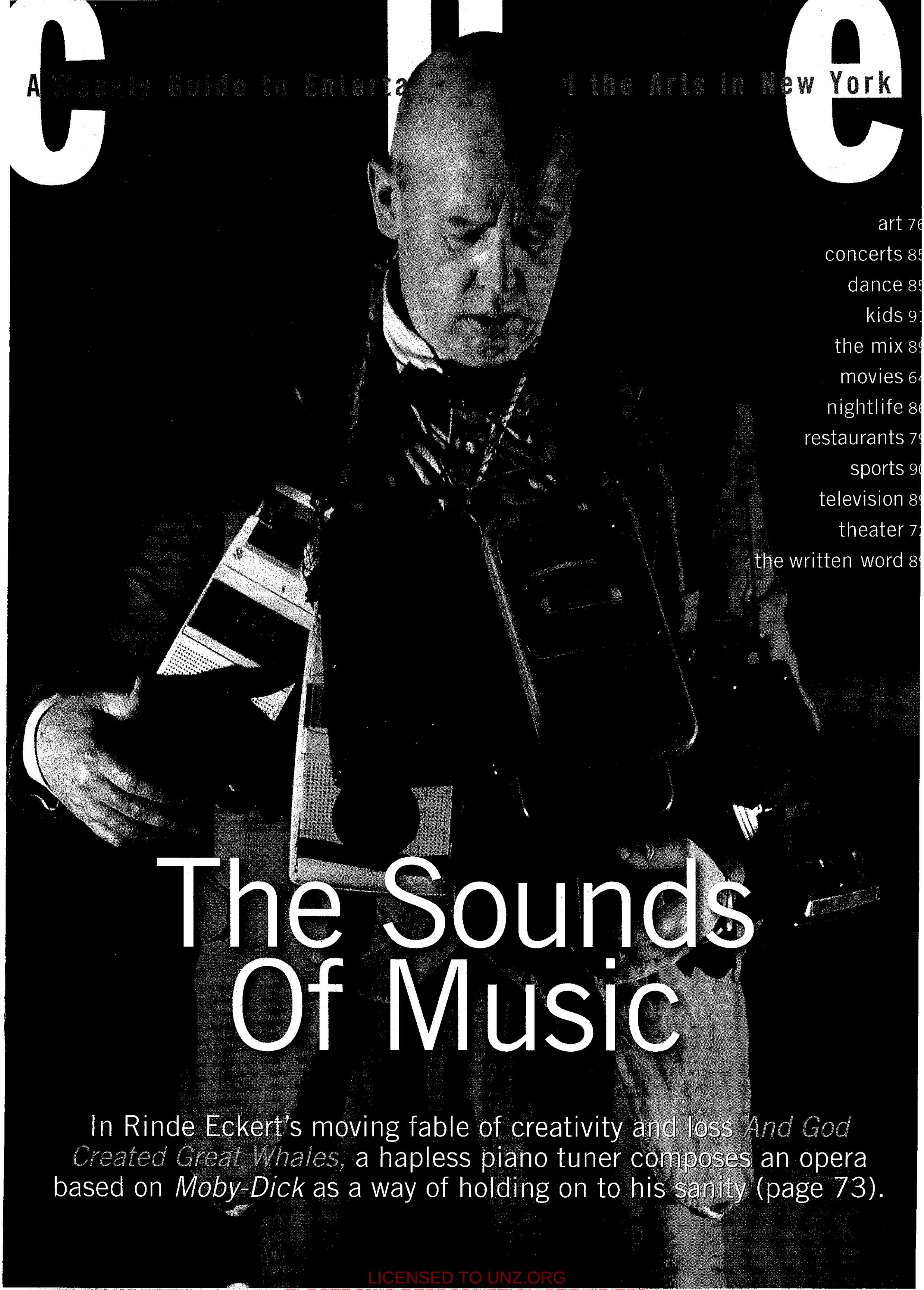
A Weekly Guide to Enterta[illegible] the Arts in New York



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The Sounds Of Music

In Rinde Eckert's moving fable of creativity and loss *And God Created Great Whales,* a hapless piano tuner composes an opera based on *Moby-Dick* as a way of holding on to his sanity (page 73).

movies

Shooting Gallery...*The Decalogue*...*Whipped*

New Films

Aimée & Jaguar—The true story of Lilly Wust and Felice Schragenheim (Juliane Kohler and Marie Schrader, respectively), who were lovers in the middle of Nazi Germany despite the fact that one was a member of the Jewish underground and the other an exemplar of Nazi motherhood. Based on Erica Fischer's best-selling book of the same name. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Alice and Martin—Andre Téchiné has one of the most rapturous film techniques around, but this *amour fou* is mostly play-act passion. Alice (Juliette Binoche) is a violinist in Paris who gets turned on by the turmoils of Martin (Alexis Loret), a male model who is running away from his past. Both actors have an opaqueness that undercuts the lyricism. (Rainer; 7/31/00) (1 hr. 33 mins; PG) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

An Affair of Love—Frédéric Fonteyne's film—originally titled *Une Liaison Pornographique*—involves two strangers (Nathalie Baye and Sergi Lopez) who meet through a personal ad in order to explore their mutual fetish. Instead of watching their kinky pecadilloes, we're privy to several long monologues about how lonely love can be for urban dwellers. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Art of War—Wesley Snipes plays a superspy who must save the world from a conspiracy that just might conquer the United Nations. (1 hr. 57 mins; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Autumn in New York—Winona Ryder plays a dying young woman who is romanced by silver fox Richard Gere in this drippy, luxe love story directed by Joan Chen. It's pretty terrible all around. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack—Music legend Ramblin' Jack Elliott, the epitome of the folkie singing cowboy and compadre of Woody Guthrie, was born Elliott Adnopoz, the son of a Brooklyn Jewish doctor. This documentary, which was lovingly directed by his daughter Aiyana Elliott, traces his screwy ramble of a life. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Bittersweet Motel—A documentary following the foggy, blissed-out antics of the *Uber*-hippie musical outfit Phish. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Bless the Child—Maggie O'Connor (Kim Basinger) just doesn't have time on her hands to consider the supernatural—that is, until she takes under her wing an autistic newborn (Holliston Coleman) whose soul is caught up in a metaphysical battle between the forces of good and of evil. Jimmy Smits plays the FBI agent with an encyclopedic knowledge of all things occult. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Bring It On—A band of shrill, pom-pom-shakin' cheerleaders don't quite know how to react to their new team member: a street-smart punk (Eliza Dusku) imported from Los Angeles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl

Festivals

Shooting for the Stars

Asked what his company's M.O. is, Eamonn Bowles, president of Shooting Gallery Films, replies, "Global domination and art-house distribution." The Shooting Gallery Film Series, launched earlier this year, is an attempt to present hitherto-unseen independent movies to nationwide audiences by way of Loews Cineplex Entertainment. "Basically, we find six films we think critics will stand behind, and then we find corporate sponsorship to pay for advertising. Since we have a firm financial undernetting, we can take chances with what films we present." Last spring, they struck gold with *Croupier,* which has already grossed over $4.5 million and is still in select theaters around Manhattan. Bowles says he and his colleagues check out thousands of films, "looking for movies that will have mass appeal. But," he adds, "they must be good. We're not looking for cookie-cutter films." The fall season kicks off with *Titanic Town* (starring James Loughran, Ciaran Hinds, and Julie Walters), a grueling family drama from *Notting Hill* director Roger Michell, and later, *A Time for Drunken Horses,* the directorial debut from Bahman Ghobadi, the first assistant director on Abbas Kiarostami's *The Wind Will Carry Us.* Beyond that, on September 29 the Shooting Gallery presents Jason Priestly's directorial debut, *Barenaked in America,* a behind-the-scenes glimpse into the lives of Canadian rockers the Barenaked Ladies. Does the Shooting Gallery actually think this combo could equal a box-office bonanza? "Jason Priestly is actually a *very* interesting man," Bowles says, "and he's a lot more serious than you'd think. Sure, he did *Beverly Hills, 90210,* but he also starred in *Love and Death on Long Island.*" And Barenaked Ladies *did* sing "One Time." The Shooting Gallery Fall Film Series kicks off September 1.

DEREK DE KOFF

Photograph by Liam Daniel

'CUE' COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL ROSEGG

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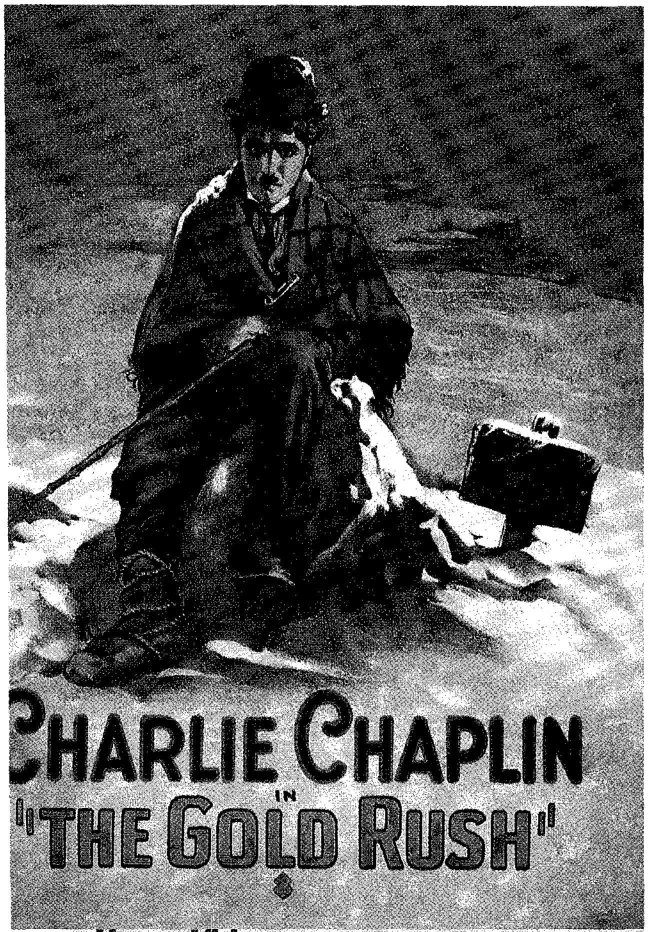
And At Theatres Everywhere

(Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Cinemart.*

Catfish in Blackbean Sauce—Chi Muio Lo plays a Vietnamese-American young man who, despite being gung-ho for hip-hop, has some serious relationship problems with his fiancée, an African-American (Sanaa Lathan). (1 hr. 50 mins; PG-13) *CC Village East; BAM Rose Cinemas.*



Home Video
The Mother Lode

The DVD revolution should mean that archive-quality classics are readily available at low prices, but with all the poor transfers from lousy prints out there, it's still too easy to get ripped off. Fortunately, new releases of Charlie Chaplin's sound and silent gems—ten disks in all, including 'The Gold Rush,' 'The Kid,' and 'Monsieur Verdoux'—set an impressive standard for DVD quality. In some cases, like Chaplin's sublime 'City Lights,' the DVD looks better than the 35-mm. print you'd see at a revival house. That said, avoid all previous Chaplin DVD releases. (Image Entertainment; $29.99 each.)

Cecil B. Demented—John Waters's new movie stars Melanie Griffith as a movie queen with a diva-sized ego who is kidnapped by a guerilla film director, Stephen Dorff's Cecil B. Demented, and terrorized into starring in his movie. His crew, the Sprocket Holes, are a gaggle of weirdos; their Yippie-style chants call for the destruction of bad cinema. Waters tosses out some funny ideas here, and Griffith, as a combination gorgon and den mother, is incongruously funny. But this satiric attack on Hollywood garbage isn't much of a feat, filmmaking-wise, which sours the satire. Waters, in his public appearances, remains his own best creation; his movies are almost superfluous by comparison. (Rainer; 8/21/00) (1 hr. 28. mins; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Coronet; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Cell—A child therapist (Jennifer Lopez) who's involved with a revolutionary research program is politely invited into the mind of a comatose serial killer (Vincent D'Onofrio) in the hopes of rescuing his latest victim. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Chicken Run**—The Bristol, England-based Aardman Studios have fashioned their first feature-length claymation movie, and it's a pip: a prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egg-layer *Stalag 17*. The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot*. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Chuck & Buck—Buck (Mike White) is a 27-year-old man-child who sucks lollipops and listens to old LPs; Chuck (Chris Weitz), his childhood friend, is a successful L.A. record executive. When Chuck attempts to reunite with his old chum by moving close to him and stalking him and propositioning him, the film turns into a demento erotic thriller. Unfortunately, Chuck is the inner-child hero of the piece, and what's disturbing about him soon dissipates. It's as if we were meant to take dear old Norman Bates as Huck Finn. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Coyote Ugly—An aspiring songwriter from Jersey (Piper Perabo) comes to New York to Make It and, as so often happens in a Jerry Bruckheimer movie, ends up wriggling on a bartop with a bevy of other Barbies while unshaven men slaver and whoop. By comparison, *Flashdance* seems like *Copenhagen*. Dreadful. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Crew—Four curmudgeons (Burt Reynolds, Seymour Cassel, Richard Dreyfuss, and Dan Hedaya) attempt to hoodwink the manager of the retirement home in which they live. Directed by Michael Dinner. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much-underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist–mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Quad Cinema.*

Fastpitch—Jeremy Spear's documentary about the all-but-forgotten game of fast-pitch softball. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

Gimme Shelter—The 1970 documentary by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin about the Rolling Stones at Altamont is still compelling, but it's structured as a nightmare symbol for the demise of the Love Generation, which seems bogus. The tragedy at Altamont, in which a Hell's Angels enforcer stabbed a gun-wielding fan to death—three other fans died there—had a lot more to do with greed and bad planning than with the wrath of God. The film does present, however, the best full-scale portrait of Mick Jagger in his pansexual prime. (Rainer; 8/21/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Girl on the Bridge**—Patrice Leconte's stylish, opportunistic romance mixes up everything from Fellini and Ophuls to forties film noir and fairy tales and occultism. Daniel Auteuil plays a has-been knife-thrower, and Vanessa Paradis is his new recruit in the act. They have an intriguing Svengali-Trilby thing going on, and the knife-throwing scenes are so rattling that you leave the theater grateful you weren't nicked. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.*.

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while, at the same time, presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

God's Army—Richard Dutcher's film is the very, very earnest tale of a young Mormon teenager (Brandon Allen) who moves from Kansas to Los Angeles to work as a missionary. He soon finds a tough though good-hearted mentor in Elder Dalton (Dutcher). (2 hrs.; PG) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Godzilla 2000—This authentic Japanese installment, twenty-third in the saga, finds that incorrigible reptile with the glued-on dorsal fins battling a brand-new nemesis: Orga (a.k.a. Giant Alien Millennian). (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Hollow Man—Hollow movie. Kevin Bacon plays a mad scientist who gets even madder when he injects himself with a serum that causes him to become invisible without, as it turns out, the prospect of once again being visible. Director Paul Verhoeven doesn't play this material for its fun, lowdown voyeuristic possibilities; he seems more intent on allegory. The film ends being

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nowhere; it's neither Plato nor porno. Most of the time we're stuck in the top-secret lab with Bacon as he fumes and fidgets, which seems a waste of a promising premise. Elisabeth Shue and Josh Brolin co-star, matching dullards. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic book about a saintly stoner. The director, Alison Maclean, has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Love & Sex—Kate (Fanme Janssen) is a jaded twentysomething who's *totally* over dating—until that kinky, responsible ex-boyfriend reenters her life. Hmm . . . maybe she should give it another shot? (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Madadayo**—See Rainer, page 70. (2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

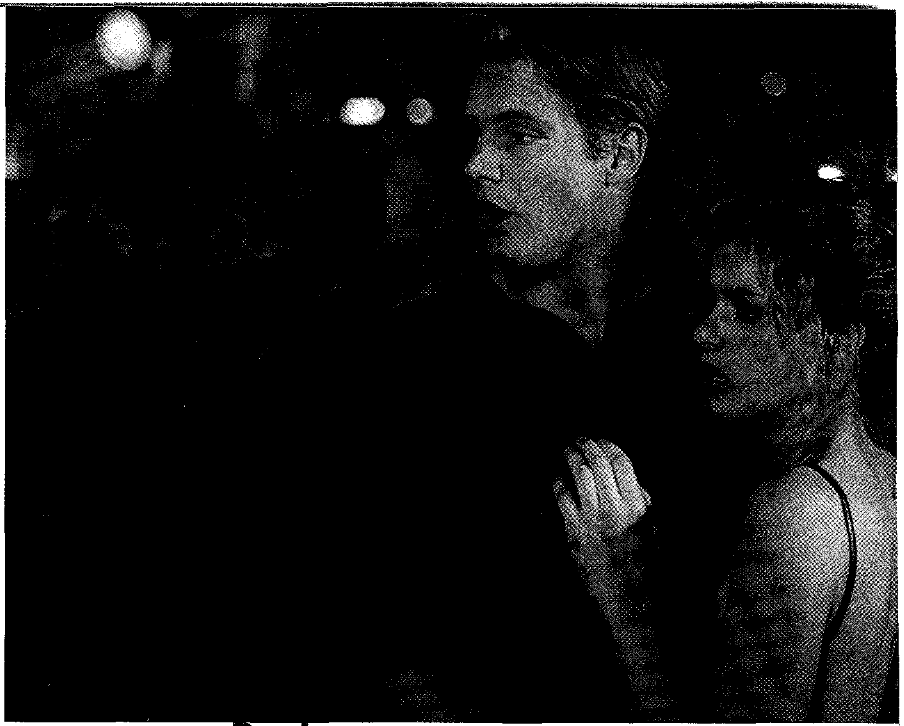
Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond–ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves isn't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Most Terrible Time in My Life—A hardboiled private detective (Masatosi Nagase) kicks some major ass in this Japanese update of the Mike Hammer novels. In Japanese with subtitles. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

★**Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps**—Eddie Murphy once again divides himself up into an entire family, and he gives an extraordinarily rich performance in what is otherwise a gross out teenpic. His ripening artistry deserves a better movie. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Original Kings of Comedy—Spike Lee takes a swing at the stand-up-comedy concert genre, documenting the talents of Steve Harvey, D. L. Hughley, Bernie Mac, and Cedric the Entertainer. (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep asking yourself why these men are risking so much when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*



Preview

For Peet's Sake

It's the battle between the sexes again, this time with bawdy Amanda Peet (pictured, with Brian Van Holt) playing for the fairer side. In *Whipped,* three best buddies spend their weekends reeling in the chicks and comparing notes—that is, until the chic and mysterious Mia bats her eyelashes in their direction. All three go instantly gaga, but she expertly parries their every lecherous move. Seems like she must have a moral lesson to teach them. Something about maturity and respect. That sort of thing. Opens September 1.

Photograph by John P. Johnson.

Place Vendôme—Catherine Deneuve plays the alcoholic widow of a debt-ridden gem dealer in this moody, well-paced drama directed by Nicole Garcia. Deneuve seems to have grown into her world-weariness: She's radiantly sodden here. (Rainer; 8/38/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable return to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Psycho Beach Party—Charles Busch stars in and cowrote this satire about a 16-year-old beach babe (Lauren Abrose) who suffers from multiple-personality dosorder and might be a cold-blooded killer. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Replacements—This movie deserves a historical footnote for being the most rabidly anti-union movie in memory. Gene Hackman is a football coach who is brought in during a pro-league strike to shape up a team of replacements headed by quarterback Keanu Reeves. The scabs are all goony and lovable and the pros are all pond scum. (Rainer; 8/28/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Whitestone; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Saving Grace—Brenda Blethyn stars as Grace, a dottering old widow who, faced with a huge debt and the possibility of losing her house, comes up with a scheme to transform her garden into a veritable hemp highway. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire—Two brothers (Derick and Steven Martini) with funny names just want to meet the right women and settle down. And, of course, they do. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Solomon and Gaenor—A young Orthodox Jewish boy (Ioan Gruffudd) and a miner's daughter (Nia Roberts) have an ill-fated love affair in 1911 Wales. Nominated for Best Foreign Language Film at this year's Academy Awards. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Space Cowboys—Clint Eastwood stars in and directs this over-the-hill-gang buddyfest starring himself, James Garner, Tommy Lee Jones, and Donald Sutherland as ex–Air Force pilots who, 40 years after they were screwed by NASA, finally get their shot on a space mission. (They have to fix a Russian satellite!) It's genial at times, but the movie-star cronyism gets in the way of your enjoyment, and theres no bliss in this film's view of outer space. The old astronauts might as well be day laborers at the planetarium. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Steal This Movie!—Vincent D'Onofrio plays Abbie Hoffman in this scattershot, hero-worshippy movie that doesn't do justice to the man who played the clown prince of political activism. The film seems at times to compete with its own hyper subject; it rarely settles down, and the agitprop set pieces are flimsy. D'Onofrio's performance is a real cascade of emotion, but the director, Robert Greenwald, keeps fracturing it. (Rainer; 8/28/00) *UA Union Square.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Starring Ralph Fiennes in three diffrent roles. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs.; NR) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

The Tao of Steve—In Jenniphr Goodman's directorial debut, Donal Logue plays Dex, a way-overweight rogue who still manages to be lucky with the ladies despite his size-44 jeans. Greer Goodman plays Syd, the one woman who's seemingly insusceptible to his charms. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance, set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

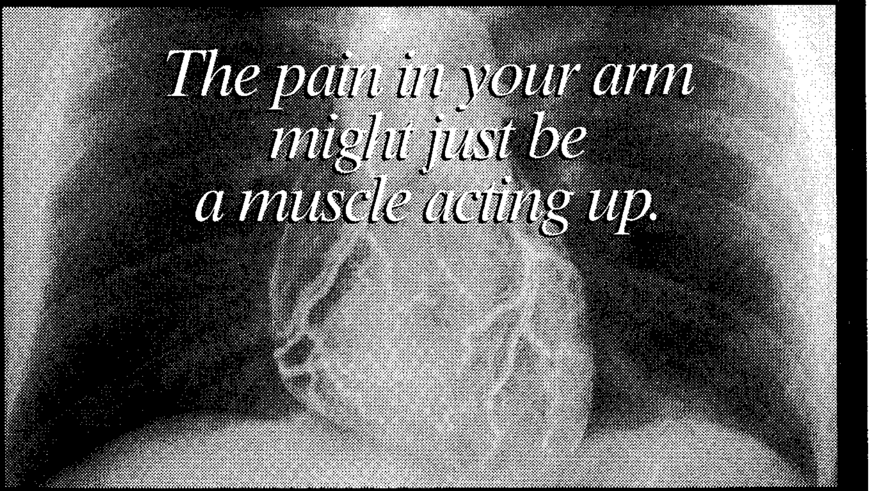
★**What Lies Beneath**—Crude scare-picture pulp done up in big-movie-star trappings. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a woman who believes the inherited Vermont home she shares with her scientist husband (Harrison Ford) is spook-infested. The director Robert Zemeckis draws on a whole stable of woman-in-peril warhorses, from *Gaslight* to *Wait Until Dark*; he lifts from Hitchcock and *Fatal Attraction* and much more. The results are effective without being very interesting: It is not such a great achievement, in the end, to make audiences jump on cue; even the teen horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. But Michelle Pfeiffer's performance is something to see. Terror seems to turn her wraithlike. (Rainer; 2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Wonderland—Michael Winterbottom puts a lot of kitchen-sink realism to work on a rather shopworn multi-story scenario about all the lonely people looking for love in the big city, in this case South London. Gina McKee and Shirley Henderson put some spice in the gruel. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

★**X-Men**—Bryan Singer's cinematic transciption of the Marvel Comic mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.



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CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Cecil B. Demented; The Girl on the Bridge; The Opportunists; Saving Grace; Smiling Fish & Goat on Fire; The Tao of Steve.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) *Catfish in Blackbean Sauce; The Cell; Chuck & Buck; The Crew; Fastpitch; Wonderland; X-Men.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Bittersweet Motel; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Jesus' Son; Madadayo.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave. (777-FILM#603) *Autumn in New York; Blood Simple.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Gimme Shelter; The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Photograph courtesy of New Yorker films.

Revivals

Thou Shalt Attend

Ten hours. Ten commandments. One Labor Day. Those who find the traditional barbecue a touch on the unrefined side are encouraged to attend the Screening Room's all-day Labor Day marathon screening of 'The Decalogue,' Krzysztof Kieslowski's brilliantly mordant take on the Ten Commandments. For those of us with serious ADD, two episodes are being screened each week for the next five weeks, starting September 1. The marathon takes place September 4.

Loews Village—66 Third Ave. (50-LOEWS#952) *Bless The Child; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; The Kings of Comedy; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Aimée & Jaguar; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; I'm the One That I Want; Psycho Beach Party.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) *Benjamin Smoke; Croupier; The Most Terrible Time in My Life.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bring It On; Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Love & Sex; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Ran; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Steal This Movie!.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *The Art of War; The Crew; Gladiator.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Cecil B. Demented; The Cell; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Bring It On; X-Men.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Bless The Child; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; The Original Kings of Comedy; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Butterfly; The Cell; Saving Grace.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Crew.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Solomon and Gaenor.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *The Perfect Storm; Spent.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *God's Army.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *American Psycho; Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Frequency; Road Trip; Small Time Crooks.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *The Art of War; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; Scary Movie.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Cecil B. Demented; Space Cowboys.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; High Fidelity; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shaft; Small Time Crooks.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Place Vendôme.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Bring It On; Coyote Ugly; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; The Replacements.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Autumn in New York.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Bring It On; Croupier; Girl on the Bridge; The Opportunists; The Original Kings of Comedy; Sunshine; The Tao of Steve.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Autumn in New York; X-Men.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Bless The Child.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *The Art of War; Bless The Child; Blood Simple; But I'm a Cheerleader; The Cell; High Fidelity; Hollow Man; The Original Kings of Comedy; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shaft; Small Time Crooks; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Saving Grace.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Art of War; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; X-Men.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Love & Sex.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Art of War; Space Cowboys.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Bring It On; The Cell.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Alice and Martin; An Affair of Love; Croupier; RiFiFi; Shower; The Tao of Steve; The Wind Will Carry Us.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Art of War; Hollow Man; The Original Kings of Comedy; The Replacements.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Bless The Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Bless The Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Bring It On; Cecil B. Demented; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Saving Grace; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Art of War; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Art of War; Bless the Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Pokémon The Movie 2000.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) *Catfish in Blackbean Sauce; Saving Grace; The Tao of Steve.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Bless The Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Art of War; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; The Cell; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Saving Grace; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; Hollow Man; The Replacements; X-Men.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; The Replacements.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Bless The Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Butterfly; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Scary Movie.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Original Kings of Comedy; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bless the Child; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *The In Crowd; Kunwara; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Bless The Child; Chicken Run; Gladiator; I'm the One That I Want; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shower; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Bless The Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Sunshine.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Autumn in New York; The Replacements.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Autumn in New York; Saving Grace.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; The Kings of Comedy.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bring It On; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *The Art of War; Bring It On; The Cell; Godzilla 2000; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Bless The Child; Bring It On; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; The Cell; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Autumn in New York; Bless The Child; Bring It On; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *The Art of War; Bless The Child; Bring It On; Hollow Man; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Art of War; Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Bring It On; The Cell; Coyote Ugly; The Crew; Godzilla 2000; Hollow Man; The Kings of Comedy; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950's." 9/2: *The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T* (1953); *Star Spangled to Death* (1957–1960). 9/3: *The Searchers* (1956); *Pull My Daisy* (1958); *The End* (1953). "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." 9/2–9/3: *The Bicycle Thief* (1948). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—8/29: *Cotton Mary.* 8/30: *Topper.* 8/31: *La Ciudad.* 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Film Forum—Through 9/14: "The Golden Age of the Foreign Film." 8/29: *Rome, Open City* (1946); *Paisan* (1946). 8/30: *The Seven Samurai* (1954). 8/31: *Los Olvidados* (1950); *The Exterminating Angel* (1962). 9/1–9/2: *The 400 Blows* (1959); *Jules and Jim* (1961). 9/3: *The World of Apu* (1959); *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (1964). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

The Screening Room—"Weekend Classics." 9/3: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—8/29-8/31: *Raging Bull* (1980); *Chalk* (1996). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 seniors.

Revivals

Captain Trips

Prepare to muscle through throngs of bongo-bashing, puffy-eyed Jerry Garcia fanatics: *The Saragossa Manuscript,* making its grand return to the Screening Room, was the hyperdelic musician's all-time fave. A mainstay of the counterculture set, the 1965 Polish film tells of a young sea captain (Zbigniew Cybulski, pictured with Joanna Jedryka) who travels to Madrid only to encounter two Moorish princesses who reveal to him myriad New Age confidences. Begins September 2.

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Archive, NY.

theater

Rinde Eckert . . . *Wyoming* . . . Daisy Eagan

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Vicki Lewis and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing in Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3.

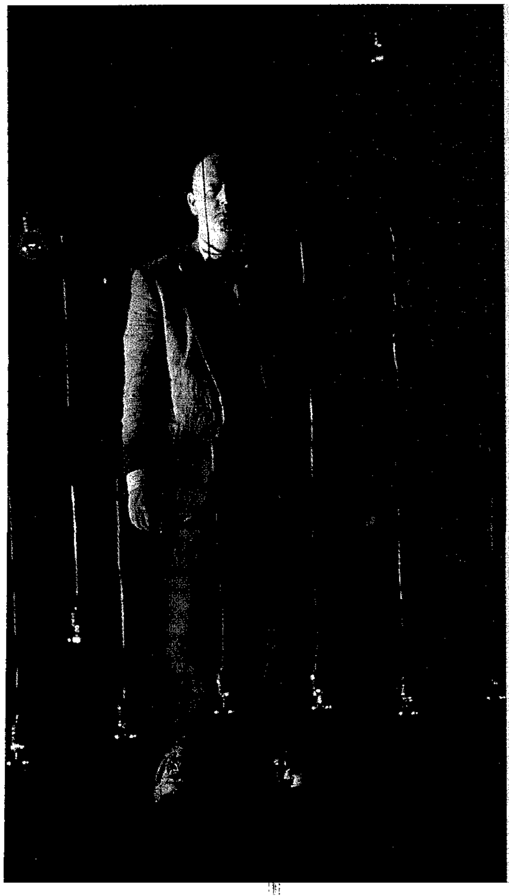
In Previews

Young and Restless

"I've been tempted to write one-woman-performance stuff," says 20-year old Daisy Eagan, "something that would show my perspective on the world and the business: You know, 'Won a Tony Award and all washed up at 11.' That's not true—but it's a very good spin for a show." In 1991, she became the youngest actress ever to win a Tony Award, for her role in *The Secret Garden*. Now, after nine years of sporadic performances, she's back onstage, starring in Stephen Spoonamore's romantic drama *Where Everything Is Everything*. Eagan (pictured, with co-star Paul Sparks) plays three characters: Tracy, a New York graphic designer who falls in and out of love with Dan, a financial consultant; a woman who works in Dan's office; and Tracy's imaginary alter-ego. Eagan says returning to the stage has been difficult—and not just because of her new roles. "I left *Secret Garden* because my mother was sick with cancer," she says. "She passed away when I was 13. I really struggled a lot up until 18 or 19. People couldn't accept the fact that I wasn't still 11, and my friends didn't know what to do with me. I did all that normal teenage stuff—I died my hair purple, smoked cigarettes, did all that." Eagan adds, "I didn't know if I wanted to be in this business and have this kind of life, but I guess I've sorted through all that stuff." Now she's determined to revive her stage career, even if it means playing to audiences many decades older than herself. "I think the marketing just isn't geared toward the younger generations," she sighs—and then there's the price: "If I have to choose between a $9 movie and a $70 play, I'm going to the movies," the Park Slope native explains. "I'm a stage actress, but I gotta pay my rent." Previews begin August 30. (See "Off Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL

Photograph by H. Bogdonavich/CPR-Group, Inc.



Previews
White Wail

Buoyed by rave reviews of his June opening at Dance Theatre Workshop, lapsed opera singer Rinde Eckert (pictured) will revive 'And God Created Great Whales'—one of the season's most exciting and accomplished performance pieces. For just five weeks at 45 Bleecker, Eckert will play a twisted character who is all his own: a gifted but bumbling piano tuner who attempts to compose an opera based on 'Moby-Dick,' while losing his mind and memory. Inspired by his muse, played by Nora Cole ('Jelly's Last Jam,' 'On the Town'), the tuner relies on dozens of color-coded tape recorders to refresh his mind, alternately singing, mumbling, shouting, and rambling in a performance of suprising grace and humor. Previews begin August 30. (See "Off Broadway.")

Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

The Man Who Came to Dinner—One of the American theater's funniest farces, this play is much funnier than the same Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You*, because it is less good-natured, and amiableness is not what farce is about. The Roundabout Theatre Company has bravely inaugurated its new home, the American Airlines Theatre, with this capital farce, and in Nathan Lane they have found the right man for a risky role. The character is semi-Lane, semi-lion, and the actor nicely adds the bitchy fierceness to his customary campiness. There is not a weak link in the large cast. William Ivey Long's costumes, Paul Gallo's lighting, and especially Tony Walton's set that cunningly mirrors the auditorium's somewhat faded splendor are no less on the mark. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York with a more global feel, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $35–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

And God Created Great Whales—Rinde Eckert's terrific production about a piano tuner who attempts to compose an opera based on *Moby Dick*. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. Previews begin 8/30 for a 9/6 opening. Through 10/1. *45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

Blithe Spirit—Nöel Coward's comedy about death and marriage. $28–$35. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 8/31 for a 9/11 opening. Through 10/15. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues—This Tony-nominated musical about the history of the blues has been scaled down to fit inside the 499-seat B.B. King Blues Club. This new production features three of the original Broadway performers. $50. Mon.–Wed. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *B.B. King Blues Club, 243 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Street of Blood—As part of the Henson International Festival of Puppet Theatre, the NYTW presents a "prairie gothic epic" about Hollywood, vampires, homophobia, and karaoke by Ronnie Burkett, one of Canada's premiere puppeteers. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/7 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Now Playing

Anonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—A new revue directed by Hal Simons, with musical direction by Eric Stern, who conducted the Kurt Weill celebration at BAM. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/10. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Place (212-532-8887).*

Cyrano de Bergerac—Fresh from successful productions of *The Comedy of Errors* and book one of *The*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Onstage

Back in Blue

'It Ain't Nothin' But the Blues' is back, in a smaller version, at B.B. King's new pad on 42nd Street. Now seven singers and a band, including three members from the original 1999 Broadway cast (Ken Page and Gretha Boston, pictured), will run through blues standards like "Sweet Home Chicago" and "The Thrill is Gone." (See "Off Broadway.")

Iliad, the Aquila Theatre Company presents Edmond Rostand's nosy classic. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/17. *Clark Studio, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-279-4200).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

Don Juan in Hell—The Irish Rep presents a dramatic reading of the third act from George Bernard Shaw's 1903 *Man and Superman.* Donal Donelly, Celeste Holm, James A. Stephens, and Fritz Weaver star. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 9/17. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon., and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Godspell—Lookout, J.C. Superstar, there's another Messiah downtown. $45–$50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Imperfect Chemistry—A new musical comedy about genetics and male-pattern baldness with book and lyrics by James Racheff and story and music by Albert M. Tapper. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political-comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play, complete with live action b-ball and former Knick City dancers. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Julius Caesar—To crown Shakespeare in the Park's season, David McCallum plays the regal Caesar. Dennis Boutskiaris, Jamey Sheridan, and Jeffrey Wright round out the cast. Barry Edelstein, who recently helmed *The Misanthrope* and *The Alchemist,* directs. Through 9/3. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—The Laramie Project, presented by Moisés Kaufman's Tectonic Theater, is a terrific piece of theater, history, and life in the heartless heartlands, concerning the horrific death of young Matthew Shepard at the hands of two very young Laramie gay-bashers. You will be held in rapt attention by this in-depth examination of just about every aspect of the background and foreground of the event, as seen and heard through the eyes and mouths of numerous witnesses, neighbors, indifferent or impassioned fellow citizens, media persons, family members, direct and indirect participants. Nowadays, when every piece of dreck receives standing ovations, you should not miss a theatrical and human event that deserves standing up for, with applause or, better yet, silently, taking an important lesson profoundly to heart. (Simon: 5/29/00.) $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Manchild in the Promised Land—A stage adaptation of Claude Brown's classic autobiography, set in 1950's Harlem. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 9/2. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, now transferred from a successful run at the Algonquin Hotel. Featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Mon.–Wed., Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Reprise Room at Dylan's, 245 W. 54th (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

The Soul of an Intruder—Steve Braunstein's play about a woman involved in a perplexing love triangle returns after a successful 1995 run. $20–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2. Through 9/30. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Spinning Into Butter—Rebecca Gilman's new play is a brave, honest, intelligent, and important play, which mitigates its being only intermittently well-written. It concerns racism by the educated white, liberal woman dean of a small Vermont college but also reverse racism by a Puerto Rican student who aggressively puts the would-be helpful dean, Sarah Daniels, on the defensive. It reveals the hypocrisy of various types of whites who claim to be concerned anti-racists—but it ultimately also attacks political correctness, the no-win situation into which the fictional Belmont College, like so much of America, has steered itself. Spinning Into Butter is a play that, lapses and all, demands to be experienced, reflected upon, and, if possible, digested. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/16. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 9/3: Teri Garr, Sanaa Lathan, and Julianna Marguiles. 9/5–9/24: Ana Gasteyer, Mercedes Ruehl, and Brooke Shields. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Why We Don't Bomb the Amish—Twenty-one year-old comedienne Casey Fraser riffs on subways, David Koresh, the Amish, and United Nations shindigs. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

33 Swoons: A Portrait of Anton Chekhov—Chekhov in the renovated, but hardly reformed, porn palace. Mon.: "Undiscovered Chekhov" and "On the High Road." Tues. and Wed.: "Complete Chekhov Vaudevilles" and "Chekhov Sketchbook." Thurs.: *The Seagull.* Fri.: *Vanya on 42nd St.* $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Biotech—Theater for the New City's twenty-second street theater production introduces "Dick Tater," a genetically modified chauvinist tuber. Free. Sat. and Sun. at 2. Through 9/17. *Various locations, (212-254-1109.*

Blitzkrieg—A tuneful hasidic wrestler on a mission from god sings and wrings necks in a rowdy cabaret show followed by more burlesque. $20. Tues. at 7:30. *Club One51; 151 E. 50th St. (212-753-1144).*

Chicago City Limits Turns 20—Celebrating twenty years of shtick. $20. Wed–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *City Limits Theater, 1105 First Ave., near 60th St. (212-888-5233).*

The Cradle Will Rock—You've seen the Tim Robbins movie; now see a new production of Mark Blitzstein's lefty 1937 musical onstage. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/19. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Midtown International Theatre Festival—Because two major Off-Off Broadway festivals just aren't enough. Nineteen productions, all a short walk from Times Square. $12. Through 9/3. For schedule, call 212-279-4200.

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

Natural Born Pop: 20 from the 20th Century—Highlights of the Pure Pop festival at Nada Classic include Ian W. Hill's fusion of *Apocalypse Now* and *Jungle Book,* titled *Even the Jungle;* Mark Spitz's "The Hobo Got Me High"; and the first theatrical Ed Wood festival. $8.88–$14.99. Call for schedule. Through 10/9. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow (800-965-4827).*

The Personal Equation—To kick off the third year of the Playwrights Theater of New York Eugene O'Neill series, which aims to stage all of O'Neill's works, the theater presents his 1915 drama, written while the playwright was a college student. Free. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. (212-998-5801).*

Propaganda Plays—Micah Shraft's new play spans twenty-five years to link an unlinkely bunch: a high school teacher and his student; a stepson and his new stepmother, and a genetics genius and a journalist. Trip Cullman directs. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 8/30 for a 9/9 opening. Through 9/23. *Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).*

Queen Esther: Unemployed Superstar—A Fringe graduate who made, um, good. This is Esther's solo show about a woman's journey from 1970's casino diva to burnt-out junkie. $12. 9/1 and 9/8 at 8:30. *Joe's Pub at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—Harry Hotspur battles Henry IV in Jerry McAllister's new adaptation, *H4.* Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

Wyoming—Marylouise Burke stars with Rosalyn Coleman and Camilla Enders in Catherine Gillet's new play about thee women who escape from a mental institution and go gonzo through the great state of Wyoming. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Previews begin 8/31 for a 9/14 opening. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (212-873-9050).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Previews On the Road

In Catherine Gillet's new play, *Wyoming,* three women escape from a mental institution and go gonzo on a cross-country road trip. Marylouise Burke (pictured, right, with Camilla Enders, center, and Rosalyn Coleman) has some experience with mental illness. She'll be making her first stage appearance since winning a Drama Desk award for her frenzied portrayal of the kooky mother in *Fuddy Meers.* Previews begin August 31. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Dave Cross.

art

Prendergast's Parks...Italy's Beach Culture

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Laurent de Brunhoff—The original watercolors for the new Babar book, *Babar and the Succotash Bird*; through 9/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

Shirley Goldfarb—Abstract, mainly monochromatic paintings from the sixties and seventies when she was living in Paris; through 9/23. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Linda Daniels/Tamara Gonzales—Paintings of decorative forms arranged over grid compositions/Paintings and installations that use the rainbow as a central image. Through 9/9. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Chelsea

Melissa Richard/Gilbert Flores—Abstracted landscapes on paper and wood panel that incorporate poured paint, monoprinting, and heavily impastoed passages of paint, wax, and other mediums/Drawings in black enamel on paper of vignettes that can be read as portraits or wholly abstract. Through 9/9. Moore, 140 W. 30th St. (212-279-8977).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arsenal—64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (212-360-3410). "Making Concessions: A Pictorial History of Commercial Enterprises in New York City Parks, 1870–2000," a survey of concessions as documented by vintage and contemporary photographs, renderings, postcards, models, and a vendor cart; through 8/31.

Ganz—25 E. 73rd St. (212-535-1977). Drawings and monotypes by Brown, Crowder, Hede, Hesse, Plimpton, Rockburne; through 9/15.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 25 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshaw, Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Siena, Wright; through 8/31.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embody the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, restraint, and universality—by Akutsu, Collins, Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, others; through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135). "The Poetic Landscape," images of, or suggesting, serene, summery places, by Avery, de Groot, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Gallace, Katz, O'Keeffe, Porter, Schueler, Sugimoto; through 9/30.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). "Summer 2000," paintings by Katz, Mangold, Murray, Riley, Ryman, Samaras, Tapiès; sculpture by Chamberlain, Judd, Shapiro, Smith; through 9/16.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, N.J., among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, and ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Beitzel—102 Prince St. (212-219-2863). Works by Beerman, Hammond, Heeks, Hristoff, Lucero, Messer, Mull, Porges, others; through 8/31.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Fung—537 Broadway (212-334-6242). "Pix," works by Blue, Braine, Churchill, Dikeou, Feldshuh, Kong, Proctor, Surek, Welsh, others; through 9/23.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (212-334-1100). Paintings of New York City views by Kelsey, Reist, Sera, Sokolov; through 9/23.

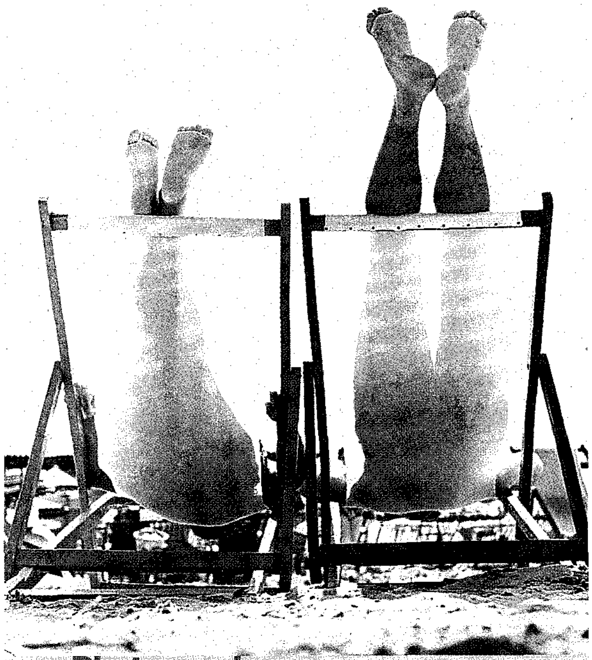
Kind—136 Greene St. (212-925-1200). "Furry and Feathered Friends," works depicting animals by Copley, Finster, Podhorsky, Ramirez, Rowe, Tolliver, others; through 9/9 (gallery will be closed through 9/4).

Teller—568 Broadway (212-941-7335). Paintings and works on paper depicting New York's Lower East Side and dating from 1906 to 1993, by Barr, Dehn, Gropper, Harari, Marsh, Sloan, R. Soyer, others; through 8/24.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Paintings by Cynthia Carlson; "conversation exhibit" of paintings by Jenny Scobel and sculpture by Susan Mastrangelo; projects by Birgit Ramsauer, Joe Ovelman, Steve Spretnjak, Barbara Westermann; through 8/27.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.



Photography
Beach Bums

The country that invented paparazzi also spawned a wave of postwar photographers devoted to its seaside culture. "Spiagge" gathers the fifties-through-seventies surf-'n'-sun images of Giuseppe Bernardi, Nino Migliori, Vittorio Ronconi (above, 'Relax,' 1961), and other Italian lensmen whose work has not been exhibited in the United States. At Keith de Lellis, 47 East 68th Street; through September 9.

Photograph courtesy of the Keith de Lellis Gallery.

Senior & Shopmaker—21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767). Works by Armajani, Calle, Lobe, Mapplethorpe, Marsh, Maul, Phelan, Smith, Welling; through 9/15.

Tibet House Cultural Center—22 W. 15th St. (212-807-0563). "Art Treasures From the Land of Snows: Selections From the Tibet House Repatriation Collection," gilt bronzes, *thangkas* (paintings), ritual objects, and photographs; through 9/22.

Photography

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of works by the videomaker, theorist, photographer, and political activist, being held in conjunction with a related exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (see "Museums"); through 10/1. . . . "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African-American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African-American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Firooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by this photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-size Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Mexican Cultural Institute—27 E. 39th St. (212-217-6423), Mon.–Fri. 10-5. "Otras Cosas: Mexican Modern Abstractions," an exhibition presented by Throckmorton Fine Art of works by L. Alvarez Bravo, M. Alavarez Bravo, Amero, Covarrubias, Jiménez; through 10/10.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Liz Rideal—Collages of photobooth strips depicting fabric being tossed in the air; through 9/8. Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sat. 10–6; Sun. noon-6. $4, $2 students and seniors (free Tues.–Fri. 12–2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business Is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, Redon; through 7/29/01. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Eat, Drink, and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times." The history of the two beverages as told through art, artifacts, and paraphernalia from the wine and grain-producing regions of the Mediterranean and the Near East; through 11/5. . . . "Moritz Daniel Oppenheim: Scenes From Frankfurt's Jewish Past." Fourteen *grisaille* (monochromes in shades of gray) paintings by the German Jewish artist (1800–1882), from his series "Pictures of Traditional Jewish Family Life"; through 10/19. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition of African art; through 9/3. . . . "The Beginning of Baroque: Carracci at the Metropolitan." Paintings, prints, and drawings made between 1580 and 1610 by Annibale, Agostino, and Ludovico Carracci from the museum's collection; through 9/17. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." A selection of recent acquisitions of early drypoints created by the German artist between 1914 and 1922; through 1/7/01. . . . "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the New England modernist (1858–1924); through 10/22. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless-steel sculptures displayed on the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Ground Rules:

During the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

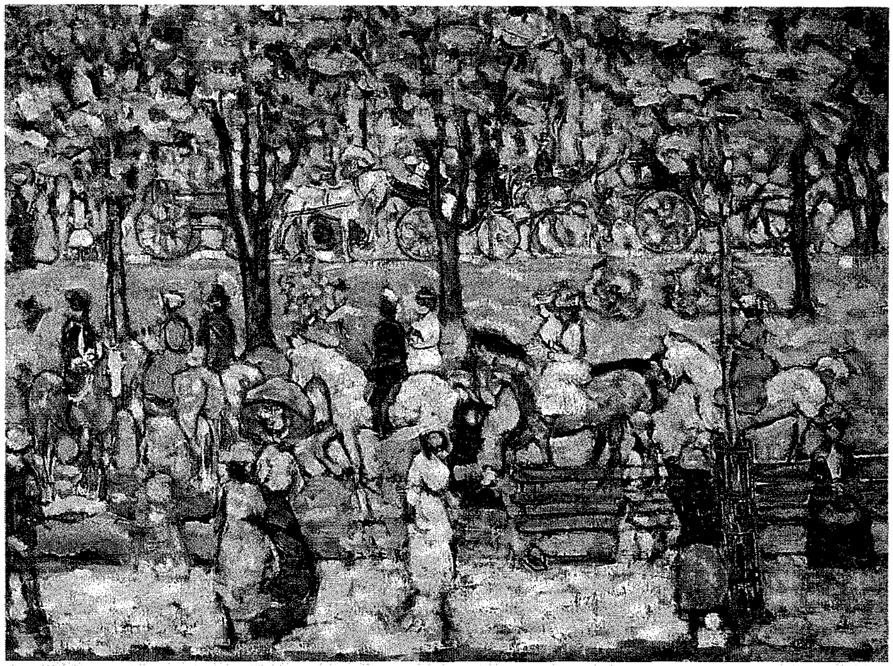
Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "Anatomically Incorrect"; through 9/26. . . . "Home Movies"; through 9/26. . . . "How Simple Can You Get?";



On View How about Sundays in the park with Maurice? "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art" offers a chance to see the museum's entire holdings of paintings and drawings by the Newfoundland-born, Boston-raised Postimpressionist (1858–1924), who was known for his charming scenes of leisure in Paris, Venice, Boston, and New York (above, *Central Park,* probably painted between 1908 and 1910). At 1000 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; through October 22.

through 9/26. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "Modern Living 2"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Paris Salon"; through 9/26. . . . "The Rhetoric of Persuasion"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Storytelling, From Thumbnail to Finish." Works in a broad range of media by the faculty of the School of Art and Design, each one accompanied by documentation of its progress from idea to realized work; through 9/16. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Drawings by Charles Addams." A rotating selection of drawings by the *New Yorker* cartoonist; through 6/30/01. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and group sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings that complement the artist's sound works; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. . . . "*To Conserve a Legacy* Interactive Kiosk." A digital exhibition featuring images of and information on works in the traveling exhibition "To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities," which is currently installed at the Clark Atlanta University Art Gallery and the High Museum of Art in Atlanta; through 10/6. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified.*" A new work commissioned by the museum that allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. . . . "In Depth: Recent Print Acquisitions." Prints by Burgoyne Diller, Donald Judd, Louise Nevelson, and Richard Tuttle; through 11/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 8/23 at 2: "Shelf Sale." On view from 8/19.

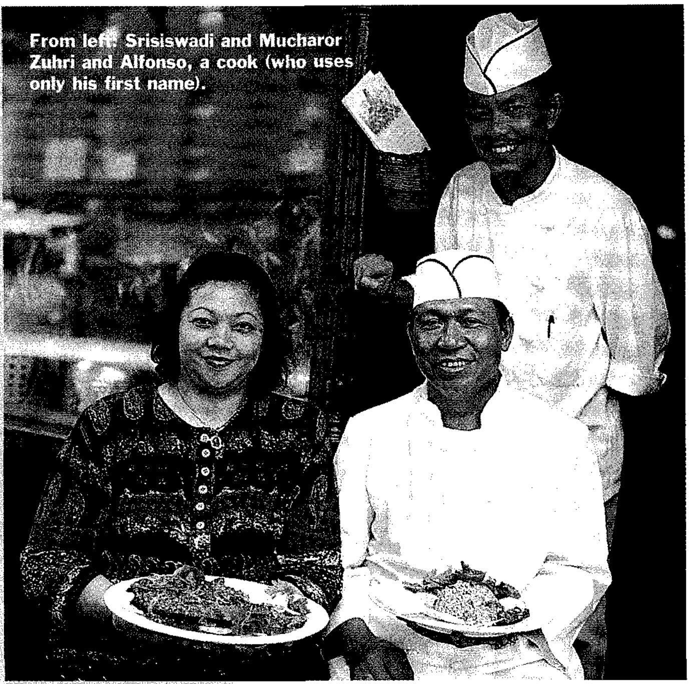
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

restaurants

Color War...The Telera...L.I. Eats

Opening

Talking Bakso



From left: Srisiswadi and Mucharor Zuhri and Alfonso, a cook (who uses only his first name).

Sumatra, Sulawesi, and Java aren't just coffee varietals—they're three of more than 15,000 islands that make up Indonesia, a Southeast Asian country more famous (in the States, at least) for its caffeine crop than for its cuisine. Nusantara, the ornate restaurant that attempted to introduce us to exotica like goreng and gado-gado a dozen years ago, eventually went out of business, but it left some entrepreneurial ex-employees behind: A waitress went on to open Bali Nusa Indah in Hell's Kitchen, and this month, one of the original chefs, Mucharor Zuhri, opened Borobudur Café in the East Village, where his wife helps cook and his teenage daughter tends the register between classes. "Everyone comes here for our bakso," he says, playing up the mild-flavored meatball-noodle soup. Even better are the slender skewers of chicken satay slicked with a peanut paste less cloyingly sweet than most. And to indulge the assimilated tastes of American-born Indonesians, Zuhri offers "American pub food" like chicken wings and fish and chips, a style of cooking he undoubtedly mastered at his other gig, moonlighting at Chumley's. (128 East 4th Street; 212-614-9079.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bari—Downstairs, this perpetually bustling café attracts SoHo shoppers taking time out for cappuccino, sandwiches, and a view of the always entertaining street scene. Ascend the spiral staircase for a more substantial meal in the loftlike dining room, which features a woodburning oven and grill and dishes like spice-rubbed duck breast with bok choy, crispy roasted halibut, and broiled asparagus with browned Parmesan and bread crumbs. *529 Broadway, at Spring St. (212-431-4350). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Montrachet—No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

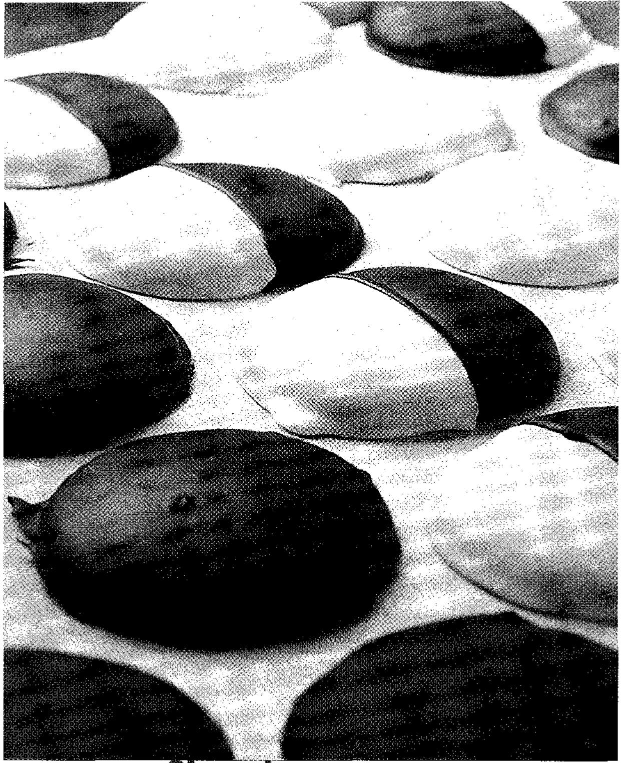
Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.



Shopping

Politically Incorrect

Is nothing sacred? Must everything be segregated and homogenized? Perhaps it's so, now that the ecumenical black-and-white cookie has gone partisan. We're not sure who would choose the all-vanilla versions over the all-chocolate ones at Chelsea Bagel & Bakery, but according to a diplomatic counterman, "they're both delicious." (544 Sixth Avenue, near 14th Street; 212-206-6255.)

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tastings
And Another Thing . . .

No, I did not haunt the farmer's markets, happily cooking dinner every night on my ten-day writing retreat in East Hampton as I'd fantasized. After a day rearranging words on my laptop, I needed to escape the cottage. And I was curious to explore a few new spots I'd not had time to cover last month in "Ask Gael, Hamptons Edition" (July 31). There is only a fifteen-minute wait midweek at Phao (pictured; 62 Main Street, Sag Harbor; 631-725-0055), with its civilized intimations of Thai jungle on Sag Harbor's Main Street—time for a Saketini and a snack of wasabi-crusted peas. Though I miss an authentic chili-pepper *pow*, there's a wonderful tang in the hot-and-sour prawn salad. And all of us are pleased with the crunchy avocado-flecked green-mango salad, a pleasant pad Thai, the red snapper deep-fried whole, and duck in a red curry sauce with pineapple and green grapes. Folks like to bring their offspring to Georgica Grill (47 Montauk Highway, East Hampton; 631-329-9821) because the menu has something for every taste, from burgers and baby-back ribs to a fairly decent duck quesadilla, plus there's a philanthropic $21.95 prix fixe. I wasn't swept away by most of what I tasted, but I plan to return, park myself at the bar, and order the best pizza I've tasted yet in the Hamptons—sweet sausage, tomatoes, and mozzarella on a crispy thin crust. Is Old Stove Pub's wantonly charred $35 steak really the best slab of cow in the Hamptons? Well, it's big enough for the two of us, and a serious contender. (Though not even sour cream can save these leaden baked potatoes from shame.) Of course, I'm sentimental because the last time I ate in this venerable farm house, I was with the man who made it famous, Craig Claiborne. (3516 Montauk Highway, Sagaponack; 631-537-3300.)

GAEL GREENE

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $20 prix fixe dinner. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (212-869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

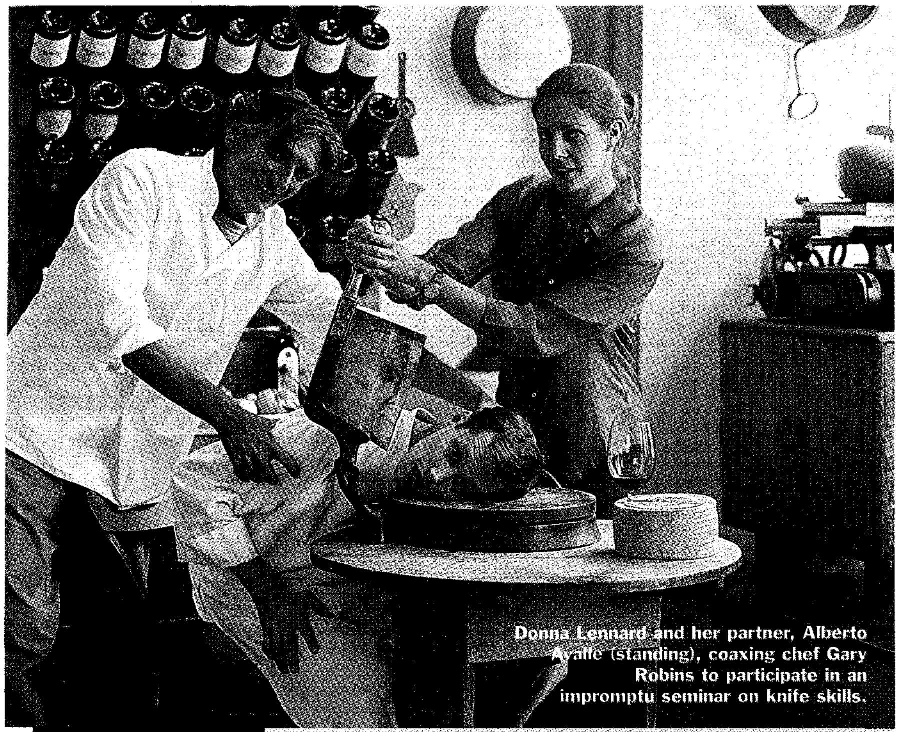
Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Donna Lennard and her partner, Alberto Avalle (standing), coaxing chef Gary Robins to participate in an impromptu seminar on knife skills.

ASK GAEL

Where are the chefs hanging out now?

Alain Ducasse himself tipped me off to what fun it is having a late supper in the wine cellar of Il Buco. He got it from Le Bernardin's Eric Ripert. And I spy Gotham's Alfred Portale the very evening we are rediscovering this funky dining room with its whimsical chandeliers—explosions of frying pans, coffee pots, and potato mashers. When Il Buco's new chef quit suddenly six months ago, Gotham veteran Gary Robins (best known for his Asian-fusion high jinks at Aja and Match) offered to help out co-owner Donna Lennard, his pal, for a month or two. He's still there, organizing, upgrading, and coaching the cooks. The menu is still rustic Italian at its heart, though here and there I spot a sophisticated twist that is strictly Robins. The kitchen has never been better. For starters, try grilled baby calamari with chickpeas and watercress in green-chili-cilantro oil, tingly octopus carpaccio, cod croquettes with garlicky aïoli, and the chewy bottarga of mullet roe most of our crew loved. ("Salty wax," one of my guests described it.) A wonderful intensity of clams and parsley pesto gets ladled over bucatini. And the risotto is smartly layered with the flavors of saffron, diver scallops, crab, and lemon. A soft-shell-crab special comes with a sweet-corn-chanterelle salad and haricots verts. Our first bottle of Côtes du Rhône (Vieilles Vignes) by Roger Perrin ($35) goes so well we order seconds and a steak wearing a garland of sweet garlic to go with the lusty red. Shuttered this week while Lennard and her partner, Alberto Avalle, go off to Italy to shop for her extensive "library" of olive oils, Il Buco reopens September 6. (47 Bond Street; 212-533-1932.)

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jennifer's Restaurant—This casual Italian restaurant serving well-prepared standard and classic Italian-American dishes, including shrimp stuffed with crabmeat and linguini with whole lobster in a garlicky tomato sauce, is a welcome refuge for tourists and local businesspeople who've had it with West 57th Street's theme-restaurant circus. *117 W. 58th St. (212-397-4256). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

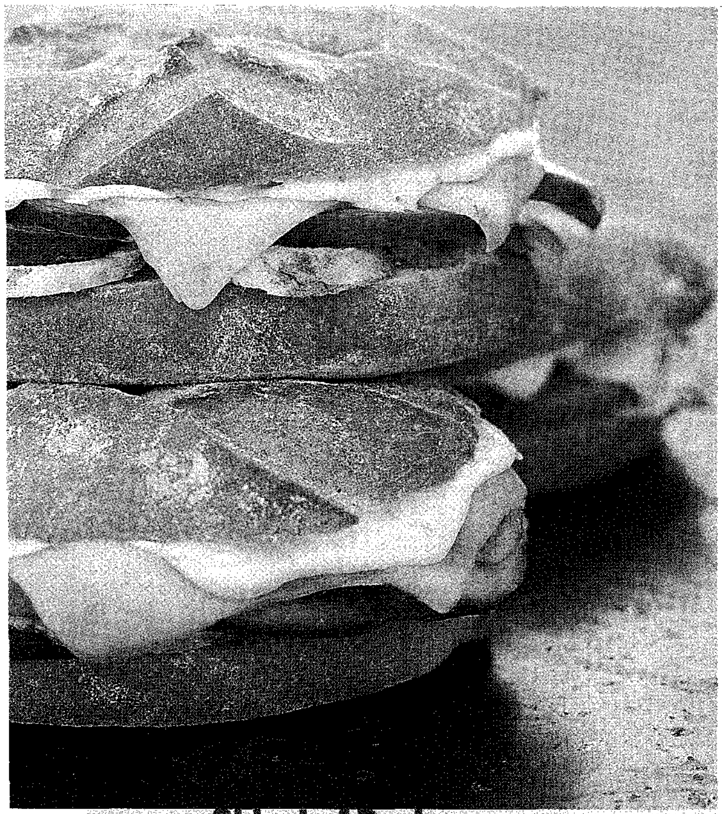
Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shelly's New York—Bronx-born, Brooklyn-obsessed, Manhattan-based restaurateur Shelly Fireman tends to make big, personal statements: the flashy neon façade of his Brooklyn Diner USA, Fireman's of Brooklyn, and this, the latest place made in his own image (in a space that was originally an Art Deco–era Horn & Hardart). Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. *104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*



Object of Desire

Do Telera

If it weren't for Mangia's early sandwich innovations, midtown office workers might still be settling for Boar's Head on rye. Its latest hit, the Telera ($7.95), which tends to sell out early, is a surprisingly manageable take on the often overstuffed, oversauced Mexican torta, piling grilled chicken breast, tomatoes, avocado, and peppery Jack cheese on a chipotle-aïoli-slathered Tom Cat Bakery telera roll. The five minutes it takes for the cheese to melt and the Mexican-style bread to crisp is entirely worth it. (16 East 48th Street, 212-754-7600; 40 Wall Street, 212-425-4040; 50 West 57th Street, 212-582-5882.)

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

in concert

Juilliard Artists...Make Mine Mozart

Preview

Urban Hymn

In 1975, when the city was hard-hit by a recession, Jonathan Hollander snared a 3,000-square-foot loft in the Financial District for $400 a month and transformed it into a studio. Six years later, his fledgling Battery Dance Company had blossomed into the Downtown Dance Festival, featuring performances by six companies this week. Battery's presentation includes a revival of the *anyone's ballet* (pictured), created in 1987 and based on the anonymous character in the eponymous e.e. cummings poem, which begins, "anyone lived in a pretty how town." It was set to a song the company commissioned from Ricky Ian Gordon, then an up-and-coming young songwriter, now known for his opera *The Tibetan Book of the Dead.* The Festival continues with the premiere of *In Familiar Stories Unforgettable Journeys* by Vietnamese choreographer Lê Minh Tâm. Sent at age 14 to the U.S. through refugee camps in Thailand and the Philippines, Tâm began training as a doctor, but changed course after seeing the exhibit of Holocaust victims' shoes at the National Museum of the Holocaust in Washington, D.C. "That was an image that burned into my mind and made me weep," he says. The work it inspired will be performed with Ellis Island in the background by eleven dancers, with yards of white silk suggesting first a boat, then ropes that drag and bind. Some dancers wear searchlights, "as if we're looking for something," he says. What Tâm found was not a homeland ("my roots and my family are Vietnamese") but freedom, and in dance, a way to express "the contradictions, the suffering, as well as the joy of having those experiences." (See "Dance.") TARA PEPPER

Classical Music

Make Mine Mozart—Trinity Church continues its summer music series with the Manhattan Chamber Orchestra performing Mozart's *Overture to Ilre Pastore* and his *Haffner Serenade.* 8/31 at 1. *Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall Street (212-602-0768); free.*

St. Bartholemew's Choir—The summer festival of sacred music continues with Mozart's *Missa Brevis in C,* for which the choir is joined by the church chamber orchestra. 9/3 at 11. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0227); free, although offerings are accepted.*

Juilliard Artists in Concert—Pianist Konstantin Soukhovetski performs Haydn's Sonata No. 20 in C Minor, Schumann's *Symphonishe Etüden,* and two Etudes by Scriabin, No. 1 in C Sharp Minor and No. 12 in D Sharp Minor. 9/5 at 12:30. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane (212-799-5000); free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Dance

The 19th Annual Downtown Dance Festival—Six companies collaborate in this week-long production. Highlights include Battery Dance Company's premiere of *Pavillion* and Gabriel Masson Dance, which performs two works. 8/27–8/31 at 12. Rain date 9/1. *Battery Park great lawn (212-807-6480); free.*

Photograph by Tom Brazil.

Simon *continued from page 58*

THEATER

ERIC BENTLEY HAS CALLED THE "DON JUAN" act from *Man and Superman* "a piece of persuasion if there is a piece of persuasion in all of world drama." In a dream act, nowadays often performed separately as **Don Juan in Hell**, Juan, the Devil, the Commander, and Doña Ana debate for some 80 or 90 minutes the advantages of Hell (art, beauty, love, pleasure) and Heaven (rational discourse and promulgation of the Life Force). The Devil, of course, defends those hedonistic amenities, whereas Juan, a true Shavian, wants none of them and heads for a thinker's Heaven. The Commander, who had become the Statue, and Doña Ana, the Lady par excellence, make their own idiosyncratic contributions to the great debate.

Shaw's mastery is manifold. He gives all four characters their particular pungency and argues each of their respective philosophies with skill and gusto. He makes clashing ideas electric and challenging; this is dialogue as wit in action, cerebration as drama emerging from four chairs. Granted one cannot, for all of Juan's eloquence, figure out what exactly is meant here by the Life Force—it seems not much more than the joy of cogitation—but the way Juan extols it and the Devil disputes it makes us attend with utmost participatory glee.

Charles Boyer in 1951, and Ricardo Montalbán in 1972, were irresistible Juans, but in the barely staged reading at the Irish Rep, Fritz Weaver is right up there with them, even if in a more oratorical way. Donal Donnelly would be a mischievously sparkly Devil if only he could read faster. (Charlotte Moore, the director, could have asked for more memorization and allowed for occasional movement to good effect.) James A. Stephens is perhaps a trifle lightweight as the Commander but has a nice, dry wit. Celeste Holm is a more feminine Ana than Agnes Moorehead was both in '51 and '72, but much of the time she just reads in a by now rather reedy voice. When she rouses herself, though, she is pleasantly sassy. The whole thing could use a little more razzle-dazzle; even so, Shaw's metaphysical drollery and acrobatic repartee come unsquelchably through.

THE REVIVAL OF THE REVUE **Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill** is Weill for beginners: Neophytes and the undemanding will benefit from it. For the more knowledgeable, two things stand out: the snazzy pianism of Eric Stern, who even looks like a Jewish Brecht; and the young Swede Bjorn Olsson. Though a baritone, he reminded me—in looks, vocal acumen, linguistic and histrionic prowess—of his great countryman, the tenor Nicolai Gedda. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

nightlife

Chick Corea...Slum Village...Jimmy Buffett

Concerts

Creed—8/28 at 8: With 3 Doors Down and American Pearl. *Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171). $27.50–$36.50.* 9/3 at 7:30: With American Pearl. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $29.50–$35.*

Dream Theater—8/30 at 7:30: With Jude. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $18.50–$20.*

Jimmy Buffett & The Coral Reefer Band—8/29 at 8. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

"Nickelodeon All That Music & More" Festival—8/31–9/1 at 5: Featuring LFO, Blaque, A*Teens, B*Witched, Hoku, Boyz & Girlz. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $15–$35.*

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill—8/31: Junior Brown; Tommy Castro. 9/1: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. 9/2: Marcia Ball. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Bottom Line—8/29: Nuyorican Poets. 8/30: Nightbirds: A Celebration of Women Performers. 9/1: Almighty Senators. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—8/30: Dem Brooklyn Bums. 9/2: Charlie Hunter. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Fez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing for Time." *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—8/29: Les Claypool's Fearless Flying Frog Brigade. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 8/29–8/30: Soul Erotica. 8/31: Second Generation Productions. 9/1: Queen Esther. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—8/29: The Novellas; Goats in Trees; Norah Jones Group. 8/30: Wax Poetic. 9/1: Kevin Coyne. 9/2: Harriet Tubman Double Quartet. 9/3: Gospel Plasma: Christ A-Go-Go 2. 9/4: Solos on Monk. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. 8/29: Greg Garing. 8/30: The Angstones. 8/31: George Gilmore and the Giblets. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—8/30: Rival Schools United by Fate; J Majesty. 8/31: Plug Sparks Sanjay; Ex Models. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—8/28: Olivia Neutron Bomb. 8/29: Depoet & the Monkey. 8/30: Goudie; Unified Theory. 8/31: The Realistics; French Kicks. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—8/28: Western Caravan. 8/29: Manana. 8/30: Bill Sims Jr. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—8/28: Larry Harlow. 8/29: Slum Village. 8/31: Byron Lee & The Dragoneers. 9/1: Sweet Micky. 9/2: Ogans. 9/3: Lagbaja. 9/4: Sonabana. 9/5: Sean Paul; Lady Saw. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 8/30: Laura Love; Antigone Rising. 8/31: Braggin' Rites. 9/1: Avail; Leatherface. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Centro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen." *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). Saturdays: Thumping tribal house and live percussionists at "Cherchez La Femme." Sundays: "Boys Nite" with D.J. Merritt. *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Performance
Hot Chick

He's best known for expressive piano playing on Miles Davis's more avant-garde albums, but when Chick Corea (pictured) performs his only U.S. solo concerts this year at the Blue Note August 29–September 3, he'll stick to material from his aptly named recent releases *Originals* and *Standards.* His surprisingly traditional program doesn't mean he's taking a break from innovation: Last year, he released an album of orchestral music called *Corea: Concerto,* and this fall he'll record another with his experimental-leaning band Origin. For that matter, his Blue Note performances won't exactly be staid. Like his legendary collaborator Davis, Corea is a fusionist at heart, so his six-night stand at the legendary jazz haunt should incorporate a wide range of influences, from the high-powered rock-jazz hybrid of his early-seventies work with the band Return to Forever to the modern interpretations of Bud Powell he recorded with bandmates Kenny Garret and Wallace Roney. But the heart of the program will be the standards themselves, which Corea interprets not as untouchable compositions to be treated reverently but as great pieces of art open to inquiry. If his success at using rock and electronic music to redefine jazz is any indication, Corea might well establish himself as a premier interpreter of standards. (See "Jazz.") **ETHAN BROWN**

Photograph by Wajid.

Performance

It Takes a Village

Their name seems to indicate a tendency toward ghetto fabulosity, but Detroit hip-hop crew Slum Village (pictured) come out of the left-field tradition of De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest. Their intricately funky sound might be difficult to replicate live, but their emphasis on creating a party vibe should carry them through their August 29 performance at S.O.B.'s anyway. (See "Small Stages.")

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Fun—This sprawling, bilevel, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese anime, a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

Guernica—Its days as low-rent after-hours haunt Save the Robots a thing of the past, Guernica makes a bid for good neighbordom with upscale loungey fare and hipster D.J. nights. Fridays: Eclectic beats, from house to disco, from D.J. Greg Poole at "Slippery." Saturdays: "Funky Sensation" with D.J. Qool Marv. Sundays: Deep house with "Frosted Booty Beats." *25 Ave. B (212-674-0984).*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass, Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Spa—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office zhlubs, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 9/1: Carl Cox. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

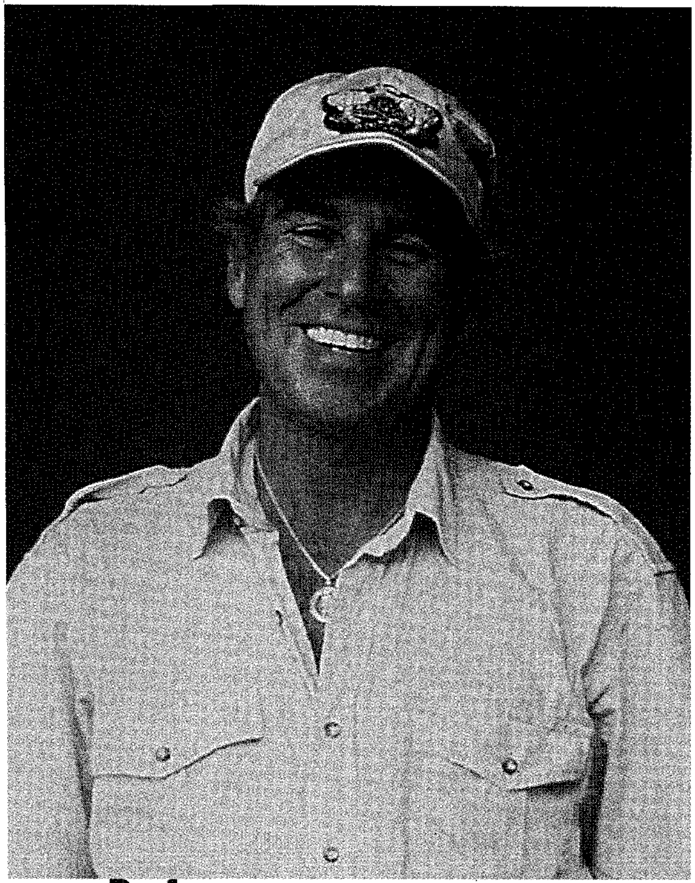
Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 8/30: John Stubblefield; Quiet Fire featuring Virgil Jones. 8/31–9/2: Javon Jackson; Lenny White; Dave Kikoski; Lonnie Plaxico. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 8/29–9/3: Chick Corea Solo; John Lewis Quartet. 9/4: Roland Guerin Quartet. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. Open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*



Performance
Beach Heads

With books, albums, and constant touring, Jimmy Buffett (pictured) has created a cottage industry as large as the Grateful Dead's. His fans' devotion also rivals that of the Dead, as does his ambitious touring schedule, which includes Jones Beach on August 29. (See "Concerts.")

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 8/28: Renaud Penant Trio. 8/29: Type II. 8/30: Vinson Vallega & Friends. 8/31: Matt Hong Quartet. 9/1: Vista Jazz Quintet. 9/2: Marriott Jazz Quintet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 8/29–9/3: Antonio Hart Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 8/29: Meredith d'Ambrosio. 9/1–9/3: The Sonny Fortune Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 8/31: Lynne Arriale Duo. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 8/29: Tony Trischka. 8/31: ICP Orchestra. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/29–9/3: Jacky Terrasson Quartet. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum. 8/29: Christine Nagy. 8/30: "Chicks With Shticks;" "Ha Ya Doin.' " 8/31–9/3: Craig Shoemaker; Paul Mooney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 9/3: Colin Quinn; Wanda Sykes; Godfrey; Mitch Fatel; Greg Giraldo; Billy Burr; Greer Barnes. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun.: New Talent Showcase. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 8/30: Robert Klein. 9/1–9/2: Angel Salazar. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Through 9/2: Howard Fishman. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11:00: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 9/2: Gay & Lesbian Stand-up & Musical Comedy Fest. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 9/9: Marc Salem. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

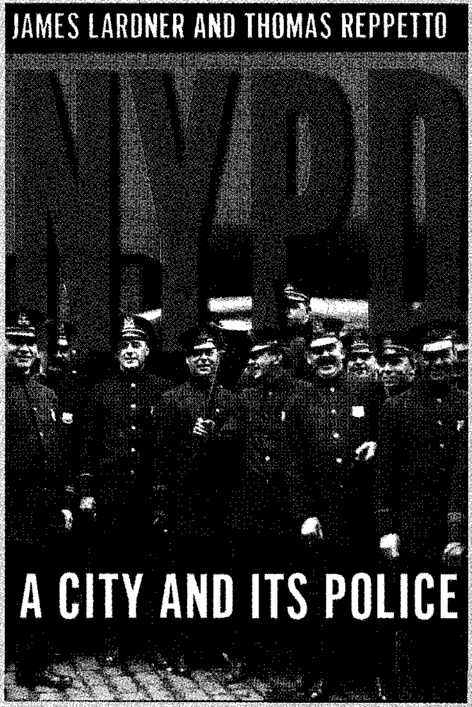
Photograph by Ray Stanyard.

the mix

American Bloomsbury...Washington Square Art

In Print

Blue Man Group



We civilians might like to imagine that the police force operates according to the mandates of our elected officials. Not so, according to James Lardner and Tom Reppetto. In *NYPD,* Lardner, a former cop in Washington, D.C., and Reppetto, once a police commander in Chicago and for the past twenty years president of New York's Citizens Crime Commission, argue that since its earliest days, the NYPD has received only reluctant direction from the city and has "been left to sort out many of the most difficult questions for themselves." Which makes sense when you consider the organization's history. "In the nineteenth century, police in New York lived in barracks—a great place for legends to grow and to tell people how to behave," says Reppetto. "It also was and is a very different type of work than work at any other municipal agency; something like the army in terms of its ethos and its separation from civilian life." For example, while most municipal departments have a lot of turnover, cops tend to stick around. "There have been police commissioners in office for as few as 23 days," Reppetto points out. "A typical cop will stay on the force for 23 years." And many cops feel a heightened sense of unity with fellow members of the force because they've known them their entire lives. "When I was a boy in Chicago, half the neighborhood went on to the police or the fire department. Most people come at it that way. Even if their parents aren't on the force, they know lots of people on it," says Reppetto. "It's still the family business."

ARIEL LEVY

John Leonard's TV Notes

American Gypsy: A Stranger in Everybody's Land (8/29; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is the inside story of Romanis in America, from the point of view of a disaffected car dealer in Spokane, Washington, who was badly treated by the local police, decided to go to court and the media about it, was then ostracized by his own secretive community, and so agreed to cooperate with a "gadje" (the non-Gypsy filmmaker Jasmine Dellal). So we get not quite enough in this P.O.V. installment about the history of a people who left India a thousand years ago, and more than we may want to about Jimmy Marks, who seems to love the camera more than he does the wife whom he allows to smoke but otherwise treats like a servant.

Ming's Quest (9/31; 10 to 10:30 P.M.; Food Network) sends the chef on the road in a new weekly series that will involve alligator-hunting in Florida, lobster-boating in Massachusetts, and ostrich-farming in Texas; after each adventure he prepares one of his Emmy-winning East-West signature meals while I've switched to the Weather Channel.

Split Screen (9/4; 8 to 8:30 P.M.; IFC) sends indie-film gadabout guru John Pierson all the way to Fiji, where he shows some avant-garde stuff to locals in a movie theater in the middle of a rain forest, after which they swap indigenous rituals. Come October, this series will change formats to spend most of its time interviewing directors, producers, and screenwriters like Walter Bernstein, Buck Henry, and Christine Vachon.

Child Stars: Their Story (9/4; 9 to 11 P.M.; A&E), executive-produced by Melissa Gilbert and Tony Dow and narrated by Hayley Mills, looks at the kids who had to grow up in front of a camera and millions of strangers, from Jackie Cooper and Patty Duke to Fred Savage and Malcolm-Jamal Warner to Danny Bonaduce and Sara Gilbert. Have I mentioned Margaret O'Brien? What about Lukas Haas? Home movies, archival footage, round-table discussions, pop psych.

Lectures and Panels

"Inner and Outer Peace Through Meditation"—9/1 at 7:30 P.M.: The Science of Spirituality hosts a public talk by Sant Rajinder Singh. St. Bartholomew's Church, 109 E. 50th St. (800-942-0839); free.

"Human Rights and International Law Before National Courts"—9/6 at 2 and 4:15 P.M.: Cherie Blair, a distinguished barrister and wife of the British prime minister, will participate in an Anglo-American dialogue considering recent practice, current trends, and future directions. New York University School of Law, 40 Washington Sq. South.

The Written Word

Kathleen O'Shea—8/28 at 7:30: Reading from her new book *Women on the Row: Revelations From Both Sides of the Bars.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Place (212-420-1322); free.

Gordon Nathaniel Lederman—8/29 at 7:30 P.M.: The author discusses his new book, *Reorganizing the Joint Chiefs of Staff: The Goldwater-Nichols Act of 1986.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Catherine Bush and Sylvia Brownrigg—8/30 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their new books *The Rules of Engagement* and *Ten Women Who Shook the World,* respectively. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Tours

Queens Jazz Trail—9/2 at 10 A.M.: A five-hour tour of "The Home of Jazz" led by singer Coby Knight, part-driven and part-walked, with stops including Corona, the Benjamin Rosenthal Library, the Armstrong Archives, and the Addisleigh Park homes of Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, and others. The tour culminates in a soul-food luncheon buffet and live jazz concert. Meet at Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd., Queens (718-463-7700, ext. 222); $75, $65 students and seniors; reservations required.

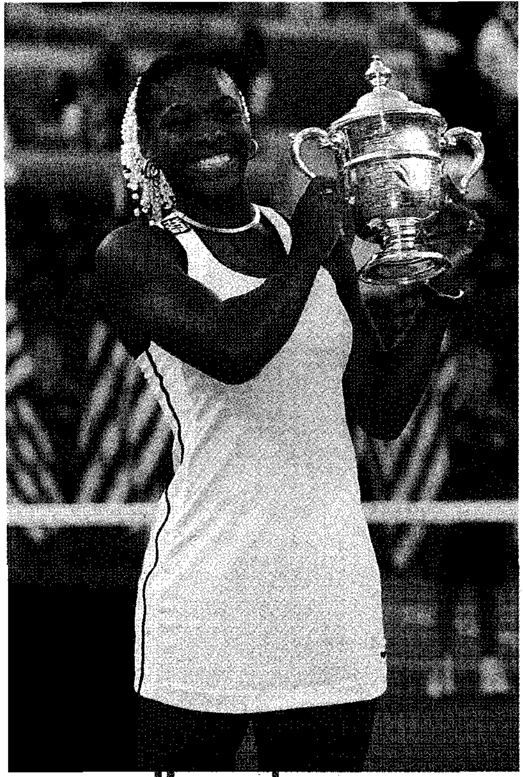
The American Bloomsbury: Gramercy Park—9/2 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour of the elegant New York neighborhood focusing on its architecture, history, and sites associated with personalities like Babe Ruth, George Bellows, and Edith Wharton. Meet at the southwest corner of Broadway and 20th St. (732-270-4277); free.

Immigrant New York—9/2 at 1 P.M.: A tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and areas that were formerly Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa, with stops including the African Burial Ground and Mulberry Bend. Meet at the southwest corner of Broadway and Chambers St. (212-439-1090); $12, $10 students and seniors.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
GIANTS							ARZ FOX 1 P.M.
JETS							GB CBS 4:15 P.M.
YANKEES	SEA FOX 10:05 P.M.	SEA MSG 10:05 P.M.	SEA MSG 10:05 P.M.		MIN MSG 7:05 P.M.	MIN MSG 4:45 P.M.	MIN MSG 1:05 P.M.
METS	ARZ FSNY 7:10 P.M.	ARZ FSNY 7:10 P.M.	ARZ FSNY 7:10 P.M.		ATL WPIX 8:10 P.M.	ATL FOX 1:10 P.M.	ATL WPIX 12:10 P.M.
METROSTARS						MIA TBA 7:30 P.M.	
	8/28	8/29	8/30	8/31	9/1	9/2	9/3



Happening

Net Start-up

Tennis-tour marketing executives keep fretting that they don't have any young male stars to compete with Tiger Woods or the Rock. That might be a problem in the national TV ratings wars. But this is New York, where genius is appreciated for its own sake. We don't care that Pete Sampras isn't a stand-up comic; the man just wins. And if you need charisma with your crushing ground strokes, there's the radiant Serena Williams (pictured), who will be defending her U.S. Open title just as the city's shrinks return from vacation to help her deal with that sibling-rivalry thing. From August 28 to September 10. (See "Sports" for details.)

Radical Lovers Tour of Greenwich Village—9/3 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour focusing on the notable couples who left their mark on the history of Greenwich Village, including John Reed and Louise Bryant, Emma Goldman and Ben Reitman, and free-love advocate Victoria Woodhull. Meet at the corner of MacDougal St. and Washington Sq. North (718-492-0069); $10.

Greenwood Cemetery Tour—9/3 at 1 P.M.: A tour of Brooklyn's Victorian cemetery, renowned for its architecture and the many famous people buried within. Meet inside the main entrance at Fifth Ave. and 25th St., Brooklyn (718-469-5277); $6.

Events

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—9/2–9/4, noon–6 P.M.: A semi-annual art celebration featuring works by artists from the U.S. and Canada, in various media: watercolor, photography, sculpture, and fabric, on display and for sale. University Pl. and various cross-streets, map of exhibits available at the Information Booth at University Pl. and 8th St. (212-982-6255); free.

A Close Look at China—9/6–9/15, noon–8 P.M. daily: The first cultural celebration of its kind from the People's Republic of China features fashion shows that cover 2,000 years of Chinese clothing; masterworks of sculpture, pottery, and jade; and a travel exhibit that showcases sites like the Great Wall, the "Peking Man," and the Imperial Palace of the Ming and Qing dynasties. Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, 655 W. 34th St. (212-843-8031); free.

Benefits

Wyclef Jean Foundation Benefit—9/6 at 8:30 P.M.: Last year's event was attended by Bono, Quincy Jones, Naomi Campbell, Tommy Hilfiger, Joan Osborne, and George Clinton. This year's festivities include dinner, dancing, and Wyclef Jean's first full performance from his new album *The Ecleftic*. All proceeds go toward developing "Clef's Kids," a sponsorship program in which children and young adults chosen for their talent and dedication in music and the fine arts are provided with new instruments, private lessons, monthly activities, and a mentor to offer guidance in all areas of life. Copacabana, 617 W. 57th St. (718-522-7171); $500 per seat.

Exhibitions

"Madison Avenue Goes to Washington: The History of Presidential Campaign Advertising"—8/29–9/3 at 2 P.M.: Since Eisenhower's spots "Eisenhower Answers America" aired in 1952, American presidential hopefuls have accepted the end of the whistle-stop campaign and understood the paramount importance of their television appearances. From a 1960 ad in which Jacqueline Kennedy detailed JFK's virtues in Spanish to Ronald Reagan's 1984 "It's Morning Again in America" spots, this screening series traces the commercials that have played a large part in winning and losing the American presidency. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6, $4 students and seniors.

"Forms in Motion"—Through 10/8. The first of a series of events included in the Henson International Festival of Puppet Theater this fall. The exhibit of photographs, puppets, and other material is in two segments: "Collaborative Forms" recalls the 1923 collaboration of puppet-maker Hermenegildo Lanz, composer Manuel de Falla, and playwright Federico García Lorca; "Sculptural Forms" explores the fusion of sculpture, kinetic form, and performance. The Cooper Union, Cooper Square at Astor Pl. (212-439-7556); free.

"Drink and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times"—Through 11/5. An exploration of 5,000 years of drinking culture, focusing on two of the oldest-known beverages. Organized by the Israel Museum in Jerusalem. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Sports

U.S. Open—8/28–9/10: Andre Agassi and Serena Williams try to defend their titles in tennis's final major. Weekday and weekend-evening television coverage will be handled by the USA Network starting at 11 A.M.; CBS will air weekend and Labor Day afternoon matches from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M., along with an hourlong highlight show weeknights at 12:37 A.M. Of course, the tournament is in our own backyard at the USTA National Tennis Center, in Flushing Meadows/Corona Park, where you can see for yourself whether or not they swing harder. Call 888-OPENTIX or visit www.telecharge.com for tickets.

Henry Isola Classic Four-Miler and Youth Run—9/3, at 11:30 A.M.: A cross-country trek through the Flats of the Bronx's Van Cortlandt Park, sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club. Starts at 252nd St. and Broadway, a.k.a. the Varsity Finish Line. Youths ages 14 and under can participate in a 1.5-miler, starting at 12:30 P.M. Four-miler, $3; Youth Run, $2. Register online (and get directions and other information) in advance at www.nyrrc.org or on race day in person at the start.

NFL Season Openers—9/3, Cardinals at Giants, 1 P.M. (Fox); Jets at Packers, 4:15 P.M. (CBS): Summer takes a knee, as the Giants and Jets kick off another season of football fans' most wonderful time of the year.

Happening

Take "A Close Look at China" through September 15 at the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center, where a government-sponsored festival will include an exhibition of landscape photography; a 400-piece collection of jade, stone, and wooden sculpture; and traditional and contemporary fashion, donned by Chinese models. (See "Events" for details.)

Top photograph by Russ Adams/USTA: bottom photograph courtesy of New Silk Road Models, Inc.

kids

Tugboat Fest...County Fair

Children's Events

Brooklyn in 3-D—High-tech aside, the Brooklyn Public Library has devoted an entire exhibit to the art of the pop-up book. Opens 9/23 and goes through the end of the year, after which the exhibit will travel around the borough's library branches throughout 2001. For information about the free exhibit, call 718-230-2767. Check out the book that emerged from the exhibit, **BROOKLYN POPS UP**, a marvelous 3-D depiction of the borough's greatest sites. Available in bookstores.●

Mesopotamia Remembered—In an interactive exhibit, kids use the resources of ancient times to learn about daily life before the common era. **FROM TENT TO TEMPLE: LIFE IN THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST**, a program of Yeshiva University Museum, is a fascinating sociological study using games, puzzles, and building materials. The exhibit runs through January 2001. Admission is $6 for adults, $4 for seniors and kids 5–18; youngers are free. At 15 W. 16th St. (212-294-8330).

Pokémon Live!—The first national theatrical tour of the pocket monsters that make parents go nuts on eBay will come to Radio City from 9/20 through 10/1. Tickets are $24.50–$44.50 through Ticketmaster (212-307-7171) or at the box office. At Sixth Ave. and 50th St. Call 212-247-4777 for more information.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Dancing on the Edge—The nineteenth annual **DOWNTOWN DANCE FESTIVAL** presents a stunning array of free dance events on the great lawn of Battery Park, through 8/31. For more information and a schedule of other performances, call 212-219-3910.●●

The Fair Staten Island—A splendid lineup of talent and family activities is planned for the **RICHMOND COUNTY FAIR** on Labor Day weekend. Costumed characters, clowns, puppet shows, and lots of contests—pie-eating, hula-hooping, frog-jumping, the longest zucchini and heaviest tomato—are all part of the festivities. Kids can milk a cow, shuck corn, and make butter. Performance by Johnny Maestro and the Brooklyn Bridge on 9/2 at 4 P.M. Games of chance for grown-ups. The fair goes from 9/2–9/3, from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., and 9/4 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Admission is $6, $3 for seniors and kids 6–16, youngers are free. At Historic Richmond Town, 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (718-351-1617).●

Just Tugging Along—Crews from more than a dozen of New York Harbor's tugboats will converge at the free annual **TUGBOAT FESTIVAL** at the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum. Events include a tugboat race, line-throwing competition, and a nose-to-nose pushing contest. Also check out the best-tattoo and spinach-eating contests. 9/3, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. At Pier 86, West 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. (212-957-7055).●●

Judy's Finale—Can't get in for the Labor Day parade? Try the end-of-summer version of the **EASTER PARADE**. In the final film of the Judy Garland festival of Lincoln Center's Movies for Kids, Fred Astaire gets dumped by his dance partner and hires chorus girl Judy as his new co-star. Lots of happy music by Irving Berlin and some of the best dance numbers on celluloid. 9/2–9/3 at 11 A.M. Tickets are $3. At the Walter Reade Theater, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600).●

Nesting—Using a variety of natural and man-made materials, kids can make little bird nests for their own backyards and windowsills. 9/2–9/3, from noon to 4 P.M. at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**. The cost of the workshop is $2, plus museum admission of $4. At Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060).●

Hey, Mon—It's a **CARIBBEAN CARNIVAL WEEKEND** at the Brooklyn Children's Museum. On 9/2, from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., kids can create colorful costumes and watch the Kiddies Carnival Parade from the front steps of the museum. On 9/3, from 1 to 2:30 P.M., they discover a variety of masks from around the world and then make their own. This weekend also marks the last chance to see the museum's featured exhibit, "Can You Tell Me How to Get to Sesame Street?" which closes on 9/3. Suggested museum admission is $4. At 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400).●

Get 'em Ready for English Class—The Hamptons Shakespeare Festival opens its season with a modern version of the romantic comedy **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**. Performances are through 9/3 at Agawam Park, corner of Jobs and Pond Lanes, in Southampton. Showtime is 7:30 P.M. There is a suggested donation of $10. For more information, call 631-267-0105.●

Understanding SoHo—In a walking tour of the area south of Houston Street, explore the wonders of a neighborhood that includes the lipstick district, art galleries galore, the trendiest restaurants, and shops. 9/9 at 2 P.M. Meet in front of the Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St. The tour is $12, $6 for kids. A program of **DR. PHIL'S NEW YORK WALKS & TALKS**. For more information, call 718-591-4741.

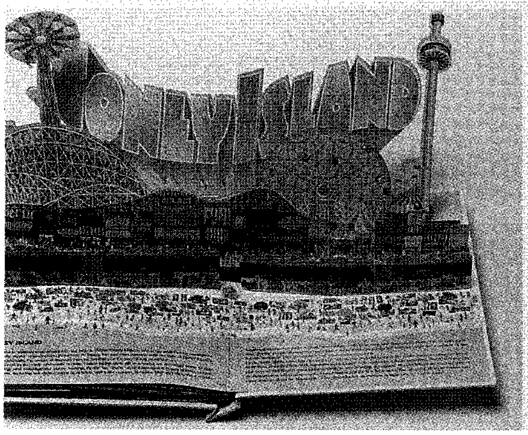
Choo-choos—Colorful model trains wind among the miniature evergreens and blooming summer flowers at the **SUMMER TRAIN SHOW** of the New York Botanical Garden. Trains ride past replicas of celebrated New York landmarks and homes of America's beloved storytellers and artists. Through 9/10 at the Everett Children's Adventure Garden. At 200th St. and Kazmiroff Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700).

Parading Around—Caribbean culture grabs hold of New York on 9/4 at the thirty-third annual **WEST INDIAN LABOR DAY CARNIVAL PARADE**. Kicking off at 10 A.M. on 9/4, the parade begins at Eastern Parkway and Utica Avenue with dignitaries leading more than 60 floats and gobs of elaborately costumed and prancing masqueraders. For more information, call 718-625-1515.●●

Mommy Call—The **NEW MOMMIES' NETWORK** offers a class on developing your child's growth through music and play. 9/7 from 10 to 11:30 A.M. Cost is $20. Dads are also welcome. At the Children's Garden Studio, 240 W. 98th St. (212-769-3846).●

Happening
Pop Goes the Borough

When I got my tonsils out in 1970, three great things happened. Jell-O and ice cream became breakfast, lunch, and dinner; Kenny, the nicest boy in my fourth-grade class, gave me a penny to make me feel better; and my Aunt Esther bought me my first pop-up book. And that's when the long love affair started. Not with Kenny, who moved on to the next damsel in distress, but with the world of movable books. Thirty years later, the Brooklyn Public Library has rekindled that flame with the perfect exhibit: "Brooklyn Pops Up! The History and Art of the Movable Book." In eight whimsically approachable displays, some of which are interactive, kids and adults learn the mechanics of paper engineering and can even peruse movable books from the sixteenth century. (One of the interesting factoids I discovered is that pop-up books are always hand-assembled, which makes the collection that much more delicate and valuable.) The library created, in conjunction with the exhibit, its own wonderful pop-up book (pictured), which depicts Brooklyn landmarks like the Brooklyn Bridge, Coney Island, and Prospect Park, with artwork by former Brooklynite Maurice Sendak and a bunch of the most prominent paper engineers today. The exhibit will travel throughout the borough's library system through the end of next year. No plans yet to make a movable Manhattan, a pop-up Queens, or a 3-D Staten Island. (See "Children's Events.") Susan Avery



Photograph courtesy of Little Simon/Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing.

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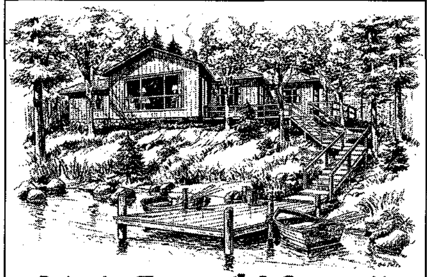

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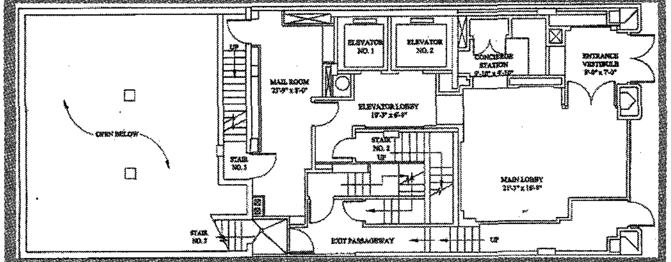

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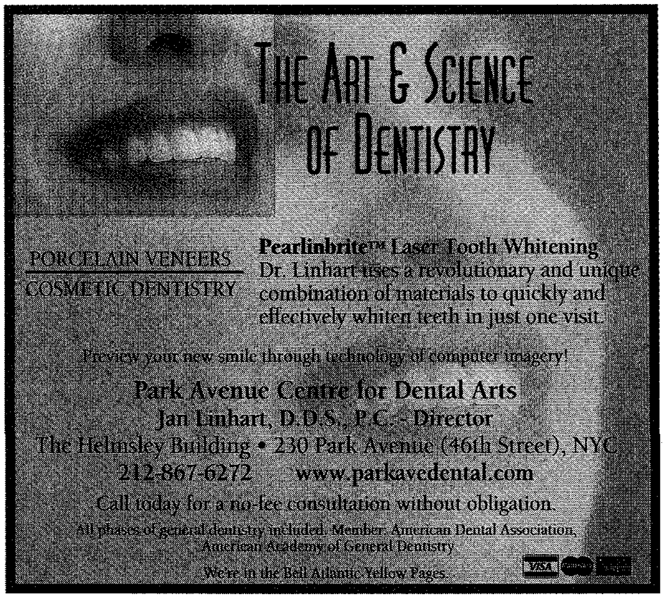

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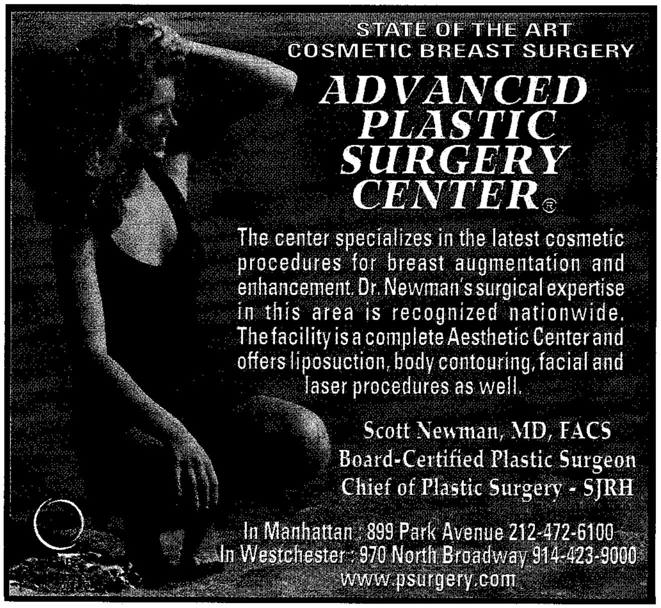

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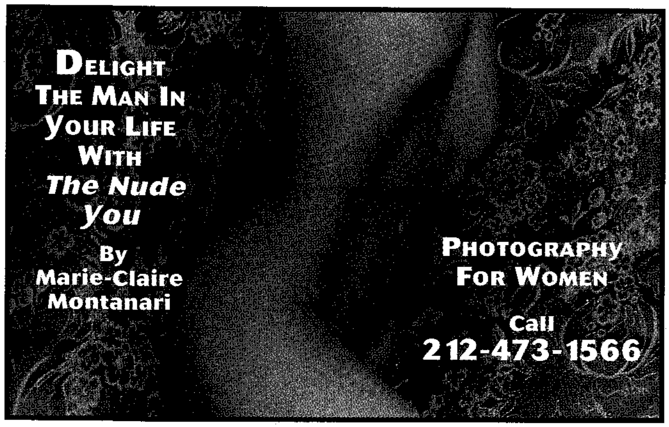

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French Professional—Jewish, handsome, seeks sincere lady, 40-50. Photo. 4979✉

Bag Packed? I Mean All Of Them!—This tall Jewish male traded NYC (which I loved) for life in paradise (Colorado) eight years ago. As wonderful as life is here though, I realize that it won't be complete without that NY woman to share it with. Me? 6'3", 215, very young 47, handsome, smart, fun, very successful, easy, emotionally available, living an incredible life. I'm a very happy man, and I promise a complete package. You? Tall, smart, fun, warm, gorgeous, curvy, independent, full of spirit, under 42, and intimidate most men with your looks and smarts (I really mean that!). If you do, I'm your man. I'll be in NY middle of September. Let's meet and share some laughs. thelazydog@earthlink.net 4998 ✉☎

Scarlet O'Hara—North Shore lady, 50s, 5'6", available for an alpha male under 63, seeking an intelligent, secure, genuinely pretty life partner. Sailing a plus. 4935✉☎

Looking For You—Single white Jewish male, 45, 6'2", 220, successful professional. I like dining, movies, long walks, country rides, and good company. I have a boat in NYC, a plane on LI and a house in the Hamptons, all waiting for someone special. In search of 30-something, successful, high-achieving Jewish female who works and plays hard. If you have everything but a good man, and are emotionally and seriously financially secure, respond with note and picture. 4989 ✉

Do You Play Golf?—It's not essential, but you could be a golf widow unless you learn. Successful professional, 5'11", handsome widower, Jewish, homes in NYC and FL - enjoys travel, movies, concerts and fine dining. Seeks attractive, bright, warm woman, 52-58. Great smile, great legs and sense of humor a must. Recent photo, please! 4985 ✉

Awesome Legs, Captivating Female—Sensuous smile. Sparkling personality. Luscious, thick hair. Slim physique (5'6", 125). Jewish men, 40-55, check me out. I'm pretty, fun, playful, mischievous, smart and warmhearted. Please call/write if you're kind, charismatic, considerate, passionate, single/divorced, Jewish, successful and available. 4965 ✉☎

Seek And You Shall Find—An attractive, white Jewish female, 30, enjoys travel, theater and life. If you're a single white Jewish male, 30-40, emotionally and financially secure, please reply. 4936 ✉☎

Passionate Physician—6'2", 175 lbs, handsome, 32, nonsmoking Catholic male who enjoys the arts and long walks on the beach, seeking down-to-earth, 23-35-year-old female who cares about people and laughs out loud at a joke - for long-term relationship. Note/photo. Polarbear107@hotmail.com 4945 ✉☎

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Creative, Humorous Achiever—Attractive woman, mid 60s, wishes male companion with same attributes; enjoys theater, music, fine dining and travel. 5006 ✉

Dynamic Cutting-Edge Surgeon—Handsome, into fitness, 5'10", muscular, mid 40s. Seeks smart lady under 38 for magic. Phone/photo a must. 5009 ✉ ☎

Pretty Blond—Professional, athletic girl (30s), interested in companionship with similar guy (30-40), for fun, giggles and paint the town red. Note/photo. 4983 ✉

Beautiful Latina Physician—44, fit, trim, energetic, focused and romantic, loves to play hard and work hard. Seeks like-minded, successful professional male for love, marriage and family. 4973 ✉☎

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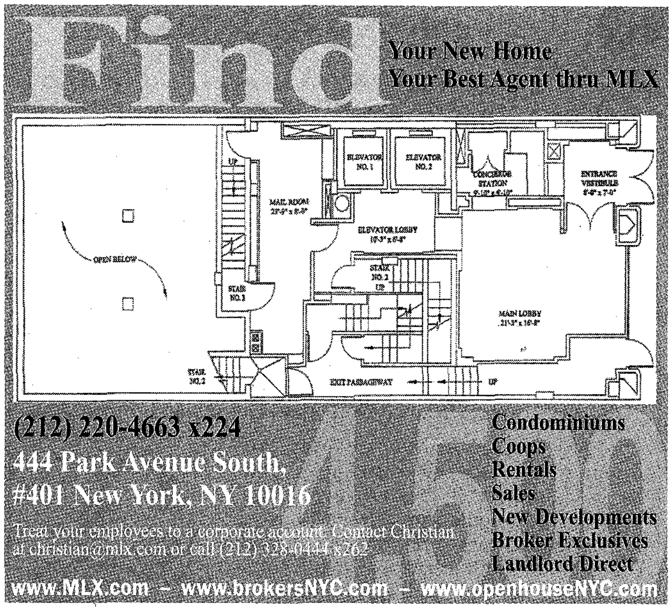
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World Traveler—Just back from Central America, is tired of traveling alone. Searching for a mate who's willing to take chances in both travel and love. I'm divorced, male, 5'8", 180 lbs, blue eyes, gray hair, good health, good-looking, sexy, with three grown children. Photo. 4908✉☎

Gentleman, 59—Wants a special woman to send flowers to, with love and poetry attached. Letter/recent photo. 4929 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Ex-TV Newscaster—Turned Rockland-based businessman, 5'10", Libra, with hazel eyes, brown hair and 40-something, seeks 30-something female partner. Photo a must. 4982 ✉

Mediterranean Beauty—33, Christian, petite MD in NYC - with sultry hair, smoky eyes, electric smile. Sweet yet sometimes sassy; strong yet sexy; sophisticated yet silly sense of humor. In search of serious dater, not "serial dater". Seeking very attractive, single white male, Christian, professional, athletic (30-38), nonsmoker, never married, for sincere relationship potential. Recent photo/original inspiring note, please! 4961 ✉☎

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World Traveler—Just back from Central America, is tired of traveling alone. Searching for a mate who's willing to take chances in both travel and love. I'm divorced, male, 5'8", 180 lbs, blue eyes, gray hair, good health, good-looking, sexy, with three grown children. Photo. 4997✉☎

Striking, 5'9", Jewish Blond—41, seeks tall, successful man. 4955 ✉☎

Very Handsome, Successful—Jewish stock market investor and tenured professor in NJ and NYC, seeks bright woman, 36-45, in medicine, law, or any career - wanting marriage and children soon. E-mail: SHARPGUY4U@aol.com. 5007✉☎

Rare, Exotic Beauty—Tall, charming, intelligent, seeks very attractive, very upscale man, 40s, who is fit, witty, tall, kind, loves to dance and enjoy life. Photo/phone. 4907 ✉☎

It Had To Be You—One great female with beauty, brains and heart, living well in (212). Successful, romantic, spirited, playful, 40, selective and happy. Looking for great relationship on lots of levels, with a smart, genuine, masculine, accomplished 40s guy with a heart of gold, a twinkle in those eyes and his priorities in order, to share the good life and every romantic cliche ever invented. LM19S@hotmail.com 4967 ✉☎

Female, 48—Seeking male classical pianist for friendship and more. 4963✉☎

Very Attractive, European—White male, early 50s, tall, athletic, successful - seeking exceptionally beautiful lady, Asian or Caucasian, 30-40, for long-term relationship. Note and photo, please. 5000 ✉

Want To Cash Out—Of corporate America? Let's merge and romance. Charming, eclectic, good-looking, semi-retired 40-year-old male, seeking lifelong spiritual and marriage partnership with similarly retired 28-37-year-old, who is also fortunate on Wall Street and would like to teach or do charity work while maintaining a portfolio. 4987 ✉

Handsome Christian Man—Mid 60s, widower, financially secure, 5'10", athletic, slim, swimmer's body. Likes nature - animals. Seeks pretty, intelligent, lithe Christian woman. Good dancer would be nice; loves animals a plus. Photo, please. Will exchange. 4914 ✉☎

Perfect Husband—For a 30-something, Jewish, successful professional, who is petite, thin, intelligent, dynamic, humorous, and wants kids soon. 4930 ✉ ☎

Long Island Guy—Good-looking, successful businessman, 49, seeks very pretty, slim, tall, intelligent woman, 36-46, for good times and possible long-term relationship. Note/photo a must. 4974✉☎

Visiting South FL?—Let's meet! Jewish attorney, 45, seeks Jewess, 30-37, for fun, friendship, marriage, family. 4950 ✉☎

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Surgeon—49, divorced, Christian, 6'1", athletic build, seeks single/divorced, slim white female. MD, JD, MBA, 34-45. Golf, tennis, theater, dining. Note/photo. 4948 ✉☎

Reality Check—Did you hear the one about the guy who offered $200K to find a wife and received hundreds of responses? I would prefer just one response from the right lady, and then to spend my money on a lovely home where we can raise our wonderful children. 44, divorced, childless Jewish millionaire, physician, 5'10", athletic, in good shape, full head of hair. Seeking a special woman who is as seriously family-minded as I. Note and photo preferred. 4944 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Exec—Seeks slender, classy lady, over 55. Photo. 4993 ✉

Yankee Fan—Single white male, 35, intelligent, MA degree, physically fit, athletic. Seeks bright, easygoing, petite, slim, active female. 4927 ✉☎

Petite Blond Beauty—Ready to spice life of 55-70 male, non-retired, successful professional, active in business and pleasures of living. 4972 ✉☎

Handsome, Sincere, Jewish—44, 5'7", seeks pretty, passionate female. 4920 ✉☎

Handsome Mensch—Articulate, successful, Ivy-educated business executive, 36, who loves music, theater and travel, seeks highly intelligent, cultured, worldly, professional (MD, MBA/CEO, JD) and very attractive Jewish woman, 25-35, (212), to share the above and more. Descriptive note/phone; photo appreciated. HandsomeMensch@aol.com 4992 ✉ ☎

Catholic Culinary Artisan—43, seeks smart, sincere woman to enjoy an epicurean delight in studio overlooking St. Patrick's, then you decide - north, south, east, west from the epicenter of NYC. Photo/note/phone. 4958 ✉☎

Very Attractive, Athletic—Intelligent Jewish woman seeks honest, fit man, 50s, with joie de vivre, for soul mate. Photo and letter. NYC/Westchester/CT. 4996✉☎

Woman, Young 58—Attractive, Jewish, not thin, not athletic, but well-rounded in body and spirit. Seeks nice-looking man, 58-65, for healthy, traditional relationship. 4933 ✉☎

Handsome Jewish Physician—6'1", athletic, 49, never married, adventurous, seeks sincere, honest, professional Jewish female, 30s-40s, in US/UK, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 5001 ✉

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Smart And Sexy—Good-looking white female, 5'4", long dark hair, seeks funny, youthful 45-55 "good-guy". 4938 ✉☎

Stunning Asian Beauty—5'9", model type, beautiful, well-educated, seeks sincere, honest, financially well-established, down-to-earth gentleman, 40-52. Long-term relationship, marriage. Note/photo/phone. 4984 ✉

Pretty And Slim—Ivy-educated professional, Jewish, 30s, witty, charming, with many interests, seeks quick-witted, very smart, fit man, 35-45, for love and marriage. Note/photo, please. 4995 ✉

Pretty Blond Ukrainian—38, 5'8", LI, happy, intelligent, sharp. Seeks MA/MS, 40s, successful man. 4953 ✉☎

Physician, NYC—Mid 50s, seeks gentle, sexy younger woman with photo, for fun and serious relationship. 5005 ✉

Intelligent, Attractive, Caring, Fun—Generous, secure, balanced, easygoing, quick-witted, Jewish, 5'4", athletic, single mom (fabulous 10-year-old son), wants to meet you if you describe yourself in a similar way and you are a 39-46, good-looking, successful man, 5'9" or over. I love theater, tennis, beach, sailing, travel and more. I move comfortably between jeans and formal wear, business and family and all of life's adventures. Let's share all this and your interests too. Must be family-oriented and nonsmoker. Note/phone or e-mail. Photo optional. 4976 ✉☎

Successful Executive/Attorney—44, lean, muscular, 6', 175 lbs, good-looking, athletic (gym, bike, golf), creative (musician), quick wit, warm and affectionate, no baggage (except traveling kind), likes fine restaurants to funky blues clubs. Seeks attractive, slim, fun, distinctive, romantic woman, 33-42. Note/photo. 4988 ✉☎

Tall, Thin, Athletic, Attractive—And successful, 32-year-old New York white male seeks a unique woman, 21-35, for fun, friendship and romance. Note/photo, please. E-mail: elite@panix.com. 4942✉☎

Seeking Corporate Executive—Tall (5'7"), slim, pretty, 39, Ivy-educated professional seeks similarly educated gent (38-48), nonsmoker; fun, fit, marriage/family-oriented. No dependents. Photo/note. NJ/NYC, please. 4934 ✉ ☎

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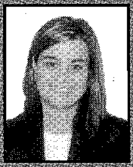
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Seeking One Special Woman—Who is attractive, confident and successful. My zest for life has brought me untold success, and now I'm looking for the right woman to settle down with. There isn't anything I wouldn't do to make my special woman's dreams come true. Don't let this opportunity pass you by! Respond soon, and be sure to send a recent photo. 4975 ✉☎

Heart Of Gold—Pretty, smart, upbeat white widow, young 60s, seeks healthy, humorous male best friend. 4925 ✉☎

Spiritual Partnership Sought—By successful, handsome international business consultant. We are both intelligent, cheerful, cosmopolitan, magnanimous. You are petite, blond, graceful, accomplished, 33-48, and also desirous of a monogamous long-term relationship. RSVP with photo and phone. 4991 ✉

Autumn In NYC—Experience it together. Blond/leggy, 52, 5'6", size 8/9. 4962✉☎

Catch Of A Lifetime—Very beautiful, slim, fit, caring, ultra-feminine lady with long dark hair, passion, style and a big, warm heart, 45 (looks 30), seeks handsome, successful, intelligent, kind male. Note/photo, please. 4918 ✉☎

Attractive Professional Female—52, into fitness, seeks fun, fit, romantic gentleman for long-term relationship. 4910 ✉☎

Want The Best-Looking, Sexiest—Smartest, funniest man in the world - the male counterpart of me. I'm 40ish. You: any-ish. Will never leave you 'cause I walk too slow. 5004 ✉☎

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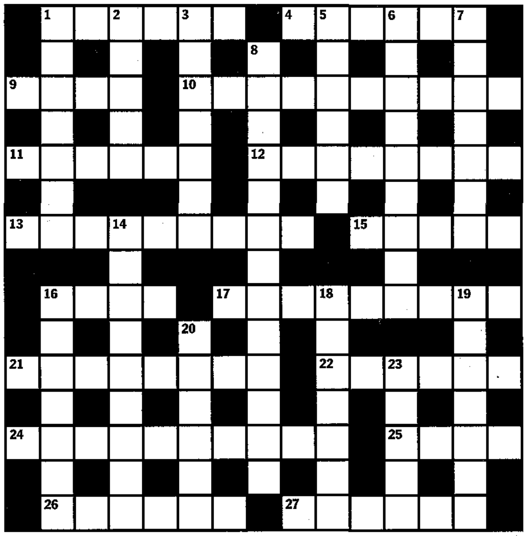
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 4 city appears soft to granny from down under. (6)
4 European, could be French. (6)
9 Stick like-minded people together. (4)
10 See 20.
11 Makes rapid strokes back to front, producing a scribble. (6)
12 A family of languages is cut drastically ('Wildebeest' put back in). (8)
13 Bring about sin—it mixed with various scandals? (9)
15 See 20.
16 A little time and French champagne. (4)
17 Christmas bird remains given bread sauce stuffing. (9)
21 Lift hood off to get deluged. (5,3)
22 Cretan bull drunk in Olympian vessel? (6)
24 'Free Meths'—Wild West City in for a bumpy ride! (3,7)
25 'Ollers for the birds. (4)
26 Left over attempt passed round is of inferior quality. (6)
27 4 city, no longer cold, revolutionised. (6)



DOWN

1 Bird 23-ing? (7)
2 Beast 23-ing. (5)
3 Mathematical counter has got nil variable. (7)
5 Convenient site of lifeline. (2,4
6 Comprehensive unveils 99 changes. (9)
7 Turner making hole first, resembling garden implement. (3-4)
8 See 20.
14 See 20.
16 Population theorist, so following man mostly. (7)
18 Australian plant relies confidently on perfect elevation. (7)
19 Bird is down. (7)
20,10,23, 14,8,15 Crack the obvious solution to the question of the coward's act of bad Samaritanism? (3,3,3,7,5,3,4,2,3,2,3,5,4)
23 See 20.

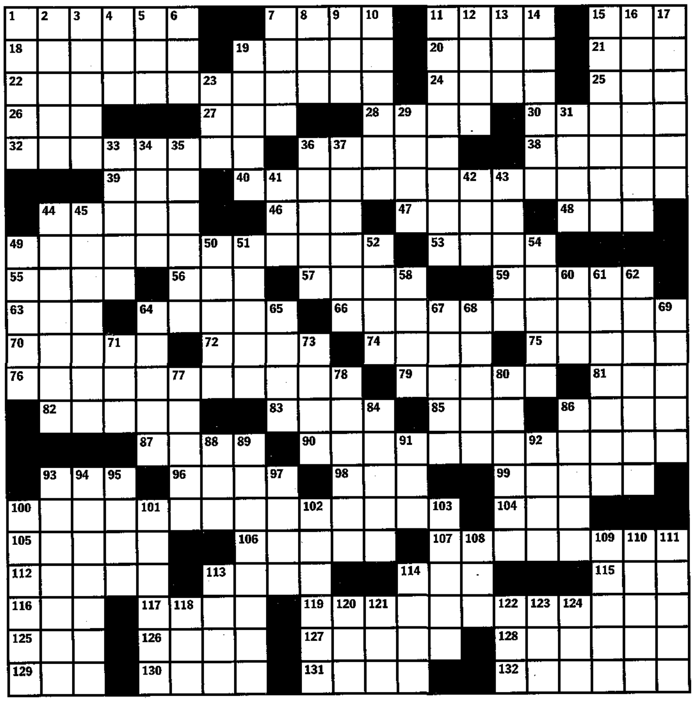
'Work Stoppages': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Rich figured fabric
7 Biblical king
11 Pocket overhang
15 One of the Ryans
18 Pucci of fashion
19 Fictional Beau
20 Temporary drop in activity
21 Jack Horner's last words
22 Why I. M. Pei had to stop working?
24 Square footage
25 Moon ball, in tennis
26 She played Belle in "Gone With the Wind"
27 Place to surf
28 Torpedoed
30 Old shoe coverings
32 Why Al Capone had to stop working?
36 Revise, as a bill
38 "Omerta" author Puzo
39 It's a boy
40 Why Mao Tse-tung had to stop working?
44 A pig in —— (blind purchase)
46 Go schussing
47 "—— Little Tenderness"
48 Captain Solo of "Star Wars"
49 Why Fannie Farmer had to stop working?
53 Phoenix hoopsters
55 Reckons wrongly
56 —— quandary
57 Half-moon tide
59 Diadem
63 Cole who was King
64 Strikebreakers
66 Why Bill Gates had to stop working?
70 Kitchen tearjerker
72 Close with a bang
74 Partner of wear
75 Off the leash
76 Why George W. Bush had to stop working?
79 Racecourse suffix
81 Second wk. day
82 —— nous (between us)
83 Face-powder shade
85 Morn's opposite
86 G.S.A. member
87 Gaelic language
90 Why Levi Strauss had to stop working?
93 Gown's go-with
96 Butterfingers' cry
98 Ordinal-number ending
99 Thoracic organs
100 Why Johnnie Cochran had to stop working?
104 Nickname for Yale
105 "The Lady ——" (1935 tune)
106 Dead duck
107 Why Willie Mays had to stop working?
112 Round all the bases
113 Commedia dell'——
114 Leo-Virgo mo.
115 Perrier, par exemple
116 Jazz-smart
117 Poet Teasdale
119 Why Oskar Schindler had to stop working?
125 See 121-Down
126 Traversed the pool
127 Andes beast
128 Emporia
129 Work at, as a trade
130 Beggar's plea
131 Type of terrier
132 Rough struggle

DOWN

1 Clear the mist off
2 Frigidaire competitor
3 La Scala's city
4 Everybody
5 You, in Germany
6 "——-Tiki"
7 Religious offshoot
8 Incinerated bit
9 Navajo's foe
10 Not as important
11 Region of Belgium
12 Hang about unobserved
13 Rarebit ingredient
14 Blood component
15 Why Plácido Domingo had to stop working?
16 Basic feeling
17 "Braveheart" star
19 Miser's motivation
23 Raggedy doll
29 Part of B.T.U.
31 Walking trail
33 Emits radiance
34 Turkish liqueur
35 Paradisiacal
36 Invite to enter
37 Des ——, Iowa
41 Between Stein's roses
42 Washington Sq. campus
43 Owner of la plume, i a song
44 Put in proper order
45 Amount allotted
49 Columbus's birthplac
50 Grind the teeth together
51 Paloma Picasso's dad
52 Table staple
54 Move edgewise
58 Like Hamelin's piper
60 Hubbub
61 On a rampage
62 Encourages confidence
64 Trap
65 Tonto's "Kemo ——"
67 Rind remover
68 Substantiate
69 Ships' spines
71 Dinner scrap
73 Translucent silicate
77 Argentine bigwig, once
78 Francis or Dahl
80 Song grouping
84 Blurt out
86 Aladdin's mentor
88 Mayday, at sea
89 Witty sayings
91 Querying sounds
92 Bigger than a bay
93 Withhold from view
94 Why Pete Sampras had to stop working?
95 Harbor structure
97 Kiltie
100 Unlucky accident
101 Black Sea port
102 Chimes mournfully
103 N.F.L. coach Don
108 Years since birth
109 Changes direction
110 Artist's prop
111 Ballet ——
113 Saroyan title characte
114 "When My Baby Smiles ——"
118 Puncturing tool
120 Kind
121 Doctor's request, wit 125-Across
122 Mach 2 plane
123 Alphabetic trio
124 Phone bk. info



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 6

"Why did they
make our
mascot's head
so big?"

"I hear he's got
a full bar stocked with
Smirnoff in there."

1818
SMIRN
1877
1888
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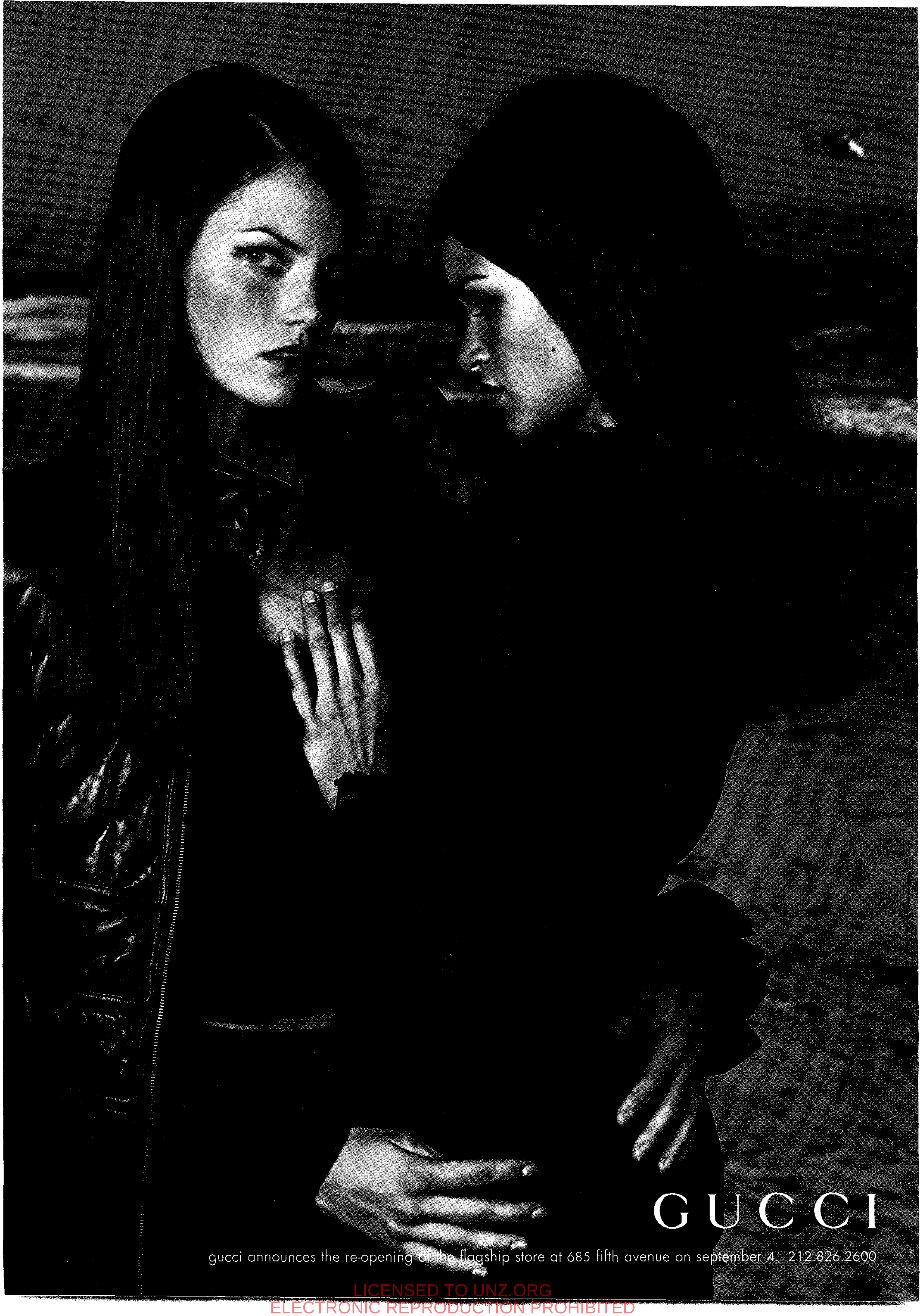

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